

I Give You- Yesterday

By

WILLIAM R. WATSON

With a Preface by

BERNARD K. SANDWELL



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12

I GIVE YOU YESTERDAY



SUNSET—TORONTO

Photo by M. Lloyd.

What is gone returns no more,
But if in going it shines brightly,
Its reflection will long remain.

Karl Förster.

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TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1938

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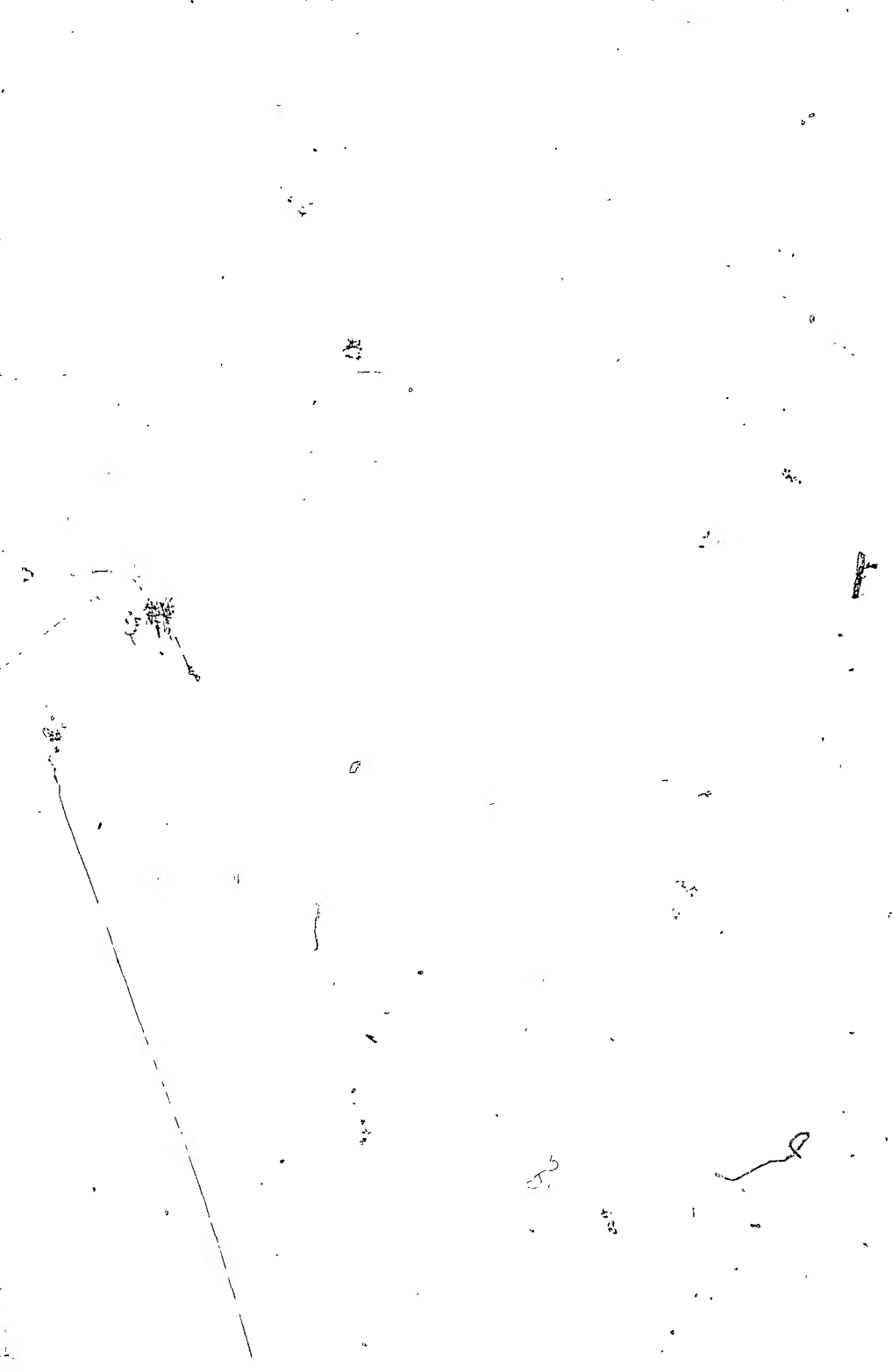
WILLIAM R. WATSON



PRESS OF
THE HUNTER-ROSE COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

To
MARGUERITE
in whom
BEAUTY LIVES WITH KINDNESS

“Grow strong, my comrade . . . that you may stand
Unshaken when I fall; that I may know
The shattered fragments of my song will come
At last to finer melody in you;
That I may tell my heart that you begin
Where passing I leave off, and fathom more.”



PREFACE

I commend this little book to all who admire a certain quality of the human spirit which I think is very much in evidence in its pages. I shall not call that quality by the name of courage, for that word has come to have a rather narrow connotation, too much restricted to circumstances in which the risks of death or grave bodily suffering are present. It is rather the ability to maintain a healthy state of mind under difficult conditions. Perhaps this includes a little more than courage. Perhaps it is not one quality at all, but the complex of qualities that Stevenson prayed for, as recorded on his memorial in St. Giles Cathedral,—“Courage and gaiety and the quiet mind.”

This book is a reflection of courage and gaiety and the quiet mind as exhibited in the life, and particularly the life in 1937-38, of a young man, born in Scotland but early established in Canada, who has never from birth been able to make the slightest use of either arm, and who has trained his legs and feet to perform practically all the functions of arms and hands. Civilization, for most of us, has reduced the leg and foot to mere instruments of locomotion; but there is evidently no reason why they should not be restored, in case of need, to the degree of proficiency which they attained in our arboreal ancestors.

But it is not the almost manual dexterity of Mr. Watson's feet that constitutes his claim to the reader's attention. It is his determined and magnificently successful effort to show that the lack of effective hands

and arms is no bar to the living of a very complete and active ordinary life—or that in so far as it is a bar it is due to the foolish and sentimental attitude of too many of the “ordinary” people, who would relegate all handicapped individuals to a life of seclusion rather than have to see them contending with and overcoming their handicaps. Mr. Watson’s story of his fight for the right to feed himself with his foot in public eating-places is an epic of the struggle of common sense against prejudice,—a struggle in which he has had the assistance of two very remarkable women, his mother and his wife.

Fortunately for the cause which he has set out to serve, Mr. Watson has not only a very skilful foot but also a very accomplished pen. The literary device by which he differentiates between his entirely normal mental and emotional personality and his handicapped physical personality, by referring throughout to the latter in the third person as “Uthafella,” strikes me as happy and appropriate in the highest degree. I find my own mind a good deal healthier for contact with Mr. Watson’s, and it is my hope that many thousands of readers will have the same experience.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The trees were lovely and green outside our attic window when I started to write the book. A robin and her young entertained from a near by bough. But the robins have flown and the leaves have lost their verdant freshness. They have become seared and yellow. Some have already fallen to the ground below. To those still clinging the early morning brings the wistful kiss of sunrise that turns them into gold.

The book was finished the day before Marguerite's temporary employment ended. She had offered to find summer work if I would have the book done when it terminated.

The book was written out long-foot, and then put on á Dictaphone, loaned to us by the Dictaphone Company. Marguerite took it off the records each evening. When she came home to stay we worked together on the final copy, which she typed on a machine loaned to us by Underwood.

We planned to print the book ourselves. But we needed money. Annie Macnish, my little Scotch mother, made it possible for us to turn our thoughts into actions. The Hunter-Rose Company offered to print it at a special rate: Bomac Engravers did the cuts at a very friendly price: the Macmillan Company is distributing the book for us on a non-profit basis.

These and many other kindnesses, and especially the help of Annie Macnish and Marguerite, made the book possible.

With the compliments of my two loves I give you
Yesterday. You already have Today. Tomorrow is
yours for the taking.

W. R. W.

Toronto,
November, 1938.

CHAPTER I

I CANNOT have him in the Attorney General's Department. He will embarrass the other employees."

"But —", said the Member of Parliament interceding on my behalf.

"Sorry", came the answer. "My decision is final."

"Oh!" said my benefactor in a metallic voice. His lips hardly moved. It was a custom of speech with him.

He was monosyllabic. Farming is not conducive to verbosity, and he was a farmer. He had been content and happy digging his plow into the virgin soil of the prairies, or sitting on a low stool with a pail between his legs, his head against the warm belly of a cow. Then the political bug bit him. He became a student. But farm life leaves little leisure time. During the long winter evenings his lamp, a yellow glow on the lacquer-black of night, was visible for miles in the flat table-land of a moonless Middle West. Learning did not come easily. His mental processes were not attuned to philosophical discourse, legal phraseology or statutory documentation. Persistently he learned. He grew. When he was returned for Macleod in the provincial elections he brought to politics that rare quality of conscientious sincerity.

He was a kindly character, tall, well proportioned, with a little limp. He was gentle in gesture. His speech was often hesitant. He seemed shy in his new rôle. His was the freedom of the open spaces and its garb. He was

a little awkward in the confines of the city and its dress. He was credulous. But his credulity was disillusioned in the constant struggle for political preference. This refusal was just another instance. Sadly he limped his way out of the Parliament Buildings and up 7th Street, to bring us the embarrassing news.

Annie Macnish and Marguerite were shocked when they heard it. We thought we had stopped up every loophole in making our plans. Our object was to find an office in which I could do my year before being admitted to the Bar. Graduates in Law from the University of Alberta had to article for that length of time with some recognized law firm. It was an inviolable rule of the Bar Association in the province. Graduates customarily articulated on a gratis basis, or for a very small consideration. Circumstances made it imperative that I be paid a reasonable wage for my year's work. That was why we had approached the Attorney General's Department of the Province of Alberta. It offered the solution to our financial problem. Law graduates articulated by it received a salary. And the work was recognized by the Bar Association.

Such a position was a political appointment. To obtain it generally involved influence. We felt we had that in the Member of the Provincial Parliament for Macleod.

But something more than influence was necessary to bring about the appointment in my case. An infinite understanding was the greater need. This, because of the peculiar make-up of Uthafella.

Uthafella is my outward me. I did not become conscious of him until my teens, although, of course, he was always there. The name, he tells me, is a corruption of Otherfellow. He is five foot eight, stocky, well built, and

robustly healthy, except for two useless appendages, called arms. These have never functioned. He has been admired for the optimistic outlook he has shown under such circumstances. But the joy of life and the buoyant happiness he expresses are not wholly a defence mechanism. They are a natural inheritance from the two cheery courageous people who begot him.

His feet have developed to do the tasks his hands would normally have done. My thought processes figure things out for him to do in terms of hands, and he executes them in terms of feet. And on this point came the rub. Could we find some lawyer in the Attorney General's Department who would not look upon the accomplishment as too unusual?

We felt we had that person in the Administrator of Estates. He, also, was originally from Macleod. He knew our family intimately. He had watched us grow up after our arrival at Macleod in 1911, from Scotland.

He was a tall thin man, with a small voice tinged with hoarseness; his wife, a little fat woman, with a big voice, and frequent. He seemed all collar and no neck; his wife, all bosom and no body. She had one great indulgence—extravagant exaggeration. But she was well-meaning and influential.

The Administrator of Estates expressed a hearty willingness to engage me as a junior. He considered it no special case. But the appointment had to be ratified by the Deputy Attorney General. Of this man we knew little. It was left to the Member from Macleod to plead our case. It availed us nothing despite the expressed desire of the Administrator of Estates to have me as an assistant. Uthafella was the cause of it. His presence, according to the Deputy, would embarrass the employees.

Annie Macnish found such an attitude incomprehensibly real. She had not contemplated this new angle. She could not imagine how anyone could think that way. Her closeness to the problem made this point of view seem all the more remote. She knew that she had done her part in fitting me to take my rightful place in life. Her belief had been bolstered by the comments of others. This obstacle was incredible.

In her quiet moments of reflection she must have looked back along the way at the crosses she had borne. And she must have asked if she, too, had been forsaken.

Twenty-seven years earlier, in Clydebank, Scotland, she had given birth to her sixth baby. The child gave trouble to old Dr. Gilmour, the attending physician. It insisted on jumping into the world feet first. Little did it realize what a future such an act of impertinence held in store for it. In the struggle between doctor and child, the nerves were severed at the shoulders, and both arms became useless.

Some thirty years later, Dr. Samuel W. Boorstein, of New York, wrote asking for these details. He concluded that the birth had been a breech presentation causing a double obstetric brachial paralysis.

At the time of the birth neither Annie Macnish, the doctor nor the child was concerned about the medical diagnosis. I do not know whether it was from anger, or professional practice, or because Annie Macnish had requested him to, but Dr. Gilmour gave the child a resounding smack on that back that made it gasp for dear life. Fullen, who had been present at the birth of Annie's other five children, was waiting in attendance.

. . . Fullen wasn't her real name, but it was the one we all knew her by. Dear old Fullen! Marguerite and I visited her in Clydebank when we went abroad in the

spring of 1937. She was eighty-four then. Her house in Cottage Row, just off Church Street, was on the edge of a slope covered with small garden plots that dropped to the Clyde valley. The gentle roll of the Kilpatrick Hills folded into the landscape beyond. We knocked at a door with a large brass plate bearing her name. She came, dressed in leather shoes laced only part way up, white stockings, a black high-waisted worsted dress, a calico apron with blue and white dots, and a small woollen sweater pulled tightly around her wee stout body. The face was wrinkled, the nose pocked, the grey hair pulled up and drawn into a bun on the top of her head.

"So you're Wully!" she said in a husky voice, a half smile crossing her face. "What a pair glaikit wee soul ye was when I first set eyes on ye. Wha widda thought that ye widda turned inta such a braw lawdie. But come awa' ben." . . .

Dr. Gilmour started making plans for the 'pair glaikit wee soul' before it was many hours old. During my seven years under his care he was always making plans for me, which brought him to our close. It is surprising that of him I remember nothing but a pure white hand framed in the centre of a cab's open window, against the black background of the interior. It was holding a coin. The metal glittered as it fell to my feet. My toes snatched it up, and the hand faded into the shadows of my memory.

At the time of my birth there was a rising nerve specialist in Glasgow. Dr. Gilmour thought he might be interested. His name was Robert Kennedy. He operated seven times in as many years to try to bind and heal the torn nerves. He seemed to be always in white when I saw him—a white mask over his round

face, his head in a white hat, and his hands covered with rubber gloves. Although it was agony for me it must have been a great thrill for him when I winced. The feeling was coming into the right arm. His suture was having its effect.

The operations, most of them performed at the Western Infirmary in Glasgow, were not wholly successful. This was partly because I was taken, after the seventh operation, to a small town in Western Canada where the medical excellence was not of the same high standard. But there was another reason. The impetus given to plastic surgery and neurology by the Great War would have been first necessary before any real success could have been expected. This should give someone, someday, an excuse to say that I was born long before my time.

Nevertheless, those two feet, that were so insistent on making their appearance first, accepted full responsibility for what happened. They have made amends for such untoward thoughtlessness by playing a dual role through life. Necessity was the incentive. The only lamp by which they were guided was the lamp of experience. No one knows at what moment they first realized that they could take on the functions of hands. But the Western Infirmary in Glasgow has a musty old record reading: "At the age of three he has learned to feed himself with his feet and can play with toys. He can even play a mouth organ and light a match. He is a bright and intelligent child but a little inclined to bad temper."

We were ignorant of this record until Marguerite and I visited the Infirmary in 1937. Uthafella said we were in luck. He had successfully hidden my temper from her. It was too late for her to do anything then. She

had already entered into an indissoluble contract of marriage. The discovery of bad temper in the family was not sufficient evidence to break it.

But Annie Macnish assured her that withholding the knowledge of the temper was not as fraudulent as appeared at first. In her opinion the part of the report relating to my disposition was a gross overstatement; except, of course, when the bandages and stitches were being removed or my wounds dressed. At those moments, she does admit, I showed signs of righteous indignation. She suggests that a little bad temper was more than justified under the circumstances.

Lucky for those toes that they were to walk in the shadow of a woman of such understanding. Lucky for them that they were encouraged by her to take on their double task. Lucky for them that she did not allow the other members of the family to look upon such a thing as extraordinary.

Before we left for Canada she started making arrangements to have me transported daily to one of the Special Schools in Glasgow. My memory goes back to the time when two men, looking for all the world like a pair of undertakers, came to our home to talk the matter over. I know now that they belonged to the black coat class. It is almost the British equivalent of the American "white collar class." But their sombre appearance terrified me. It was a consolation to have an ocean between us.

It was a great thing for us that we settled in the new world. And a greater thing that our parents picked Western Canada, where all men are considered equal, as their new domicile. The invigorating climate of Alberta offered a tremendous stimulus. And at Macleod there was the sight of the Rocky Mountains which hurled our

thoughts across the highest peak to contemplate what lay beyond. The vast prairies with their long sweep and breadth of vision, the flaming majesty of the western sunsets, the clarity of the air and the brilliance of the sunlight, all helped to generate a philosophy of happiness and optimism.

Macleod held one advantage for me in particular. It was small. In its atmosphere of pioneering friendliness, free from the conventions of an older civilization, I was allowed to grow up unnoticed during that instinctively playful stage when the consequences of a handicap in actual life are not realized. I played with my chums, hiking along the banks of the Old Man River, at Indian warfare among the caves of the cutbanks of Willow Creek, and at baseball. In this I was judge of play, or a runner for a proxied batter. Then came riding on Indian cayuses; and finally skating.

Childhood was not allowed to pass without its element of mischief. The gang made more than one foray into gardens for luscious fresh carrots. On such occasions my part was that of look-out man. It was my duty to warn the others of approaching danger. One incident vividly comes to mind. Someone detected us. We all escaped. Uthafella's identity was the only sure one. Annie Macnish had to put on her best brogue and promise that it would never happen again when the police officer came to the door. No other member of the family ever brought her in contact with the constabulary. Not even in the matter of truancy from school.

There was only one public school at Macleod. The public school system in Alberta is different in principle from the English public school system. Attendance at it is free and compulsory to everyone. Each school is

under the supervision of the Department of Education of the Province. Children must attend it for eight years, or until they reach the age of fourteen. Each year is called a grade.

At the intercession of Annie Macnish I was admitted to this school on trial. But it was not until my second year at school that I made myself at home. My teacher was very understanding: she had a club-foot. My shoe and stocking had to be removed several times each day. But there were always willing hands to do it. I was given an ordinary desk where I kept my books and at which I sat during the lessons. While writing I sat on the floor. The adaptation was purely unconscious. A pencil between my big toe and foretoe did the exercises given to the rest of the class to develop muscular control. A flat board and a small cushion kept both me and my note books from becoming soiled. The cushion was a later addition. It was Annie Macnish's idea. These two implements of trade were my constant companions up through the years—years spent in utter contentment.

Lord Byron, a club-foot, had he lived under such circumstances, could never have written: "My poor mother, and after her my school fellows, by their taunts, led me to consider my lameness as the greatest misfortune, and I have never been able to conquer this feeling. It requires great natural goodness of disposition to conquer the corroding bitterness that deformity engenders in the mind and which sours one towards all the world."

My tranquillity was disturbed only twice during those pleasant days. The first had an element of a tear in it. I received a sound thrashing across the sole of my foot for breaking a rule of discipline in Grade V. The second incident had the element of a smile. It was

occasioned by a visit of the inspector to our Grade VIII schoolroom. He asked our teacher the name of the student pulling the fast one at the back of the room by raising his leg every time he wanted to answer a question.

The time spent in hospital and in coming to Canada had delayed my schooling by two years. But the authorities had permitted me to skip the third and the seventh grade. I left public school with children of my own age.

Then came High school. The educational system of the Province required four years at it before going to University. During these years the text books became heavier and more numerous. Lifting them from the ordinary desk to the floor each time they were needed was onerous. We adopted the simple expedient of having a new floor desk made with shelves at the front of it to house them. On this I wrote the final departmental examinations to qualify for University entrance. Extra time was needed beyond that allotted to the other students and I was allowed to state my own terms. Examinations, as a rule, are loathsome things and the less time spent with them the better. For every hour they wrote, I wrote one hour and fifteen minutes. This custom was willingly instituted at University as well.

University life brought with it new problems. The lecture system in use at the University did not look kindly on the old floor desk. Previously it had found a corner of the classroom and stayed there for the year. But at University no two lectures were held concurrently in any one room. The old desk was not sufficiently mobile to move hourly from room to room and from building to building. So it was pensioned off, and

was only brought out at examination time, when, befitting its ilk, it was given a room all to itself.

But lectures had to be attended and recorded. One professor told me of a student who had refrained from taking notes during lectures and had written the pith and substance of them from memory afterwards. It proved to be a good idea which became easier with practice. It involved not only the art of listening but also that of absorption. The substance of each lecture, sometimes not amounting to very much, would be put away in its own compartment to be pedographed in the quiet of a room later in the day. In the Arts Library, books were lifted down for me from the shelves. Uthafella turned the pages over with his mouth.

This procedure met the needs of the moment while I was reading for my Arts degree. With the study of Law a new situation presented itself. Copying notes, both at lectures and in preparation for them, demanded exactness. Certain words, and those only, gave the subtle shades of meaning and the fine distinctions contained in many of the numerous legal maxims. These were gleaned from the hundreds of books in the Law Library. To meet the need for strict accuracy I wrote my synopsis of the cases sitting on a convenient table in the Library. My fellow students (few in number and all male) assisted me by carrying the necessary books to and from my corner.

Note-taking inside the lecture room was another matter. The Library was stationary like the schoolroom of olden days, but not so the law lectures. I borrowed other people's notes. But the reading of cases took so much of the day that it became increasingly difficult to find the time to transcribe them.

The strain of so much physical effort was having its effect. Muscle cramp set in. The quantity of work was being obtained at the expense of legibility. The consequences were frightening. Examiners had to read my writing. There was to be no doubt in my mind as to the nature of my examination credits. Nor was legibility to stand in the way of pleasing Annie Macnish.

It had been suggested to me more than once that being able to write with my mouth might prove a useful accomplishment. There had been no necessity to acquire it in the past. I was twenty-two. But I decided to give it a try unaided by previous experience or the assistance of any teacher.

In the pause brought on by the holidays my mouth became the pencil holder. It drove the pencil through a series of exercises designed for students of handwriting. Nose bleeds were frequent. In my intensity I did not correlate the two, but attributed the blood condition to the summer's heat. I soon came to know that the focal point of mouth-writing was centred in the muscles at the back of the neck. The exercises brought this region under control. Then came the realization that, by allowing the pencil to lie between the molars on the right side of my mouth, it could be held steadily in place without much pressure. My tongue helped to keep it in position. My face was so close to the paper that eye strain resulted. By relaxing the muscles in the optic region, and narrowing the field of vision by partly closing my eyes, the strain diminished.

Annie Macnish often entered my room to watch the progress. Speed came without impairing legibility, even over long periods of continuous writing. It elicited the archaic witticism from one man: "You'll never become a bank manager. Your signature is too plain."

Of the two methods of writing this drew less on my reserves. During the last two years at University all my writing was done this way. I used my mouth more and more to turn pages and to lift books. My teeth have left their mark on the tomes in the Library. They helped get a fairly good mark on the finals. I was still given a room to myself and the additional fifteen minutes per hour. A weight held my paper in place. I always used a pencil. Several blotchy accidents on the upstroke that illumined the pages with opalescent sunbursts splattered in every direction, postponed the use of a pen till later years.

Mental adjustments had to be made also. It was the first time I had lived in a city of any size. And University life was new to me. With the opening of this grand new world there came a vivid awakening to the difference between myself and others. Self-consciousness surged up at the attention my handicap was given. Uthafella's hands were tucked away in specially constructed pockets. But this helped only a little. Thankfully, there came a hasty reconciliation to people's glances. I do not think I ever experienced any hatred towards society nor had any feelings of bitter irony. If so, these emotions reigned but for a fleeting moment, for in our graduation year someone wrote: "His unfailing cheerfulness has gained him great popularity with faculty and students alike."

I left this sheltered existence and went out into the world of affairs with the towering confidence of twenty-four. A psychoanalyst might say that the following three years were years of groping during which a personality was deflected from one obstacle to another in its attempt to find a channel of endeavour in harmony with the surroundings. But during such

a period of finding oneself one rarely realizes that one is lost.

I decided against the immediate practice of law. The selling of life insurance offered quicker returns and the hope of a place in the legal department of the insurance company at some future date. The latter prospect vanished on being advised that my handicap stood in the way of such an appointment.

Financial returns diminished. The depletive process was gradual. A feeling grew that purchases were being made out of sympathy. It was something that could not be tolerated. This belief was unjustified, but it cut down my field of approach. A sense of the ridiculous developed. It seemed comic telling a married man what duties he owed to his wife and family. These I knew only in theory. It became impossible to be sincere. Intensive study gave birth to certain social ideas. I could not see why life insurance, so vital to a nation that spent as it went, was left at the mercy of private enterprise. Nor why it was sold at such high rates. It quickly aided the impasse.

Each of these deterrents was a sufficient hindrance in itself. Taken together they were disastrous. The result: I found myself in the manager's office being told that possibly it would be better for me if I found something else to do.

The selling of magazines and aluminum followed. But my sympathy complex haunted me like a ghost. It blocked the attainment of financial success. There was no peace. Radio announcing offered a possible remedy. I devoted some months to a course in its technique. The local broadcasting station filed my application away. There was no job.

I returned to my first love, the Law. She proved an erring mistress. With my knowledge of insurance I felt fitted to become an estates adviser. But my legal degree from the University was not sufficient to permit me to hang out my shingle. I had to conform to the regulations of the Bar Association of the province, and be admitted to the Bar. This necessitated a year in an office first, doing my articles.

From the financial and legal point of view articling with the Administrator of Estates in the Attorney General's Department of the Provincial Government seemed the only logical thing to do. This was prevented by the attitude of the Deputy Attorney General who said my presence would embarrass the employees.

Matters did not rest there. I interviewed the Attorney General. He felt powerless to overrule the decision of his Deputy. I went one step higher and arranged to see the Premier.

On the appointed day I was placed in one of the large committee rooms in the Legislative Buildings. I waited a long time. The Premier entered. He was tall. His shoulders sloped and his arms swung pendulously, as though dismembered. We sat down. A pale light from one of the long windows fell across him. He was the picture of impending doom. His hair was jet black and parted in the middle. His flesh was a pallid white. His black horn-rimmed glasses covered eyes already heavily protected by hanging eyelids. He slouched in the chair. One hand thrummed nervously on the glossy surface of the table. The fingers of the other were being bitten to the detriment of clear speech.

But I did hear him say, to my astonishment, that perhaps my presence would embarrass the employees.

Nothing I said could change his mind. He came to know the meaning of embarrassment. He went the way of Parnell.

I returned to the Attorney General. He was of the opinion that the Bar Association might waive the regulation in my case. A year later I received a letter from him. It read in part: "I have not been able to do anything. The matter however has not escaped my mind and I am continuing my efforts to help you solve your problem."

But in the early meantime my mind had been definitely made up. I came to realize that struggles and failures are inevitable. So is success. Forces in society go their way without our wish or plan. We are dependent on them, but at times we have an opportunity to further their growth. This realization is a challenge in itself. Courage and hope come from positive attainment. Who is there who has not the pluck, who has not the endurance, who does not possess eagerness and the love of action to steady that courage and hope when the future arrives with its disappointments, as well as its partial fulfillments? One must not only will to do, wrote Goethe, one must also do. If the doing brings new sources of trouble, what of it! Suffering need not contribute bitterness, but rather knowledge and instruction, taking the fatality out of failure. With doing, the meaning of life becomes enriched; new tasks are stimulated, and new aims show themselves like bright stars in the seeming darkness.

So it was when the phrase 'embarrass the employees' was brought home to us. It was a blessing in disguise. The disguise, however, was so complete that it took some considerable time to detect its real identity. When its true meaning became clear it opened a future of

service to help better conditions for all those physically handicapped. Their happiness became my happiness.

“While I sought Happiness, she fled
Before me constantly.
Weary, I turned to Duty's path,
And Happiness sought me
Saying, 'I tread this road to-day.
I'll bear thee company'.”

CHAPTER II

TWO women I love and no third. One, the little Scotch mother who gave me my name; the other, the young Canadian girl who took it from me.

There is a nobility in their natures: a nobility of sacrifice, that carries with it the scent of lovely roses, and is as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the sunlight upon the waters—the product of something truly god-like. There is a sacrifice of self that is eternally awake, that is never tired with labour, nor oppressed by affliction, nor discouraged by fear; a sacrifice that profusely gives yet wonders if it has given too little. There is a nobility of human sympathy that spreads its warmth like the glorious rays of the morning sun, a sympathy and understanding that lights the dark places of the soul with hope and faith, a sympathy that strives to help. There is a nobility in their natures that transcends the commonplace. These two women I love and no third. The one, Annie Macnish; the other, Marguerite.

Annie Macnish came before Marguerite by forty years. Of her childhood we know little. She was always too busy bringing us up, to speak of it. The eventful present kept out the dead past. We are all away now and she is living alone, independently. She still turns any question about herself to one side. She says, simply, in her own Scotch way, "I canna mind". She deftly changes the subject to something else.

Sometimes we have found her off guard and have pierced her modesty. From such treasured moments we have come to know that her mother died while she was

very young. She went to live with her grandfather in a house overlooking Glasgow Green. She played for many an hour within the shadow of Glasgow's monument to Nelson. She fed the graceful swans from the banks of the Clyde on the edge of the Green, and turned hoops along the grass. Her grandfather sent her to a school on Charlotte Street.

This great-grandfather of ours is clearly etched in my mind as a member of a by-gone generation. With his side-whiskers, high stiff collar, bow tie, short vest, long plaid trousers, and the inevitable elastic shoes, he used to take his little Annie in her flounces and frills to Kirk on a Sunday morning; or read to her from a large family Bible at night in the parlor, with its bric-a-brac and antimacassars.

In this mid-Victorian atmosphere, rigidly steeped in Calvinism, Annie grew to womanhood. Her body was beautifully moulded. Her jet black hair was pulled up from everywhere into a tight bun on the top of her head. Gossamer curls escaped to kiss her small ears. Her large blue eyes were bonny. At eighteen she attracted the attention of a young Scot named Alex Watson. Glasgow grows little people. They were both compactly small. They fell in love. They ran away and were secretly married. For this she was never forgiven.

Alex and Annie took up home on the fringe of Clyde-bank. The meadows came down to their door, and the purple blue of the hills was visible on the one side in the distance. On the other, were the bleak flat rows of austere houses, drab, stony, sheltering the employees of the Singer Sewing Machine factory. At Singer's Alex found work.

It fascinated Annie to leave the meadows and go 'doon the brae' in the late afternoon to watch the big

hands of Singer's clock tick off the seconds. She waited for the shrill whistle blast that would release the flood gates to a seemingly unstemmed tide of humanity—hundreds of men in caps and mufflers pouring out of the factory at the end of a day's work. And Annie walked home with her man.

Her first born was called Little Annie. She was chubby and compact. At night her little arms lay snugly on her neck, and a whisp of hair caressed her rosy cheek. Her eyelashes cast a guarding shadow. During the day her bright laughter and incessant chatter filled the close, and her little feet pattered along the floor. She was passionately fond of flowers. She used to pick them on the slopes below Fullen's house, or in the meadows. Totteringly, she leaned over to pick them without bending her knees. She would smother her face and mouth with their deliciously fragrant petals.

One day, when she was four, she returned with a handful of buttercups and bluebells.

In a few hours she was dead. Dr. Gilmour said, and no one dared doubt the respected opinion of the medical profession on such matters, that she had been poisoned from one of the flowers she had put in her mouth. She was buried in a near by cemetery. With her going a deeper understanding of life came to Annie. She finally found comfort in the others growing up around her.

Life was taken in its stride. A serene happiness fell across her threshold. She was kept busy from morning till night. She knitted and sewed, and Fullen always had a penny for the pocket of a new dress, and a 'flightin' for Annie for working so hard. But Annie didn't make the pink smocked cashmere dress that Margaret, her third born, wore in Red Riding Hood.

That came from Glasgow, and deserved a cab for transport to the Kinderspiel. This was a moment of high excitement, for cabs were rarely used except for weddings.

Her days were not all work. There were the charabanc, or brake rides to the Sunday School picnics. And there was the purchase of yellow butternuts and peppermints to keep the bairns quiet on Sunday, during the impassioned eloquence of the little minister with his thundering voice. These sweeties bought off more than one titter as he stepped to the pulpit in his voluminous black gown and white dickie to match, or when he raised a howl from a baby at christening with his drop of cold water.

There were moments of respite when the children would leave for school with their peas in a poke, or their sugarally water in a bottle. Some Saturdays she would send them off to Patterson's farm to see the whitewashed rose-covered cottage, and to watch the milkmaids in their striped petticoats. And they would bring home the fresh butter, that sometimes fell out of the green cabbage leaf it was wrapped in. Alex would take them for a Sunday walk to the cemetery to look at the wax flowers under the glass containers, or out into the country to Granny Donnelly's cottage, for a slab of her toffee, and to listen to the sound of the tinkly bell on her door. At Easter time she would pack them off to roll their coloured Easter eggs 'doon the brae' near Fullen's.

I recount these things only from hearsay. My turn to be a witness hadn't come yet. I was born on the fourth Tuesday in June, 1904. My birth upset the ordinary course of things for Annie. Compassion overflowed at the sight of those lifeless arms.

For days she watched her child and wondered. Then she took it in her arms and walked to the foot of Kilbowie Road. She took a tram to Glasgow and waited in the outer office of the young nerve specialist. She was called in. Mr. Kennedy spoke in gentle reassuring tones, and all her nervousness was gone. What a kindly man! There would be no charge for the operation. What marvellous hands! Something good would surely come from them when they sutured the nerves.

She hurried home again along Dumbarton Road. In her excitement the busy world along the Clyde passed by unnoticed, and the tall cranes in John Brown's Shipyard meant nothing to her. The hands on the Singer's clock seemed still compared to the beating of her heart. She and Fullen rejoiced over a cup of tea. And Fullen didn't care if Annie had forgotten the big words Mr. Kennedy had used, for her main concern at the moment was the care of the family while Annie would be away in the Infirmary with her baby for two weeks. She was to go into hospital on August 24. Here it was already late July with so much to get ready.

In the Infirmary Annie Macnish saw other mothers with children more seriously afflicted than her own. She became consoled. The burden she carried away, with its head and shoulders strapped into an immovable position, seemed much lighter. There was another operation just before the Christmas of that year. She soon came to know the journey from her home to the medical centre in Glasgow, with the University, the Art Gallery and the Kelvin Grove Park hard by. But two years passed before Mr. Kennedy operated again. There was little change. As the hope for complete recovery receded, she saw her baby learning to do things with his feet, and a feeling of thankfulness permeated



Photo by McDermid, Edmonton.

ANNIE MACNISH

A stout heart for the steep hill of life.

(Page 34)



her being. She brought another little girl into the world, and then a little boy.

About this time fabulous stories were being circulated of a new world called Canada. The railway companies behind the publicity sedulously hinted of the wealth that was in store for those who were willing to endure the hardships. Alex and Annie discussed it. The prospect of wealth had little appeal for them. They were not young. They knew the meaning of adversity. And they had come to love the friends who had gathered around them in the past twenty years. But the family was growing up. For the children's benefit they decided to cut themselves away from the past. Alex left for Canada in 1910. He settled finally in Macleod as an employee of one of the world's largest railroads. A year later he sent for Annie and her family of seven.

What is it in mothers, especially little Scotch mothers, that makes them undertake gigantic tasks! Annie Macnish was never one to analyse the 'flittin'. There was little time to think about it. Mr. Kennedy had to be advised. He decided on three major operations which kept Annie going to and from the Infirmary for three months. Two of her children had to be vaccinated, to conform to the regulations of the immigration authorities. Most of the furniture had to be sold, and the rest packed by Fullen's husband, Andrew. The two older girls had to be kept from bothering him with swings and dolls and other things for which there was no room.

On the day of departure young Alex caused a little panic. He strayed away from the wharf to see a parade. Harry retrieved him from the shoulder of some kind man just before the boat left.

Handkerchiefs waved farewell! The anchor chain grated and groaned; the hawsers slapped the boat's side;

the winches screeched drawing them in. The *Hesperian*, a doughty old tub, slipped away from the Broomielaw one bright day in May 1911. It was piloted down the Clyde past wharves, barges, dredges, docks, ship-building yards, hamlets and towns to Greenock. It sailed out through the Firth of Clyde where the hills, clothed in misty green, rolled out of the sea.

The Atlantic treated Annie Macnish kindly. Its rise and fall left her free to play the part of nurse in that third class cabin. She had no time to be ill, she said. It was not until the Straits of Belle Isle were reached that she had her family about her again. With them she enjoyed the beauties of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Anticosti, and the shore line of Canada, which rises high from the edges of an unbelievably wide river, and stands out boldly in an atmosphere of dazzling brilliance.

The sight of the Chateau Frontenac and the old town of Quebec signals the end of the journey. The gang plank is lowered. There is hustle and confusion. Six of her children stand around Annie Macnish on the wharf. They are a little shaky, but delighted that the first leg of the glorious new adventure is over. Her seventh, her baby boy John, snuggles contentedly in her arms.

Thanksgiving is soon displaced by fear. The new surroundings are strange, the officials gruff, and the cages into which all immigrants are huddled bleak, cold, drab. The questions are endless, and the long thin line moves slowly towards the immigration officer. It stops momentarily. "What of the crippled one?" Annie Macnish and her family are shoved to one side for further investigation. The line moves slowly on again. The room gradually empties, and Annie is left alone.

She was detained for a day—a day of torture, anguish and uncertainty. The possibility of deportation

with all its tragic consequences faced her. The Chief Medical Officer reviewed the case. He haughtily disposed of it in three hurried words, "Pass, pass, pass!"

All her newly made friends had departed. She and her seven found themselves complete strangers in the train they caught for the West.

Annie Macnish's four feet ten inches had to be helped up to the first step of the coach, seemingly miles above the ground. Those she had been used to on the London Midland and Scottish were not so high.

The Canadian railway coaches were large, with only one entrance at each end. Each coach was lumberous and looked awkward compared to the carriages at home. She found no compartment within for her family, but instead, a long single corridor. It ran down the middle with leather seats on either side. Some were already occupied by colonists with their children, their straw hampers, and their Gladstone bags. Cooking facilities were at the far end of the coach. A Negro porter, with white jacket and shiny white teeth, found a place for them.

The strangeness of these new surroundings wore off as the huge iron horse puffed its way for five days and five nights across Canada. The train rolled over the narrow ribbons of steel that stretch from one end of the Dominion to the other. It passed through the forests of Northern Ontario, skirted the great north shore of Lake Superior, and crossed the vast prairie lands of the Middle West, with its tall skies and lonely desolate reaches.

There was a need for the heavy coaches. There was a need for the hampers and kitchen at meal times, when everybody shared and became friendly. And there was a need for the Negro porter, especially at night.

About 8:00 o'clock every evening he and his large key became the object of interest. Straddling the seats, by standing on the arms of each, he reached up to unlock a recessed door flush with the wall near the ceiling. He took out mattresses and blankets from the recess. On its door, suspended by heavy chains, he made up the upper berth. He joined two of the seats together by juggling their upholstered backs and made down the lower berth. The upper berth and the one immediately beneath it were called a pair. He separated each pair by inserting a panel of thin highly veneered wood. Mysteriously, he hooked long green curtains to a bar near the ceiling and covered each gaping pair. This study in green extended the length of the corridor on each side. He left the people to fasten themselves in, and to roll and toss in stops and starts until morning.

The lights go out above, and he sits on a small chair at one end of the coach. The eerie quiet atmosphere is illumined by a small light above his head. The huge locomotive, with its cowcatcher and squat smoke stack, roars through the darkness, rent asunder by the wavering beams of its headlight. Its hunger is sated by black coal from the fireman's shovel. A misty ghost-like glow of smoke and light haloes its tender. It sweeps thunderously along carrying the swirl of dust and steam behind it, like all trains that pass in the night.

The transcontinental deposited Annie Macnish and her seven at a small town in Southern Alberta. She had expected Alex to meet her. He was not there. The prospect of waiting twelve hours for the branch line for Macleod was depressing.

Everything departed rapidly. The train steamed away into the distance and the rails shimmered in the

heat. Hotel men rode away in their horse-drawn buses. Trucks of baggage and express were wheeled along the low wooden platform into the red station. And a silence came over the place unlike anything she had known—the silence of a prairie town.

A telegraph ticker broke the stillness. Through a bay window they could see the operator, in visor, waistcoat, and black sateen armlets, taking the wire. It was from Alex to Annie. Work detained him. The family would have to complete the journey alone.

They went into the waiting room. The unhealthy smell of stale smoking tobacco and coal dust drove them out into the sprawly straggling town. Wooden structures, wind-beaten and sun-blistered, reared their heads at uneven heights along the street. In the doorways and on the sidewalks, farmers slouched in blue overalls, their dried up complexions and leathery skins shaded by large straws or broad-brimmed felt hats. Business men and shopping women passed leisurely to and fro, strangely dressed, and speaking in a nasal tongue full of strange idioms and tortured by a guttural 'r'—'a sort of morose grinding of the back teeth'. Teams of small scrawny horses, whose hoofs raised myriads of dust particles at every plodding step, pulled four-wheeled wagons along the dirt roads. The vehicles could not be dignified by the name, Lorries. Tall narrow green boxes were on most of them, and a spring seat. The driver sat, graceless, bent up like a half shut knife, listlessly holding the reins. Buggies and democrats passed by; horses were tied to hitching posts. Long wooden upright poles with cross-bars attached at the top of them, carried humming wires to a seeming nowhere. Wooden buildings, wooden sidewalks, wooden telegraph poles—everything was made of wood. Whenever they reached

the end of any one of the monotonously straight streets a flat table land stretched endlessly before them.

Annie yearned for the solidarity and the brick of Glasgow, the smoke and the noise on the Clyde, the drone in the meadows and the heather blue of the hills.

They found a restaurant with its heavy greasy odor. They shyly sat down for nourishment. They were served by a Chinaman. To Annie it was something new. The sight of the oriental 'fair scunnert' her, and she would have nothing from the hands of the infidel. She watched the rest in sorrowful silence. Only the distance between her and Scotland prevented her return.

Western towns vary only in degree. Macleod's point of variance was a romantic one. It was the location of the first Royal North West Mounted Police fort. Mounties with their scarlet uniforms were numerous. It was also the place where the Indians received and spent their treaty money. But to Annie the main difference of Macleod to all other Western towns was that it contained Alex, and a home.

The house possessed a big black monster of a stove with ugly fat round stove pipes, rising out of it, quite unlike the neat open grate she had been used to. There was no bathroom, nor any water laid on. Lamps and candles were the only source of artificial light for many years.

Complete adaptation to new conditions came swiftly, except that she continued to keep the clock one half hour fast, and her speech, unlike that of her children, remained broad.

The freedom of her neighbours seemed downright forwardness. But she warmed to their affability and kindness. They taught her to make bread: to mix the flour and water and yeast into a leaven smooth round

lump; to leave it in the large basin to rise; to cut it off in loaf sizes and polish them with lard after putting them in their tins; to put them in the oven till the crust was a shiny nut-brown; and to avoid burns on taking them from their tins to cool. It helped, they said, to blow rapidly on the loaves during their speedy removal with the aid of gloves. Annie Macnish blew them from stove to table many times. In the winter she covered the large basin with a sheepskin blanket, and placed it before the stove kept burning all night.

The neighbours helped to build a chicken run. What excitement when the young Plymouth Rock biddy hatched her full setting of thirteen eggs and clucked and scraped and fussed over them. Such success was worthy of maturer settlers. Her friends wanted to drop Annie Macnish and her seven down on a farm. She refused to think of it.

Her one desire was to be near a school. She saw the trustees of the school board regarding her sixth child. They introduced her to the Grade I teacher. The child was accepted on trial. At home Annie gave him pencil and paper, brush and paints, encouraging him to write, draw and paint. A flat surface was necessary. The floor proved safer than the table.

Every morning she strapped a school bag over his shoulder and sent him off. When he came home she removed his shoe and let him feed himself. Alex made a floor desk for homework. He became concerned when he learned that only the right shoe was being removed at school. He kept the left foot busy doing things at home.

The years went by. There were the rough spots that seemed would never smooth. Her oldest son, Harry, came back from France, and died from the effects of gas

received at Ypres. Her man, Alex, was reduced in salary, and finally lost employment. It was some time before he found another job. And it took all the Scotch caninness she possessed to keep her family clothed and fed. But time mellows memory. The rough spots took on gentler lines.

Any mother would have done the same, she said; what she did was nothing. She felt she was compensated by the co-operation she received from the rest of the family. The two boys took over many of her duties with Number Six. The two older girls became earners: one found employment as an operator in the local telephone exchange, the other, as a stenographer in one of the local banks. This made it possible, in 1918, to move to a larger and more modern house on the right side of the track, and nearer to the school.

She insisted that she was further rewarded by the favourable monthly reports Number Six brought home, and the prizes he won at the local exhibitions; by the medal he won in an essay competition, and the senior matriculation certificate for first class honours, of which she became the custodian.

About this time someone said to her, "Mother, I'm going to be a consulting lawyer".

"What is a consulting lawyer?" she asked.

"I am not quite sure myself", he replied. "But the postmaster thinks I ought to be one. And I would like to go to the University and study law."

"Well, we'll see", she answered. It was her customary reply on matters of great moment. It was tantalizing. But its very vagueness gave her time to think things out—to see things as they were—before coming to a definite decision. Such a matter was too momentous for hasty reply.

Her wisdom, not gleaned from books but garnered from experience, told her that this question was not going to be an easy one to answer. Where would the money come from for the fees and the books? What about board and room in the University town of Edmonton, three hundred miles away? Who would look after him at University? No matter how capable he had become in doing things for himself with his toes, there was much that others had to do.

The older members of the family became interested in her problem. "He really should go to University", said Helen.

"Fine I ken that", said Annie Macnish. "But how? Unless — Unless the family moves to Edmonton."

It meant another cleavage of old associations.

The local Member of Parliament promised to do his utmost to find a position for at least one of the family in Edmonton. Democratic institutions move slowly. Time to leave for University came without anything definite happening. We all faced the prospect of losing a year.

Then the unforeseen occurred. The Rev. D. G. Armstrong, the Methodist minister in Macleod, chanced to ask Alex whether arrangements to move to Edmonton had been completed. He was on his way to Edmonton, he said. He offered to do everything in his power to find someone to care for Uthafella until the family was able to move. He suggested the Methodist College, affiliated with the University. How near to defeat his efforts came! One member of the College opposed the idea on the grounds that the person under discussion would become a permanent liability and a burden to the institution. Two interminable weeks passed before a letter arrived from Dr. Tuttle, the Principal of the College. It

said simply that three of the residents would gladly assist if we cared to accept the offer.

Annie Macnish had us packed in no time. The others excitedly helped. We were soon travelling northward on a railway pass granted to employees. She was made the guest of the matron of the College while she arranged for my entrance at the University. She met the young men who had so sportingly made the offer. In their hands she reluctantly left me. But not before reminding me to be gracious to everybody, to be thankful for everything that was done for me, to put my heavies on when it got cold, and to use my writing paper regularly!

On the note-paper she read that the once dissenting voice had been won over. She was told of my increasing obligations to those around me. From the letters she learned of an anonymous note that had been sent to me offering the complete annotation of my English text book, and of the student who made a carbon copy of his Chemistry lectures because the formulas were so difficult at first to copy down from memory. She smiled at the Chemistry professor who sent me a well turned drinking glass tube, thinking I could not lift a cup for myself. It had to be kept in readiness against his unexpected visits to my room, where I ate my meals. She was pleased to send more scones and shortbread because my room was becoming a common-room for many of the students. She felt sorry for the young chap who missed out on some of the earlier feasts because of his timidity, and who finally said, between bites, "You're not half as bad to look at as I thought you'd be". Perhaps, too, she read between the lines, of my shyness at being cared for by strange people.

Where all the money came from during that first year at University is hard to say. My brother and

sisters helped. And then there was the little Sunday School teacher, Amelia Muir, sister of Mrs. Henrietta Muir Edwards, a pioneer in the cause of womanhood in the Dominion of Canada. Miss Muir taught music. She gave the receipts of twenty of her lessons each month towards my education. If kind deeds are the requisites to immortality she has joined the immortals. I found, on my return home for the Christmas holidays, that Annie Macnish's table was not just as elaborate as it had been.

At the end of that year both Alex and my sister Helen found employment in Edmonton. Again, as in Scotland, circumstances forced Annie Macnish to attend to the moving without Alex. A house had been found in Edmonton close to their places of employment. There was a good school near by for the younger members of the family; and a good shopping district was not far away. Annie Macnish approved of it. Although Varsity was some distance from the house, I could walk, weather permitting. The exercise would do me good.

She used to pull my cap down over my ears if the air was nippy. At this I protested successfully only once, but my ears were frostbitten before I could find someone along the way to cover them for me. I never questioned her wisdom again.

Nightly she left me in my pyjamas and dressing gown, studying until the early hours, or until I heard a step on the stairs. But by the time it reached the landing my room was in darkness. The light in the hall threw a shadow across the bed as someone tucked me in and tiptoed away.

She was upset when I missed an examination in my final year, because the young student who had copied the time table for me made a mistake. The professor

was upset, too. He had to write another paper in order to allow me to graduate with my year.

Alex died soon after. A hearse, an ominous spot of black against the pure white snow, stood at the gate. And then they carried him away. She watched from an upstairs window. A deep moan rose up from the depths of her being. She wept bitterly. Someone sent her Ophelia roses to add to her rose-memories. They opened, blossomed and died. But the memories remained.

His absence left a gap in the earning ranks of the family which had to be filled. I tried to take his place. It was this circumstance that brought about the attempt to get into the Attorney General's Department.

Annie Macnish did not say much when she heard the disappointing news about the hoped-for political appointment. "Dinna fash yersel lawdie", was her only comment. "Something good will come of it. Ye have tae pit a stoot hert tae a stie brae."

And then she calmly told me a story. It was of a stormy night long ago when a little woman was bringing her baby home from the Infirmary. She got off the tram at the foot of Kilbowie Road. The fog was heavy, the wind biting, and the night black. With her baby in her arms she groped her way in the shelter of the buildings, from one lemon yellow light to another. Slates fell from the neighbouring roofs. She moved slowly up the hill. At the turn in the Road she stopped for breath, and looked back to see only the bright spots she had passed. Claspimg her baby closer, and covering him with her cape she climbed on.

A stout heart for the steep hill of life.

CHAPTER III

A LONG my road of life stood a young girl. She was tall and lithesome, with sparkling brown eyes. Her golden brown hair flew back from the temples in a curl of distinction. She was solid as the soil on which she stood, and as far-seeing as the horizon towards which she looked. She was full of light-hearted gaiety and the deep joy of living.

She was smiling—a broad smile, youthful, frank, open. Her arms were outstretched. She said, "Come to me". And I came.

For a moment like this a person like me must wait. Affliction imposes that condition. An infringement of it can be sorrowfully tragic. Abiding by it has its trials of loneliness. But it has its compensating joys on chancing upon a clearing where the sun is beating down in all its warmth and splendour upon the droning bees, the bronze butterflies, the purple clover and the white marguerites. Especially when one of them has two hundred years of French-Canadian blood coursing through her veins.

One of Marguerite's great-grand-pères went by the name of Sergeant Martin of the French army. He came to the new world in 1696, while it was still a French colony. He took up land and settled. Rightly or wrongly, he claimed relationship to Abraham Martin, from whom the Plains of Abraham got their name.

Sergeant Martin left to his heirs a deep-rooted love of French customs and the French language. One of his

descendants established his home in Vancouver, on the West coast. He was the son of an only son, but what a lot of daughters there were! His Madame and children accompanied him. She was grand old matriarch. Stories are legion of how she fed the sick and the homeless after the greater part of Vancouver was destroyed by fire in June 1886.

The Madame's eldest son, Milton, went North at the time of the Klondyke Gold Rush. He spent the years from 1898 to 1906 in the Government service. He became Justice of the Peace and Crown Timber and Land Agent for the Yukon Territory. He was friendly with a chap named Edwardes, who romanticized about a young Vancouver girl. Edwardes left the Yukon to marry her. Milton was surprised to learn later that young Edwardes was the Hon. Cecil Edwardes, brother of Lord Kensington. He was still more surprised to learn that the girl in the case was his own sister, Louise.

Madame Martin gave the young couple her blessing. They left for the Old Country. There Louise obtained her musical education under Jean de Reszke. She went on to conquer the musical world. Her sweet soprano voice was first heard in Covent Garden, then at the Opera Comique and the Grand Opera in Paris. She sang "Tosca" with Enrico Caruso at the Metropolitan in New York.

The Madame's eldest daughter, Lumena Redmond, died shortly after her marriage. She left an infant son, René. Madame took him into her home and brought him up as her own son. He, too, was to leave her. She sent him East to get a French education. He attended Loyola College, in Montreal. Later he went to Bishop's College at Lennoxville. He married one of the daughters of Lord Shaughnessy. They settled in Montreal.

In the meantime, Madame's son Milton left the North, in favour of Edmonton, capital of the newly formed Province of Alberta. There he met Bee Beck, the daughter of a young lawyer, who later became Judge of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Alberta. The Becks were of Pennsylvania Dutch and English extraction. Bee's maternal grandmother was a direct descendant of one of the Earls of Shrewsbury. Her paternal grandmother was a direct descendant of D'Arcy Boulton, Judge of Upper Canada, and later the Attorney General of all Canada.

At the time of their meeting Bee was a tall, beautiful young girl, fresh from the finishing school in the East. They were married in 1908.

Bee bore him four children. She became ill, and the children were sent to the Convent of the *Filles de la Sagesse* at Red Deer, Alberta. During the holidays they were cared for by Milton's youngest sister, Litta.

The second child, Marguerite, proved to be the *Enfant terrible* of the family. The whole world was alluring to her. She found it difficult to stay at home. More than once her elders hunted for the wandering lost one. At the Convent she was full of mischief. On one occasion she tried to penetrate the garments of a nun with a two inch pin, without much success.

From the Convent she went to the Normal School at Camrose, and graduated from it as a first class teacher at the age of seventeen. Her first school was a small country one in a French-Canadian district east of Edmonton. She lived in a farm house near by, and rode horseback to and from school each day. She had twenty pupils, in classes ranging from Grade I to Grade VIII. One of them was her senior by more than a year. She never let on.

During her second-teaching year she was given a position in the city of Edmonton. That was in 1930.

There was nothing unusual in our meeting. My sister Helen worked with her sister at the Government Buildings in Edmonton. She was invited to their home, where she met Marguerite. One day Marguerite dropped in for a moment to see Helen and she met me.

One evening in March this young girl was returning from Little Theatre try-outs. She met the same young man purely by accident. They walked one block together, and then another, and then another, until they found themselves in the Valley of the Saskatchewan River. There was a lovely moon. Myriads of stars looked down from the blue green heavens. Or was it her eyes!

"How tall are you?" said one to the other.

"Taller than you", the other said.

"I doubt it."

"I know it."

"Let's see!"

Circumstances alter cases. So do high heels. He both lost and won. In the experiment under the enchantment of a March moon fate sealed their destiny.

Annie Macnish was pleased to see the friendship grow. A great attachment, and an admiration one for the other, grew up between my two loves. Our acquaintanceship blossomed with the spring. Marguerite used to come to the insurance office and tidy an unkept desk, or type the briefs for prospective customers. When the insurance days ceased she did everything she could to make things seem brighter.

That summer she went to the Pacific coast for a holiday. Her absence wrapped me in a cloak of melancholy solitude. Uthafella recorded my longing and took it to the post box.



Photo by Basil Hamilton.

MARGUERITE

Myriads of stars looked down from the blue-green heavens. Or was it her eyes!

(Page 38)

One morning in Vancouver she read:

She's gone!
But not for long.
Yet in her distant going she
Has left this weary world to me,
And I'm
So lonely.

Lonely! Yes,
But why?
In every lovely face I meet,
In every nice thing on the street,
In every breeze that wafts my face,
In every flower that meets my gaze
I see
Her only.

I envy
Every river drop
Which on and on and never stops
And reaches nearer to the sea
Where she is; where I want to be,
Beside
My only.

This little lapse
Fills me with fear.
What if she should stay a year,
Or always live beside the sea
And never come again to me
Here
So lonely!

But she'll
Be back, and soon I know.
Then nothing here on earth below
Can keep me from her side.
Until then I can never bide
Time
Calmly.

CHAPTER IV

THE desire to help the physically handicapped was nebulously indefinite when I first told Annie Macnish and Marguerite about it. It took a long time to persuade it to come down from the realms of fantastic and delicious illusion. It was the child of an emotional reaction from the existing state of affairs. Its god-parent was the wish to improve things; its foster-parent, the hope for something better.

The excitement derived from these dreams, these castles in the air, was agreeably satisfying. I was king in a dream world all my own. A few quick strokes of thought, and fulfillment lay before me, glorious, serene. A subtle fire ran through my very frame. A tremor seized my every limb. I was left gasping and parched in the white heat of satisfaction, with emotion at full tide.

But these warm emotions had to be tempered by a cool intelligence. Wishes can never become ideals until they are worked out in terms of concrete conditions available for their realization. I deliberated for hours on end. Then one evening I went to Marguerite.

We sat before the dying embers of a fireplace. She was trembling a little. I could hear the beating of her heart. She knew I had something important to tell her. I floundered miserably at the beginning. If the lights hadn't been so low I would have stopped completely. I timidly told her that I wanted to help the afflicted.

A spiritual and intellectual tonic welled up from that fountain head of love. I received from it courage, endurance and sympathy. And more: the promise that I

would not have to go that way alone. Once the decision was made there was no turning back. Future action for both of us became definite and clear. Working towards a fixed purpose brought strength and calm in its wake. But a design of living had to be worked out. A plan had to be formulated to ensure the success of our endeavour.

It meant a complete break from the past. My whole upbringing predicated a private rather than a public life. Well-meaning people told Annie Macnish that my place was in a circus among the freaks that people paid to see. The abhorrence of the thought chilled her to a cold silence. Overcoming a handicap had never been extolled or glorified at home. It was all part of the day's work. And Annie Macnish expected a harder day's work from me at school than from any other member of the family. In an old diary I found the following: "Nov. 5, 1920. Came third—72%—on honour roll. Mother not pleased." In intellectual attainment she saw my salvation.

At our small University, during examinations, I became a number like anyone else. My identity was unknown to the examiner. I was accepted by the students as one of them. Their admiration loosened its bounds only at graduation time by a thunderous round of applause. It caught me quite unawares, and left me flustered.

No human interest story about me had ever fed an insatiate press. One little reference to my private life aroused my indignation. During a holiday at a lake I had felt the thrill of sailing for a few glorious stolen moments. My hostess denied me this form of enjoyment because I could not swim. The risk and the responsibility were too great. Her attitude was a sane one. I so wanted to participate in this exciting sport

that I learned to swim at the age of twenty-one, at the Y.M.C.A. in Edmonton. To my chagrin the General Secretary of the Association luridly published the story of my 'triumph over almost insurmountable obstacles'. Its cheapness sickened me. Public plaudits had no appeal.

To live a life of obscurity tucked away among the dry old records of some law or government office; to have sufficient health, sufficient friends and sufficient money to exercise my natural gifts and to enjoy the natural pleasures around me—this was my ideal.

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He, who can call to-day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
 Not heaven itself-upon the past has power;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

The new venture demanded an open and public challenge to the snobbishness and prudery directed by many normal people against those less fortunate. It meant exposing myself, at the cost of my feelings, to that snobbishness. But the realities of life are very often stern. Affliction is sometimes a necessary part of the discipline to it. A sane and intelligent approach, combined with faith and nerve, should overcome every difficulty, if only the will to win kept strong. A handicap might prove a positive advantage, in bringing out untapped reserves of energy and resource. Some virtues are only revealed by affliction.

The new venture demanded a more tangible contribution to the welfare of the physically handicapped—the development of some scheme to give them happiness by

liberating their powers and engaging them in activities that would enlarge the meaning of life for them, and make them acceptable to the rest of society.

Lasting happiness cannot be served on a platter. The attempt to give it to physically handicapped people directly by the presents of little toys, a day's outing in the country, a tree at Christmas, or a steel brace for a weak limb, is a mere display of complacent but misdirected kindness. True happiness comes from within. Service that fosters conditions that will widen their horizon and give them a command of their own powers is more to the point. They can then find happiness in their own way. The establishment of special training centres under the supervision of specially trained teachers would seem to answer this need. There were none in Canada at that time.

We dedicated ourselves to try to bring about the creation of them. This resolve was strengthened by the assurance of Dr. H. H. Mewburn, of the University of Alberta Hospital, that such vocational training was necessary in Canada. It was sustained by the sympathetic encouragement of Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University of Alberta at that time.

The President was one of the first men I sought advice from on the question. It was a diffident and shy Uthafella that sat before him. The President listened patiently and attentively. His head leaned slightly to one side. His fair hair dropped across his forehead. He spoke in a soft meditative voice, with a Scot's inflection. Among the things he said I remember one clearly: "It's all right being an idealist, Watson, but you have to be a practical idealist as well."

We tried to find a practical plan to finance the work. It was one of our first hurdles. At the time it seemed

very high. But obstacles seen in retrospect take on their true dimensions. Marguerite and I often chuckle as we look back and think how crushingly insurmountable some of them felt. Finding the practical plan was one of these. It had to bring us before the public.

There was a possibility that I had a singing voice. Its discovery had come about in a most unusual way. Annie Macnish and my sister Helen had been concerned about the development of Uthafella's chest because of the inactive arms. Music lessons would counteract the inactivity and develop the abdominal muscles. The vocalizing, a secondary consideration, had revealed a small but pleasing tenor voice. It had permitted me to join the Glee Club of the University of Alberta. There I met a young Irishman, by the name of Charles Hosford, who had the love of music in his soul. He was destined to play a large part in designing the pattern for the future.

After my graduation Charlie Hosford had induced me to become a member of the Edmonton Male Chorus. The conductor of the Chorus was a little Welshman with a long torso and rather short legs. He possessed a magnificent tenor voice. He sacrificed everything to his art. When he sang his beautiful mellifluous tones strongly contrasted with his facial grimaces. But we of the Chorus loved him. He was highly respected in Edmonton as a vocal teacher.

I went to him and told him of our plans. I asked his opinion of my voice as an earner. He believed that with tuition it would amount to something. If it did it would serve a double purpose. It would bring me before the public, and the returns would leave me free to carry on the campaign.

It was agreed that training should start at once. I was to have a music lesson daily. He reduced his fees and payment was to be deferred. He said it was his contribution.

There was no hope of immediate returns from the voice. Marguerite and I turned to another alternative—lecturing. And we explored the possibilities of selling my autograph at the lectures.

At the same time we cast about to find some organization to sponsor the work. On the North American continent business men group themselves together in clubs to do some form of social service. In Edmonton there was a branch of the Kinsmen Club, a purely Canadian organization. Towards the end of April, 1932, I had an audience with its executive.

The moment was tensely emotional. Uthafella seemed nervous, excited and shaky. The pencil which he held in his foot was anything but steady as he pointed it to a display in making each of his points. Only the moral support that Annie Macnish and Marguerite had sent him away with prevented a breakdown in the proceedings.

I received the written reply from the President on May 1, 1932. The Club commended my worthy efforts; it wished me every success; it was in sympathy with the undertaking; but "your proposal in its present form is not tangible enough to warrant an undertaking on our part. From a theoretical view the scheme is sound, but from the standpoint of practicability we venture the statement that you are hardly as yet conversant with the subject of detail of operation. It deserves further study".

We felt youthfully indignant. French blood is quickly roused. But something good came of the ordeal. Mr.

Richards, a High School teacher who had been at the Kinsmen executive meeting, invited us to call on him.

"You have an extremely interesting story to tell", he said. "Why don't you write a book? With its sale you can spread your ideas, and get the funds to carry on your work."

"But I can't write", I answered.

"Very well, then, get the help of someone else who can."

The book seemed a good idea. Doubts had arisen regarding the sale of the autograph by itself. Its success would have to depend on curiosity, pity and sympathy. But the autographing of books is an accepted practice. It could be incorporated to advantage into the larger plan, and it would evoke a different response.

A brilliant young friend of mine had just returned from Oxford. We had studied Law together. Despite my Scotch mistrust of brilliance, I respected his intellectual ability. He agreed to collaborate in the writing of the book. We met in his down-town office. Uthafella read to him my idea of the first chapter. Uthafella's shyness was evident.

"I cannot help you write the book." My heart sank. He continued, "I can listen and advise. You'll have to do the writing yourself."

It took me out of circulation for some time. Annie Macnish accepted it. She intensified her efforts to fill our home with paying guests, and left me alone to my writing. My bedroom became my study. A small stool was on the floor at the side of my bed; in front of it, pencil and paper. An ever increasing circle of references lay on the floor around me as the book progressed. The bedroom became a sanctuary; it was even a sacrilege to enter it.

One day Annie Macnish broke faith. She rushed into my room with a look of indignation on her face, as though someone had done her a great injustice. Holding a basket of rather small eggs down for me to see, she exploded: "Look! They're as wee as bools!" In spite of her twenty years in Canada, a marble was still a 'bool' to her. Such incidents lightened the task.

At no time did we consider sending the pedescript to a publisher. There were several factors that may have contributed to it. None was responsible in itself. Western Canada does not publish books. It buys those published elsewhere. The time, and the uncertainty, of sending it far afield was too great. Nor had the world recovered from the depression by 1932. Many friends advised against bringing a book out at this time. However, we did not look upon the book as a literary effort. It was simply a means of raising funds by personal contact. There was no reason to have a publisher distribute it. And then there was the kind influence of Charlie Horsford, manager of the University Book Store.

Charlie was enthusiastic. He promised storage space for the books after publication. He volunteered to look after mail orders. He felt sure that the University Press could print it speedily during the slack summer season; but we would have to imitate the French vogue of paper covers. From his bookshelves he took down several books of various shapes and sizes. We selected J. M. Barrie's *Courage* on which to base the format of the new book. Its selection had no symbolical significance.

We all agreed that the price of the book must be reasonable. Press estimates showed a fair profit for an edition of 2,000 copies of a book, not exceeding 25,000 words in length; if sold at \$1.00—a popular price. This determined the length of the book.

But there was the financing of it. The Bursar of the University demanded a cash deposit of \$350.00 before accepting the job. Charlie thought he knew where we could borrow most of it. Stout fellow! His thoughts were inextricably associated with music. But perhaps my musical award helped.

. . . The music lessons had continued daily. After the refusal of the Kinsmen Club, my music teacher felt the need of the adjudication of a disinterested party. He insisted that I enter the Musical Festival, held annually in Alberta. An award from it would strengthen his own conviction. I could wear my ability in my button hole.

Singing has always been an emotion with me. It has acted as a sustaining force, purging me of bitterness, and filling me with a buoyant happiness. These feelings were absent on the day I sang at the Festival for the late Harry Plunkett Greene of London, England. It was left to Uthafella to carry the day. He apparently pleased the adjudicator for, before I knew it, he was given the highest award in the Festival. The Male Chorus was proud of him. . . .

Charlie was on the executive of the Chorus. So was my music teacher. And the Edmonton Male Chorus had a favourable bank balance. The executive reviewed my application for a loan to publish the book. On June 8, nearly six weeks after the Kinsmen meeting, I was permitted to present my case before the whole body of choristers.

There were no ifs or buts in Uthafella's make-up this time. The hesitancy was gone. The foot was steady as it pointed to the display. The outline was positive from beginning to end. A hint from Charlie cinched the argument. He advised him to promise repayment within

six months. The sales at the University Summer School would assure this.

Then, a voice from the audience, "Is the book written?"

"Yes!" Uthafella replied quickly. "Practically", he added softly. In truth it was only half completed. The Male Chorus unanimously voted a loan of \$300 for six months without interest. Marguerite made up the deficit.

There was no time to lose if we were to keep faith. Music lessons stopped temporarily. Before the critical eye of my legal friend the story tumbled out and paraded itself. The book was written according to no set plan. The object was to please as wide a public as possible. The story merged inevitably towards "my desire". This became the title of the book. The first draft of the story was completed on my twenty-eighth birthday—June 28, 1932—twenty days after the magnificent gesture of the Edmonton Male Chorus.

The book had to be typed. Marguerite was too busy. A friend of ours found a stenographer for us. She was beautiful to look at, as she sat typing what I dictated from the pedescript. Under her magic touch the story took on a new appearance. The sole of my foot became *soul*; Glasgow became *Glassco*; and Edinburgh, *Edinborra*. The time wasted correcting the typed copy had us all on tenterhooks. We placed it in the hands of Mr. H. R. Leaver for his literary criticism. It pleased us that he found faults 'only of a minor character'.

By this time school had closed for the summer. Marguerite borrowed her father's car. We took the pedescript over muddy roads and through torrential rain to the summer cottage of Dr. R. C. Wallace. He had promised a foreword to the book. By July 12 the

pedescript was in the hands of the printer, and the \$350 in those of the Bursar.

There was much yet to do. The restricted length of the story left little room for explanation. Remembering an old Chinese proverb, that one picture is worth 10,000 words, we decided to put twelve plates into the book. But the publishing fund had been exhausted. McDermid Photo Studios and Engravers proved sympathetic. They volunteered to do the work at cost, and to withhold the bill until September 1. It was their contribution.

Marguerite borrowed the car again. We gathered up properties for the pictures. Annie Macnish came, too, with her lovely curly hair made all the lovelier by the steam from her kettle 'on the hob'. It was her first visit to a photographer. She sat stiff and dour before the camera, for four unsuccessful shots. The photographer looked at me hopelessly. I turned to Annie. She smiled at me with her bonny blue eyes. We got our picture.

Two pictures had to be taken outside the studio. One was taken at the Civic Swimming Pool. We showed the proofs to a friend. She looked at a picture of Uthafella diving, and said, "This wasn't taken in the studio, too?" Marguerite couldn't resist the temptation. With a malicious twinkle in her eye, she replied, "Of course. He fell flat on his face on the floor!"

The other was taken in a Church, within the shadow of the great organ. We needed a grand piano to complete the Musical Festival setting. We approached a piano mover. He was a big Scotsman, with steel grey hair and a nasal brogue. He said, "If you can get a local piano dealer to give you the use of a piano gratis, I'll move it for you gratis." The piano dealer said, "If

you can get it moved gratis, you can have the loan of it on the same basis." And Marguerite had a piano to sit at.

The galley sheets began to pour from the press. We became lost in the arduous task of proof-reading. Too many passages were familiar to me. It devolved upon Marguerite and others to catch most of the typographical errors. After the corrections were all completed we were able to persuade Marguerite to leave for her delayed holiday to Summit Lake, high up in the Rocky Mountains near Prince George.

As a parting shot Marguerite reminded me not to forget the cover design. It was done by Frank Turner, a commercial artist. In addition to the title *My Désire*, which stood out from a black background, there was a facsimile of my signature in the right hand corner. To balance the page he left a place in the lower left hand corner to carry the crest of my Alma Mater. The use of the crest was, quite justifiably, refused by the University. We had to fill the gap. He designed a new crest, circular in shape. Around the circumference he printed the words: *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Inside the circle he etched a human foot holding a pen. *Pedes Rampant* has never been registered.

Frank would take nothing for his professional services. He said it was his contribution.

The book went on sale on August 2, less than two months after the money had been volunteered to publish it.

The write-up appeared in the local newspapers on August 7. It was made into a Canadian Press bulletin. It was published from coast to coast. The news value was good, even though the reporter called the book *My Dream*. Probably, or probably not, he was thinking

of Pierre Curé's epigram: We must make a dream of life and a reality of dreaming.

The book was lucky. It and we sailed out into the sea of life, unruffled by the little squalls of failure and disappointment, blown on by the breeze of faith and hope, and guided inexorably by the fixed star of purpose towards that harbour of attainment in which all craft find haven.

CHAPTER V

"THE book is meeting with success", ran a letter to Marguerite. "Two hundred copies have already been sold, and it has only been out ten days. One woman mailed eleven of them to Western China as Christmas gifts, and here it is only the middle of August. Think of it!

"I wish you were here to share in the glory of our joint endeavour, and to shield me from all the embarrassing notoriety. I cannot forget how much you have done for me. It would be impossible to express or to conceal it, no matter how much or how little I might say.

"The day after the book came out I found Annie Macnish reading her copy. The light from the window threw a halo around her head. She was weeping silently, and smiled up at me through her tears of joy. Helen had her autographed copy for two days before she could bring herself to read it. Afterwards she said it must have been my love for two women that inspired me to write it. But no book can replace someone who is missed very much."

On Sunday evening, August 14, Uthafella left the table without finishing dinner. I heard a footstep on the stair, and then someone's voice at the bedroom door.

"There must be something wrong when ye cannae eat. Are ye wearyin'?"

"Maybe. Or maybe it's the strain."

"You need a holiday."

The next night she packed my bag and put me on the train for Summit Lake, via Prince George. She wired Marguerite I was coming.

It wasn't long before the Negro porter and Uthafella had become close friends. This was not exceptional. He has always found public servants very obliging and unabashed. They are used to dealing with people. Among the humblest of them he has found the truest sincerity. They have time to be human. Many of them have refused to do only one thing for Uthafella—take a tip; even those dependent upon gratuities for a livelihood. His associations with them have always been the happiest.

Hundreds of train, street car, and bus conductors have taken the tickets from the brim of his hat, or the money from his pocket to pay for my fare. It always receives the wondering eyes of everybody present. It's a form of grand entrance. It never fails to draw attention.

These contacts make life an exciting adventure for a person like me. Commonplace habits take on a new meaning when adjustments have to be made for their fulfillment.

One of these readjustments amused the Negro porter as the train carried us through the Rockies. I asked him a rather pertinent question. He scratched his kinkly head. He was puzzled. "Ah done know sah, how yuah is all gwan to shave yuahself, because Ah aint never seen no one shave hisself that way befoah." He pulled the chair up beside the washbowl. Uthafella sat before a mirror and had a shave. The porter stood watching until the job was done. "Well sah", he exploded in that half laughing way of his, "Yuah suah is one freak, isn't yuah? Yes sah, yuah suah is." His

subtlety was profound. I don't know yet what he meant. Perhaps he was referring to the method used to execute the task, or the quality of the shave, or the fact that Uthafella didn't cut himself with the Rolls Razor.

There was a big six-foot American on the train. He had curly hair and a Southern drawl. He was on the teaching staff of the University of Missouri. I followed him through the swaying coaches towards the diner. It was difficult for me to contain myself. His body was bent slightly forward for balance. He wore loose bags. His legs spread as he walked. His arms groped. He looked like a miscreant child hurrying home after an embarrassing misdemeanour. I met him quite by chance. We were thrown together by the railway company. He offered to feed me. Feeding myself at the extra low tables in the dining coaches of our railways is something I have yet to try. We finished our breakfast before we arrived at Jasper.

Jasper National Park is lovely in the morning. The glorious Rockies rise away, deliberately upright, in greens, purples and blues. Above the tree line the jagged peaks and the beautiful Mount Edith Cavell are resplendently white in a mantle of snow. This shrine of beauty inspires silence. It left even my American friend speechless.

He became voluble when we entered the Yellowhead Pass. Mount Robson (Altitude 12,972 feet: see guide book) blinked sleepily over the shoulder of one of its bed-fellows. It was remarkably clear in the morning sun. "This is what Ah call Geography on the hoof", said the man from Missouri.

Perhaps it was. He spoke of the great Rocky Mountain Trench that extended nine hundred miles from the Yukon to the Columbia River Valley. He said we

entered it 'where the Fraser River broke through the canyon wall foamin' at the mouth'. We would leave it 'where the river broadened out and became lazy-like and dirty'. He pointed out hanging valleys 'corroded by glacial drifts and left suspended-like in mid-air'. He wondered whether the mountains were the result of down-warp or up-thrust. He talked of the great plateau that had been 'finally inundated by the glacial drifts'. The Rockies were the result. Despite this analysis, the immensity and ruggedness of the scenery was still enjoyable.

I enjoyed, too, the company of others in the observation car. One man in particular interested me. His cap circled the crown of his steel grey hair, and dropped precipitously to the tip of his nose, half blinding his vision. I learned later that he had been with MacKenzie and Mann when they picked out the site for Prince Rupert in the rain. He knew everybody along the line.

He proved an invaluable friend when I left the train at Prince George. There was no one to meet me. British Columbia has two Summit Lakes, and Annie Macnish's telegram had gone to the wrong one. He became all action. His eyes penetrated every face on the platform. Within the ten minute train-stop he found an acquaintance with a car, who offered to drive me to the Lake.

"Have you ate yet?" said my new friend. And he took me to a restaurant in this town on a hill.

It was dark when he turned his car towards Summit Lake. We drove twenty-five miles over rough mountain road, past the dusky outline of hay stacks and rude temporary homes. We stopped at the landing to enquire the whereabouts of the cottage at which Marguerite was a guest.

Marguerite and her hostess had just pulled away from the landing. She heard Uthafella's voice through the darkness. She came to me.

We rowed past the point to the log cabin. A crackling pine-wood fire was burning in the huge open fireplace. Rustic settees were in front of it. There was a mezzanine floor at either end. Here the women slept.

My host and I sat before the fireplace. He had a big voice, but it dropped to an even whisper as the others fell asleep. He told me many yarns from his circuit. He was an itinerant judge carrying justice yearly into a Northern area at least the size of England. He travelled mostly by boat, holding court in churches and theatres wherever he might be, and dispensing justice based on common sense. There were few books of reference along his route. The sanity of his judgments was admired by all law students. I told him so. He just smiled and put me to bed.

In the morning I met the man who had built the cabin with only the aid of a Spanish windlass. He was broadly big, simple, wholesome and quiet. He had a ruddy outdoor complexion; his blue eyes sparkled. He had short-cropped curly white hair. His fifty years in the open rested on him easily. I nicknamed him Jack the Giant.

He was a prince of a fellow, or to use his own phraseology, a large bull in a big field. He pitched a tent for me deep among the tall spruce. On the shore of Marguerite's lake in the clouds, I slept the sleep of a thousand dead. The morning dips in the cold clear waters, the hikes and the fishing soon brought back my appetite.

One morning Jack the Giant had us up at five. The dew was glistening with the dawn. The lake was as

smooth as glass. It was dotted with islands heavily wooded with spruce. These tall silent sentinels reared their heads into the half light. We talked in whispers.

We shoved off in a boat to troll for deep lake trout. Uthafella unwound the line to its full length. The heavy sinker took it down. He tied the other end to the oarlock and gave a professional tug now and then with his toes. He felt nothing. After an hour of luckless trolling he pulled it in. There was an exhausted six-pound lake trout on the hook. At the wharf Uthafella took a hunting knife and cleaned the fish for breakfast. Jack the Giant cooked it over an open fire, and said, "Git yerself a set of tools and set to". We did.

Another day he took us across Summit Lake in his scow. It was a flat-bottomed boat, filled with freight 'fer down the river'. The outboard motor drove us towards the Crooked River. At its source the surface of the water was covered with lily pads. Its banks were lined with tow paths, dug deep by the many fur traders who, straining at the end of a rope, had lined their scows over the rough riffles and shallow places.

Just below some small rapids Jack the Giant left us. We cast our lines for rainbow trout. Uthafella held the pole under his arm and swung with his body. A bite! Marguerite reeled his line in. The excitement was intense. The trout struggled and fought. Its lovely rainbow-coloured sides glistened in the sunlight with every jump. The thrill was repeated several times in the hours that followed. We had a nice mess of trout when Jack the Giant picked us up on his return trip.

The holiday at Summit Lake was a pleasant interlude. We returned to Edmonton full of enthusiasm for the fall campaign. We were too filled with the Summit Lake sunshine to be upset by Charlie Hosford's recep-

tion. He took us to the shelves set apart for the books. Dejectedly, he pointed a finger at the undiminished rows of them. After the first flush the sale had died.

But we were unperturbed. The gifts of fortune are fleeting. They must be made fast by intelligent adaptation. We believed that with a bit of good luck, which always favours the industrious, and a lot of hard work, the books would start moving again. We concentrated on Edmonton.

The manager of the local broadcasting station offered spot announcements without charge. These directed the buying public to the various selling agencies handling the book. The first store to receive a consignment of them was owned by a public-spirited Jew. He said, "I am going to sell them for you without charging you any commission. Tell the rest and they will do the same." He established a precedent that was to be unbroken in Canada.

The books began to move again. But the majority of sales came from personal canvass. Charlie sent bundles of the book to our home. Each morning Annie Macnish would put five of them under Uthafella's right arm. It has a providential bow in it for such occasions. Five more were inserted each afternoon. Some days Uthafella had to make two more rush trips to the house for supplies. The excitement was high! When he returned at night she would remove the money from his pocket. Sitting, economically, on the edge of a large chair, she would count it carefully and then put it away in a large strong box in her bedroom. It was later taken to the bank at the corner.

One month after the book appeared we withdrew \$100 from the bank to repay McDermid Studios for the

cuts. We were able to redeem the promissory note, given to the Male Chorus, two months before it was due. By early November the debt incurred in publishing the book had been completely cleared. Charlie Hosford began to wear a broad smile as the shelves began to clear. By December 1, nearly 1,000 copies had moved away.

Mail orders had been flowing in from Calgary, Alberta's other large city, with a population of 85,000. Letters followed inviting me to come and bring the book with me. My brother threw open his Calgary home. He enthusiastically promised me all the personal service I required. Early in December I accepted the invitation.

A friend of mine drove me to Calgary over 200 miles of unpaved road. Not far out of Edmonton a tremendous storm cloud enveloped us. It kept us covered all the way to Calgary. There were repeated snow flurries. The wind was high and blew up a blizzard. It savagely lashed our car. Fine snow scuttled across the road as we tried to buck the storm. Darkness fell early and the surrounding landscape heaved and tossed under its night cloak. We dropped into Calgary by the North Hill. Little lights twinkled in the valley below, and the heart of the city was surrounded by a wall of reflected light. Above and beyond the glare of the Turner Valley oil fields sullenly glowed across the low lying heavens. But it was not a portent of evil.

The reception I received exceeded all our expectations. It was like a most fantastic dream. The newspapers ran stories on the second and third day after my arrival. The radio station plugged the programs with announcements without charge. F. E. Osborne's Book

Store took a consignment of the books on a non-profit basis.

At the insistence of many of my friends I called on the Rev. George A. Dickson, D.D., the little minister of Knox United Church, on the evening of December 8. It was a memorable meeting for me. The little man sat behind a big desk in the vestry. His forehead was narrow, his nose small. He had the dark hair, the high cheek bone and the ruddy colour of the Celt. "It's strange, Mr. Watson", he said, "that you and I have lived in the same province for years and I have never heard of you."

"There was no reason in the past for me to become publicly known", I replied.

"Even so, there is now. I'll preach on the book at the evening service on the 18th." A little later he said, "And of course you will sing at the service." Later still he added, "And you'll say a few words."

I hurried home to my brother with the news. I was no sooner in than the telephone rang. It was the little minister. "Mr. Watson", he said, "I've not read the book yet, but I've decided to use it as the text this Sunday, the 11th, so that you can get the advantage of the Christmas trade." It was characteristic of the man. Such humaneness and kindness of heart had endeared him to his people.

There was a raging blizzard on the Sunday night. But the church was full and there was an overflow into the Sunday School. Many were turned away, but places were found for two boys and their crippled sister. They had drawn her through the storm on a sleigh.

They listened to the little minister talk about "The Boy Who Climbed Hill Difficult". That boy, in gown

and graduation hood, sat beside him in the pulpit. He said a few words after the sermon. Very few. Then he sang—*Just For To-day*.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray.
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey,
Oh keep me in Thy loving care,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide, and love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

The Lord's Day Alliance Act was not to be infringed. Books would not be on sale until the following day. At one minute past midnight the little minister was awakened out of a deep sleep by the ringing of the telephone. It was someone wanting to start the sale of the

book. "It was all very well", he said to me next morning, "but he picked a poor time to do it."

The little minister was in his vestry at 8:30 Monday morning for the convenience of the early-to-work business men. An hour later he took me to the home of one of his parishioners for breakfast. While it was being prepared, he shaved himself with his emergency kit. It was a bitterly cold day, and we could hear the hens and the chickens below us while we ate. They had been put in the cellar to keep warm.

As we drove away he told me that he had both the rich and the poor in his congregation. "The poor need and deserve most of my time." They received it.

For the rest of the day Uthafella autographed books with his mouth for all classes of people.

A broadcasting station requested the little minister to repeat the sermon over the air. He asked me to sing again. The leading newspapers in the province carried the announcement. F. E. Osborne's Book Store was pleased with the result. The manager smilingly remarked that I was rapidly becoming a best seller. Charlie Hosford was pleased, too. His total shipment to Calgary, in answer to numerous telegrams, amounted to 400 copies.

Two days before Christmas I returned to Edmonton. On Christmas morning Uthafella found himself looking at a book entitled *Scraps*. It outlined the history of the book. It was from Marguerite. She had saved everything.

Annie Macnish produced a letter. It had come during his absence in Calgary. It read: "Last week I finished your little book. Generally at this time of year, in former years, I began to think of finding something to serve as a Christmas present for my father. He died in

September last. In the forty-four years of medical practice he brought thousands of children—handicapped and unhandicapped—into the world—fixed them up, and did what he could to launch them fairly on the Great Adventure. I hope that your efforts will beat the unrecorded and unaccounted records of men like him. If he knew that his Christmas present this year went to forward in the least little way, your desire, he would be pleased, and be caused to smile. Though, as was his wont, he would say nothing about it. There was a bank cheque enclosed.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE early spring of 1933 Uthafella went to Calgary again to try a new phase of the work. We wanted to reach a wider circle of people. Lecturing was a means to that end. We decided to experiment away from home. The little minister of Knox United strongly recommended me to the Speaker's Committee of the Calgary Board of Trade. I was invited to speak at one of its luncheons. I do not think the Speaker's Committee knew it was to be my first appearance as a public speaker.

As the day approached I drew further and further into myself. I grew down into a small scared boy. I looked up at Uthafella, my outward me. I felt helpless and inert: he was detached and unconcerned. Daily my tenseness increased: he became more debonair. I spluttered over the pantomime rehearsals of my talk: he called me a brainless, stuttering fool. He entitled it *Handicap Be Hanged*. It didn't suit my mood, but he was bigger than I was. The title stood.

With the zero hour I became more shrivelled. Uthafella laughed and joked. I envied him his nonchalant ease. If only the earth had opened up and swallowed me. I longed for the encouraging presence of my one love. How poignantly I missed her. But Uthafella never mentioned her once.

I seemed to do everything wrong. I had promised to do a caricature. At the luncheon Uthafella found that I had left the crayon at home. He reprimanded me

severely and sent a messenger for it. I could hardly see over the table when we sat down. He didn't seem to mind my discomfort. He was unperturbed even when the pianist, who had said that he couldn't get to the luncheon, turned up unexpectedly. Uthafella sent for my music. The hopeless bungling seemed to have no effect on him. The little minister fed him, and then introduced him. Uthafella got up to speak.

I broke into a cold sweat. My mouth was parched and dry. My tongue felt like leather, and much too big for me. I experienced a peculiar sensation in the pit of my stomach. My mind became an excited blank. I made Uthafella read most of the address. He tried to cover this discrepancy by emphasizing my points in a clear ringing voice. The little minister turned the pages for him. When Uthafella went to the easel I felt too small to help him. But he swooped through the lines. He said it was of Lloyd George. I don't remember.

He closed my talk bursting into song, "I Love Life, I Want to Live". Imagine! He sounded as though he enjoyed it. He sat down.

I thought of the comment of an old Scots lady, about a speech she had once heard. "Weel, I hae just three faults ta find", she said, switheringly, "Firstly, it was read. Secondly, it was nae weel read. And thirdly, it was nae worth reading." However, the little minister was delayed in his closing remarks by the rounds of applause. After the meeting he distributed forty copies of the book.

The members of the Board of Trade went back to their work. But Uthafella took me for a two-hour walk through the streets of Calgary to make me his equal. For months to come we parted company with each new public appearance. The emotional downheaval was too great.

One address generally leads to another. The Business Women's Club had me as a speaker. So did the Cosmopolitan Club. At both these meetings Uthafella fed himself. The Cosmopolitan Club stipulated that no books could be distributed. Service Club regulations do not allow the sale of merchandise at meetings. The Club President, at the close of the meeting, said that this was a case in which the regulation should be waived. He told the members that autographed copies were available. When he found that none had been brought, he took their names and their money. The books were delivered that same afternoon.

Two churches asked me to be their guest soloist, and several Boys' Clubs had me speak to them. One group of boys met just before the church service. They hurled a fusillade of questions at me for two hours—long past church time. They said, in youthful frankness, that I was much more entertaining than the minister.

A broadcasting station gave me forty-five minutes on the air. Afterwards, F. E. Osborne's Book Store made me its guest for autographing purposes. One little crippled girl came into the store to see me. She had heard the broadcast. She said that it had done her a great good.

The book started on another leg of its romantic journey. Nine months after its first appearance arrangements were made for a second edition. Twenty-five hundred copies came off the press. They told me it was side-stitched, this time, not saddle-stitched like the first edition. But it still had its white paper cover.

The appearance of the second edition created a new problem. Experience had taught us that Uthafella's presence was necessary for the successful and continued distribution of the book. Edmonton and Calgary had

reached their absorption point. If the desire was to reach its fulfillment, there was no other alternative but to move on. In Edmonton there had been the home of Annie Macnish, in Calgary that of my brother. The sales did not warrant taking a travelling companion. We had to consider the question of personal service.

To a person like me, forced to live on the fringe of society, many of the accepted proprieties become hollow and false. The seemingly indispensable conventions are wrapped in a cloak of prudishness and secrecy. But how quickly could I persuade others of this, and turn a distasteful chore into a willing service? The question righted itself.

By a series of happy coincidences there always seemed to be a given person at a given place at a given time, to perform a given service for me.

After the broadcast a letter came from a lady in High River. She had read the book, and had discovered that we had had the same doctor in Scotland—old Dr. Gilmour. She promised to arrange an evening lecture under the auspices of the Parent Teachers Association, if I cared to come to High River. She also promised to find some one to care for my personal needs. I accepted immediately.

High River is not far from Calgary. It is a small town signalled by a long row of six grain elevators. It nestles cosily in a valley dotted by small scraggly bushes, with dobs of spruce green here and there. The Foothills of the Rocky Mountains form a background.

The lecture was my first evening one. At the conclusion a small boy came up to me, with a big watch in his hand. A *tin ticker* he called it, "Do you know, Mr. Watson", he said, "you stood on one leg for fourteen minutes and forty-five seconds when you were draw-

ing." And a schoolgirl was heard to remark to her chum, "So clever, too, and not even middle-aged."

After the lecture some young men drove me in a truck to see the Turner Valley oil fields by night. From a distance it looked like a second Land of the Midnight Sun. At close range it was a series of gas flares. Some of them jumped as high as thirty feet, breaking finally into many tongues of fire. The heat was scorching and there was a deafening roar that made conversation impossible.

I returned to Calgary the next day. Marguerite came down for the week-end. On the train she helped a young man take off his coat. He had the use of only one arm. He was from the mining town of Drumheller, not far east of Calgary.

We had decided to try Drumheller next. I wrote to him. He proved a valuable point of contact. A reply from him promised me the help I needed. He lived at a hotel in Drum—to use the inhabitants' name for it. I moved in. He helped me as much as he could, and found extra assistance when necessary.

It was my first experience in a hotel. The one at Drum was conveniently small. I fed myself in the dining room to the sympathetic amusement of the waitress. She told the proprietress, who came over to my table and asked for a copy of the book. She placed a \$10 bill on the table. I told her she would find change in a small case I had with me. "There is no change for this one", she said.

The Drummers were very responsive. Perhaps it was because the large sandwich boards announced me as a 'lecturer and *rankonteur*'. One of the local newsboys asked what I did for a living. When he was told I wrote books, he remarked, "Why doesn't he come down to the

corner and sell papers. He'll make 2½¢ a copy, and he won't have to write them."

A fellow graduate living in Drum invited me to his home for dinner. I heard afterwards that his wife was very upset. She wondered how Uthafella would manage. Despairingly, she asked her husband what to feed him. After dinner she turned to her husband and said, "Imagine my worrying. He made less mess on the table than you did."

While I was in Drum I was told that a Rotary Convention was to be held a few days hence in Lethbridge, a city of 15,000 people in Southern Alberta. I was advised to be there at the time. It would mean valuable contacts with the Service Clubs. But I knew no one in Lethbridge.

Towards the close of my stay in Drum my brother forwarded me a letter. It was from the city editor of the Lethbridge *Herald*. He had been commissioned to write an article about me for an Eastern magazine. He asked for information about myself. I decided to give it to him in person during the Rotary Convention.

I returned to Calgary first. A friend stopped me on the street. She introduced me to her young husband. Lethbridge was mentioned during the conversation. He knew of a new truck being driven there next morning. He arranged for me to go with it.

It was the spring. My heart sang, but the notes were badly shaken by the rough roads. Everything was lusciously green. The flat country wore a joyous optimism. Near Lethbridge strip farming became common. Long bands of fallowed land, running contiguous to sown strips, tapered into the distance. Four horses, three shiny bays and one white, strained at the traces of a harrow; the muscles rippled beneath their skin.

Their hoofs plopped in the soft warm soil, their fetlocks giving with each step. The heads tossed, the ears flopped, the tails swished. The spring seat carried the humped body of the farmer. It was evening. A cloud of dust enveloped them and followed them along. The misty silhouette passed over the gentle rise of a hill.

Apprehensively, I registered at the Marquis Hotel. A bell boy came up to me at the desk. He said he had gone to school with me at Macleod. He promised me every assistance.

It was the largest hotel I had ever stayed at. The convention members were gathering rapidly. I debated whether to go into the dining room among so many people. I walked along the tree-shaded streets of this little oasis in a prairie waste. I roamed through the Galt Gardens where the tulips and lilac trees were in bloom. I took an hour to make up my mind. When I got back to the hotel I had my foot washed in my room.

Uthafella walked into the dining room with abandon. He told the Maitre d'Hotel that he would probably need some help. "Gosh", thought the Maitre d'Hotel, "and me so busy with the convention. The Rotarian motto is 'Service before Self'. I think it should be 'Room Service before Self'. I have taken 240 glasses and 60 ice jugs to their rooms."

He told me this later, adding, "But I was surprised at your ease, efficiency and lack of awkwardness, and your independence, too."

The Rotary Convention Committee offered me three minutes in which to make myself officially acquainted with the Rotarians. I was told that it was the first time a non-Rotarian was given such a privilege. They also invited me to attend the meetings.

At one of them I heard Benjamin Franklin's famous letter for the first time. A paraphrased version of it became part of my subsequent lectures. It explained the munificent act of the Lady of Drum. "I do not pretend to give you such a sum. I only lend it to you. When you meet another afflicted person you must repay me by giving this sum to him, not in money, but in services and encouragement, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation. I hope it may go through many hands before it meets with a knave who will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine of doing a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning and make the most of little."

I stayed in Lethbridge three weeks. The city editor of the *Herald* proved invaluable. He introduced me to the owner of the paper. The Senator was a typical round-head. He was all solid—solid in build, solid in principle, solid in outlook. He walked heavily with a deliberate clumph, clumph! His hearing was not of the best. He wore an ear-phone. After we had talked for some time he said, "There must be an affinity between the afflicted. I have no trouble hearing you." He placed the facilities of the paper at my disposal. News items appeared almost daily. They stimulated interest.

All the Lethbridge Service Clubs invited me to speak to them. I was asked to be guest soloist in three churches, and guest speaker in two. Students stood attentively in the gymnasium of the collegiate for half an hour listening to me. Their alert responses gave me the thrill of my life. A. E. Cross' Book Store took the books on a complimentary basis. A tailor did my pressing without charge. The theatre manager gave me a roving pass. The hotel manager, a humanely sympathetic old

gentleman, gave me a very special rate; and the chef sent in delicacies.

A group of unemployed young men did a magnificent thing. They said they were unable to make any purchases themselves. Instead they made a door to door canvass of the city. They said it was their contribution.

As my Lethbridge visit drew to a close I met a minister who had heard me in Calgary. He asked me to come into the Crow's Nest Pass. He promised to arrange an itinerary through the closely packed mining towns. He thought my talk would act as a challenge to those whose morale was being broken by unemployment.

A bus carried me into the Pass. The gears groaned and screeched protestingly at the steep gradients. The mauve mountains, flecked with patches of snow, were beautiful. But their massiveness was oppressing. The further we penetrated into the Pass, the more they seemed ready to tumble in. Impoverished mining towns lay along the way. Amidst such grandeur, beauty and poverty were starkly contrasted.

In the next three days Uthafella spoke six times. On the Sunday, he was the pulpit guest of the minister, who used as his text Isaiah 52: 7, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

The chain of coincidences that had carried me through the Southern part of the province was broken by my return to Edmonton for the summer months. The Southern reception had strengthened my belief that I could travel alone. I knew that I could get the help I needed by staying at the hotels.

In the autumn Uthafella turned his eyes towards Central Alberta. The country was in the grip of harvest.

The fields were heaving under the burden of a bounteous crop. The long conical smoke stacks on the threshing machines belched smoke, with an occasional burst of steam. The whirling governors spun rapidly. The high tapered bellies of the engines shook over their large spindly wheels, and the long sagging belt lines heaved their way to the separators. Hay-racks pulled up to one side. Strong farmers pitch-forked the sheaves onto the feeders. Steel claws dragged them into the threshers. The grain spurted from funnels into the green wagon boxes on the other side. The horses bore down and pulled the wheat through the stubbled fields to the highways and the tall gaunt elevators in the towns.

Six towns in Central Alberta were comparatively close together. The population of none exceeded 2,500. I spent an intensive ten days in each town.

The different avenues of approach became systematized. They dovetailed easily. The local paper generally ran an advance story. I appeared as guest speaker at the Service Club, as pulpit guest or soloist at the church. Each town was circulated with posters. News wasn't long in spreading. The lecture-song recital drew capacity houses. An intensive personal canvass followed. The towns were small, the people easy of access.

At the beginning of my stay in each town there was always the fear of failure, and a period of loneliness. I met every train from the North. They seemed like little bits of home come down to me. The initial strangeness was made tolerable by the thoughtfulness of Marguerite. Sometimes flowers from her awaited my arrival. Sometimes there was a telegram. Always there was her daily letter. These things took the place of security and comfort. They acted as a vitalizing stimulant.

But the people in each town warmed quickly. By the end of each stay I was reluctant to leave some of my newly-made friends. A gawky German lad in one of the hotels fell over himself trying to be kind to me. Whenever he did anything for me, he always re-iterated under his gurgling breath, "Oh gosh, golly, gee whiz but I'm awkward". My man at another place was the spare bar-tender. He was chubby, beer-puffed and fair. He loved to talk, at the expense of action. Bringing him back to the task in hand always elicited, "Oh! huh? Yeh, guldarn, sure!"

The ~~United~~ Church ministers were thoughtfully considerate and cooperative. Some of them took me, of a Sunday, on their circuit. We sometimes drove as many as a hundred miles carrying the Gospel to the outlying districts. The Service was often held in the country school houses. In these districts I found the principles of Christ more sincerely lived by than in many of the larger and more wealthy centres. It was a pleasure to speak and sing for them. One minister in introducing me pointed out the similarity of the motto "They can who think they can", with the statement of the Apostles to Jesus, "And they said unto Him, 'We can'."

At one of the towns I taught a sixteen-year-old boy the principles of mouth writing. His mother cried softly during the lesson. In her letter of thanks she wrote, "My prayer for you is found in Numbers vi:24-26".

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

At the close of 1933 we had just cause to be thankful for the good luck that had attended us during the year. The subtle threads of destiny had woven a romance around the little book. One copy had penetrated the Belgian Congo. Some ventured into the troubled regions of China. Another preferred Bermuda for a home. And one took up lodgings in Copenhagen, Denmark. Its landlord wrote telling of its safe arrival. The letter was addressed to: W. R. Watson, Gentleman without Arms, University of Alberta, Please Forward.

One copy joined the company of Sir Harry Lauder, during his tour of Western Canada. I delivered it personally. The little comedian came up close to me. He stood on tip-toe, his head slightly to one side. He raised his face to mine. It was the living expression of confidence, his mouth puckered, his eyelids contracted. His eyes looked furtively about, and then at me. In the broadest of tongues, that sent the R's rolling over one another, he said, "So you want to be a singer? Do you know how to be a success at it? Sing hearth fire songs!"

Hearth fire songs or no, my eyes had been on Eastern Canada. The late Harry Plunkett Greené, after granting me the festival award, had advised a term of study with Mr. J. Campbell McInnes of Toronto.

On January 29, 1934, my two loves took me to the Eastbound train. The conductor raised his hand and shouted, "All aboard". We pulled slowly out of the station. I saw my two loves smiling bravely through their tears. At the last sight of them I turned away.

CHAPTER VII

THE scenery might have been lovely along the way. I couldn't find out. It became increasingly colder the further East we went. The windows were covered by a thick frost, full of delicate tree-tracery. At Watrous, Saskatchewan, it was 20° below zero. The next night the temperature dropped to 38° below. Everything of a metallic nature became hoary. The vestibules wore a white mask. When we opened the door of one coach to go into another we were blinded by the onrush of condensed air. A pipe line froze, and burst in the diner. For hours it was filled with steam. Few Canadians travel in January. The sixteen on board the Trans-Continental faced the prospect of no supper.

During the journey I felt the beneficial result of a visit I had made to the superintendent of the Edmonton division of the railway. Jim, the porter, showered Uthafella with consideration. In the morning he brought hot water to the berth. Here, curled up on the bed, Uthafella made his toilet, away from prying eyes. Shaving was not so difficult this time. The dining car conductor came for him at meal time, and fed him in the diner. I travelled tourist, but they offered him the free use of a compartment in the parlour car, by day. "Might as well use it. They told us to look after you properly." Uthafella accepted.

I had to read to keep myself from thinking. I could not allow myself to believe that I was going away from

my two loves for a long time. The emotional strain was too great.

At Capreol we got out for a breather. There were seventy-two degrees of frost, and the cold air cut my breath like a knife. Uthafella's face was blue with cold, and my heart was chilled to death. I felt a hopelessness come over me as we pulled away, a feeling of my complete insignificance.

It was then that Jim, the porter, brought me a telegram from Marguerite. "AND, IF YOU MUST, SING", it read. It referred to something I had said many times as a speaker, about not letting an unhappy lot get the upper hand. How well she knew! But I did as I was told, with only a few minor lapses.

Toronto swallowed me up. I had expected a railway official to meet me. There was no one. I told the taxi driver that I did not know Toronto. I asked to be driven to the Young Men's Christian Association. He said there were three of them, and asked which one I wanted. I said, bewildered, "The main one." He took me to a district branch, and then brought me back to the Central Branch on College Street. It ran my fare up considerably. I had been taken for my first ride in the East.

Central was still asleep when I got there. In the absence of the dormitory secretary, the night clerk gave me a temporary room. It faced south, and a cold raw wind, blowing down College Street, rattled its loosely fitting windows.

The Secretary came at ten. He was a fine looking old gentleman, with silver-grey hair, and the pink complexion of a child. When he walked, he walked jerkily. He said he had rented a room to young Bailey, the armless painter from Nova Scotia. But Bailey had brought his brother.

He needed a precedent for everything he did. In my case there was none. He was definitely perplexed. My explanation was too abstruse for his officialdom. He remained in a daze. He did not know why I had come there to live at all. They had no regular means of looking after a person like me. Finally he told me two boys would be at my disposal. But they were both unemployed and were rarely about until noon.

He took me to the Cafeteria in the basement, to meet the manageress. She was very young with chiselled features. Her eyes were small and steely. Her upper lip was short and the jaw protruded slightly. Her smile was the expressionless parting of her narrow lips, nothing more.

I told her how I managed to do things. I asked for someone to feed me until I had settled in a permanent room. She said she understood perfectly, and would see to it that everything was arranged. In the meantime, she gave me a little Irish girl on the staff.

That night after supper I sat down in the rotunda. I had a feeling I was going to meet someone I knew. A tall fair young man, dressed in the white uniform of a house doctor, walked in through the main door. It was a delightful surprise. I had not known that Dr. Dan was in Toronto. I didn't know that he had been sent to the "Y", as an overflow measure, while interning at the Sick Children's Hospital.

I had gone to University with him. We had been close friends, but we had lost touch with each other since graduation. He had taught me to ride a bicycle with a special steering apparatus he had invented. Dan's help had been of an intimate nature, too. He proposed that we share a double room. It would be an economy for both of us, and he could assist me more easily.

We were immediately given a room, fourth floor back. Dr. Dan's inventive genius was soon at work. Electrical cords were run from the main outlet, across the ceiling, to a drop light over each bed, and to one on the floor in one corner of the room. My desk-set was spread on the floor near it. From this corner, a part of me left for the West.

Dan also fixed the telephone so that we could both use it independently. He tied the receiver onto the hook, at right angles to it. A heavy cord, attached to the hook, passed over the phone box, and dropped nearly to the floor. To it was fastened a piece of wood, which rose from the floor obliquely. When we stepped on this pedal the hook was automatically lifted, and the connection was made. The invention was a complete success.

At another time, Dr. Dan brought home a shallow aluminum tray for my toilet articles. He had made it in the hospital workshop. Its main feature was a broad handle, high enough so that Uthafella could slip it over the arm with the providential bow in it, without knocking anything off. It gave him a degree of independence. He could carry it to the public washroom himself, and do his own toilet. A shower stool before the low window, a mirror on the sill, a small jug of hot water, and he was beardless in no time. But at the beginning of my stay, he stole in furtively, before the others were about.

Dr. Dan was unfailingly kind. But living with a doctor had its penalties. He became alarmed at the seriousness of the cold I had contracted on the trip down. He put me to bed for a week.

I felt so much alone. The dormitory secretary brought medicine and meals, but the rest was beyond him. There was a distance between us I could not bridge. He

placed a thundering mug beneath my bed and left me to my own resources.

I wished for my brother, John, more than once. He had served me unstintingly since he was nine. His clever slender fingers could do things that my stubby toes were unable to do. Meccano construction had always been our joint effort, in the days of our youth. He bowed graciously to my suggestions. So did my older brother, when he bought John the train for Christmas that both of us had conspired to get.

We were devoted. My needs had become a part of him. When I was on my holidays he was lost for want of something to do. He watched over Uthafella when he learned to skate. He taught him to ski. His genuine interest in Uthafella's new accomplishments pleased my youthful vanity. I often tried to excel for his sake. On more than one occasion I was, most unworthily, his hero.

My life had become his life. All thought of self was submerged in his brotherly devotion. And his profound sense of duty responded when our father died. It was he who helped bear the loss. He denied himself everything to aid the family financially. A gentle, lovable, kindly, curly-headed boy, his heart all gold: I wished for him more than once.

The days of convalescence were an eternity. The mails had not completed their circle, and I had no word from my two loves. Weariness consumed me. When the fever was at its height, Dr. Dan heard Uthafella call out in the night.

I used to lie for hours turning the clock back to allow for meridian differences, and visualize what my two loves were doing. More than once I dashed behind one of them down the street to her apartment, or rushed madly up—any flight of stairs will do. Her tantalizing

and exhilarating shrieks for mercy rang in my ears. I longed to annihilate space, and see both of them actually. I waited despairingly for news from them. And Dr. Dan used to wonder at my long silences.

One day he came into the room bringing with him tragedy, pitiless and swift. He had a message for me from the dormitory secretary. It was really an ultimatum. Uthafella was the cause of it. He was forbidden to bare his foot in the cafeteria. The manageress would not tolerate it. The reason for her action—It would hurt business: sensitive customers would be driven away. How Doctor Dan hated to tell me!

I was grievously hurt. A great white anger welled up within me. Why hadn't I been told directly? I felt utterly miserable, suffering acute mental discomfort. I longed for my two loves with a longing akin to physical pain. Only Marguerite's telegram before me on the table relieved the intense misery of those days.

I was further hurt by another incident. In desperate need of personal assistance I had approached a young man living in the same corridor. My request was of a very intimate nature. He told me never to ask him again. I was humiliated.

It is not miserable to be afflicted: it is miserable to be incapable of enduring it. The voice of Epictetus came down to me through the centuries. "What!" it said. "Have you not received powers to the limits of which you will bear all that befalls? Have you not received magnanimity? Have you not received courage? Have you not received endurance?"

When I was able to get about I sought out the dormitory secretary. In a tone of aloofness, eyes always away from me, he said that for the present at least I would have to have my meals in my room, or consent to

be fed in the cafeteria. I refused to have them in my room.

My freedom was to be curtailed. I would have to eat at stipulated hours: 1:30-2:30 and 6:45-7:30. The little Irish girl would not be available at any other times. I temporarily accepted these restrictions.

Uthafella could have found another place to live. But I would not let him, for several reasons. Here he could live frugally and modestly. And here was Dr. Dan with his soul of goodness.

At first there was some antipathy towards Uthafella. I had to find out for myself, whether it was directed at him personally or at the afflicted in general. If it was the attitude of the Y.M.C.A. towards the whole problem instead of the personal outlook of a few individuals in one particular case, then it had to be changed. It was the proper place for me. I elected to stay.

After leaving the dormitory secretary I found a letter from Marguerite waiting for me at the main desk. It was her first. My heart began to sing a wild mad tune of delight. With his mouth, Uthafella snatched the letter from the amazed desk clerk. I wanted him to hurry; but he went at a dignified walk to the elevator.

The slowness of the elevator tried my patience. It was operated by a little Irishman, small, highly coloured and perverse. His shiny bald head was protected from the drafts (not caused by the speed of the elevator, mind you) by a small sateen cap with transparent peak. He and the elevator took their time. To me the pause was intolerable, but Uthafella showed no concern at having to wait.

The elevator man let him out at the fourth floor. After saying, "Thank you", through and around the closely held letter, he ran down the corridor. There was

no one to see him now. He hurriedly undid the right shoe with his mouth, pulled off his stocking, and feverishly ripped open the letter.

I devoured it many times. Its lucid sentences stripped things of their superficiality. Its clarity revealed her French ability to get to the root of things and set out their pith and substance. The plan of action we had discussed lay succinctly before me. The letter assured me that I was going to do a good job of things. I received a double charge of encouragement. With each commendation my head went a little higher. Perhaps in her dreams she had seen some of the torment I was going through.

I was ready to see and try Toronto.

Full of curiosity I proceeded to examine this great flat city of gas stations and churches. It was ten times bigger than any city I had lived in. I wandered bewildered in this labyrinth of strange faces, things and places.

It was my first introduction to the modernistic trend in architecture. The Bank of Commerce reared its sulky bulk into the heavens on King Street, where the god of dollars reigns omnipotent. I had never seen such tall buildings. Uthafella's mouth was open a little at times, his head back.

I had never thronged with so many people. Everyone was in a mad incessant rush, sometimes not even stopping for the traffic lights. I thought I knew them all but they passed without a nod. Mass production and the semi-ready had made them the prototypes of my friends elsewhere.

I had never walked along Yonge Street, the main street of Canada. Its numerous small ugly stores made the Eaton's uptown building stand out like a white

goddess in stone, cold and austere. Newsboys were standing on every street corner yelling in throaty tones: "Pie-pah, Pie-pah." Motor cars, slick, modern and new, were darting in and out everywhere. They waited for no one, honked without reason, and hurled epithets at obstacles, personal and impersonal. Everything seemed more strange than real. I realized I was in a new world.

In the light of Western eyes this Eastern capital, rocked in the cradle of security, was soot-stained and dirty. Its streets were narrow. The absence of foliage left it unhappily exposed in all its brick-red bleakness. Its ugly dwellings scowled at each other in their propinquity. Huge flat uninteresting apartment houses covered many blocks.

The residential district of Forest Hill Village wore a simian austerity so English as to be comical. Elaborate homes were pushed together. The severity of their lines was not mollified by the gentleness of an English garden.

Toronto lay cold and unemotional beneath her stiff exterior. It did not inspire me with affection. It was winter and the low skies hung heavy upon me. The damp atmosphere chilled me to the marrow.

I missed the bright Western sunshine, the clear air, the crisp powdery snow and the dry cold. I missed the tonic that comes with them. I longed for the Western frankness, friendliness and informality. I could not understand the reserve and the complacency. I missed the breadth of vision and the spirituality. And my Sundays with my two loves.

My first Sunday in Toronto I attended the service at the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church—a cold lavish memory in stone. The pews were pillowed, the floor carpeted, the choir dressed in mauve vestments with

wolsey hat to match. The whole atmosphere was one of luxury, unlike the little Houses of God I had spoken in out West. It seemed incongruous to hear the cultured tones of the minister say impassionately, "Are we going to live a life of luxury and ease!"

The various places of interest attracted me.

I spent many hours in the Royal Ontario Museum. This beautiful building with its magnificent collection is not only lost to Torontonians, thousands of them have never found it.

At the Art Gallery I was more impressed with the sculpture in the centre court than with the pictures in the rooms surrounding it. My appreciation of oils had not been awakened. As for the School of Seven, I had never heard of them.

One day I roamed through the Robertson Collection at the Public Library. The stately silence of the place was oppressive. I stifled an exclamation of delight on chancing upon a lock of Highland Mary's hair. She must have been a beautiful blonde. Excitedly I told Doctor Dan. He scientifically pricked my romantic bubble. He said that the elements, with time, had probably bleached it.

On another occasion I found myself standing in front of St. Michael's Cathedral. I saw soldiers filing in. I filed in, too.

"No. I belong to no unit. Accident at birth", I said in a whisper.

"Oh! Sorry!" came the reply.

"Quite all right. No offense. You'll keep my hat? Thanks."

I sat down, spell-bound at the magnificent spaciousness and pointed height of this Gothic church, beautifully illumined by a half-light. A Belgian flag spanned

the main arch over the altar. Above it was a Union Jack. The text of the sermon was "Know ye a king is dead in Israel". It was the memorial service for Albert, King of all the Belgians. The last post sounded. Its eerie, mournful tones fled through the church and back again. The men were ashen in their stillness.

All my impressions were wrapped up in paper and mailed home to my two loves.

I visited the University of Toronto. I was shown through Hart House, this little bit of England. I was impressed as we stood quietly alone before the modernistic effigy of Christ in the tiny red plush chapel.

The warden took me into his tastefully appointed office, looking out on the inner court. The man fascinated me. He was all Saxon. His eyes were Saxon blue. His wavy hair was Saxon brown, like the men who built his beloved Canterbury. There were threads of grey woven through it. It shed itself sidewise, not back. His right hand, cup-shaped, was kept busy replacing an unruly lock. His body was a tall straight mass of highly nervous energy. He was rarely still. He was here, there and everywhere—an Ariel unbound.

In meditation the face wore a singular expression. The upper lip was lifted and puckered, exposing the two front teeth. The flesh around the nose was gathered into wrinkles. The pose looked like the arrested development of a sneeze.

His thinking processes were so rapid that his attention seemed to be repeatedly drawn from the topic under discussion. But I was sure of his sincerity. Had I not been, I could easily have come away with the impression that he was uninterested. Instead, I came away with a ticket to a recital to be held in the Great Hall. I am not sure if the ticket was not a rendering of

his account for the trouble I had put him to. The narrow backless benches were very hard and distressingly uncomfortable.

I tried to sate my loneliness with entertainment.

A National League Hockey game at the Maple Leaf Gardens was one of my first amusements. Every Western town is dead to anything else during the time given to the National hook-up carrying the game. In each of the Central Alberta towns I had been invited to listen to the broadcast. It was only natural that I should want to see a game for myself.

I lined up in the long queue to wait my turn. About ten feet from the wicket I spotted a \$10 bill on the floor. I drew the attention of an attendant to it. He picked it up and moved away from the wicket in search of the owner. He finally put it in his own pocket. Another attendant took my money from my pocket and purchased my ticket.

Ten thousand people were seated in the arena. Many of them were gayly dressed in lively coloured woollens. The yelling, screeching crowd oscillated from side to side as the small black disc moved up and down the ice.

From where I sat, high up near the rafters, the ice surface looked like a small white sheet under the glare of the powerful arc-lamps, the hockey players like midgets flying over it. I had never seen such fast hockey. I was carried away with the game. Here was once when I didn't feel the want of someone beside me. The excited squeezes of her tense fingers would have left me black and blue.

The arena was in a completely different setting for the ice carnival. It was difficult for my Western mentality to associate ice with the tails and low necks in the dress circle. The place was jammed.

“Around the ice surface was a stone wall. At even intervals lamp posts shed a warm rosy glow. At one end was a gate, pillared on either side by long rectangles of iridescent light. The white ice was now a mottled green. There were conical cedar trees and lawn patches here and there. In the centre was a water fountain.

Black out! The lights gradually illumined the scene. Three fawns about the fountain came to life and glided away in long rhythmic contours to the strains of the Moonlight Sonata. Sonja Henie’s skating was a joy to look at. The carnival reached its sombre climax with Ravel’s Bolero. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra moved relentlessly, almost terrifyingly, towards the close, while the conscientious ushers, working on commission, passed through the audience yelling, “Peanuts, chewing gum, candy, peanuts, chewing gum, candy, programme”.

I sought my main diversion in music and at the theatre.

It seemed only fair to listen to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra in more favourable surroundings than a hockey arena. I walked up five flights of stairs in a hugely grotesque building called Massey Hall, with an infinite capacity for everything but beauty. The effort cost me \$1.00. At intermission I came down to see the people of the diamond horseshoe promenading. The women seemed gaudily dressed, their wrinkled faces old before their time. Cigarettes hung gracelessly from crimson lips. The snatches of conversation I overheard rarely included music. It was generally drivelling gossip, or something to do with business. I fled back to my gallery.

It was from this same spot that I was to hear Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera star. Contrary to

custom, the house was packed. Uthafella stamped his feet uproariously at the encores of "Sylvia", "Mandalay", and "Ginger Bread". The enthusiasm in the gods drew a local press comment: "Mr. Tibbett's encores were received by his vulgar radio audience in the gallery with acclaim."

At the Royal Alexandra Theatre, beside a roaring railway, I saw "Biography" with Ina Claire, "Reunion in Vienna" with Barry Jones, and "Green Pastures". The first two discussed a closed topic, Sex. Toronto's cloak of outward respectability was worn threadbare. The devastating frankness on sex matters was received in a reproving silence and a pleasurable horror. Although the box office insisted on the deletion of some of the choicest lines in "Reunion in Vienna", this could not heal an injured modesty, a piqued gentility. Toronto's great remained frigid.

"Green Pastures" portrayed the Negro conception of Christianity. To have *de Lawd* dressed in Prince Albert and bow tie, and Moses, *the King of Babelon*, in frock coat, was looked upon as sacrilegious and heretical by Toronto's narrow wedge of spirituality. The piece played to capacity galleries.

I heard the Bach Choir, under the direction of Reginald Stewart, present the Passion according to St. John. I sat in the front row of a balcony, where there was a convenient ledge to rest my programme. Two lovely spinsters sat down beside me. They watched the furs and the frills come in. I read my programme. To the words "Oh! King of Glory! King for time unending!" there was a footnote in small type: The audience is respectfully requested to rise during the singing of this chorale.

When the choir commenced the chorale my lovely spinsters remained seated. There was no one in front of them to give them the lead. I whispered to them that it was customary to rise at this point. One turned to me as she got to her feet, and said in a loud whisper, "You darling boy! Where did you learn so much about the Passions?"

The interpretation of the Christus left a vivid impression upon me. It was sung in deep rich resonant tones, now joyous, now passionate, now pleading, now filled with an infinite sadness. It seemed to express the emotions of all mankind throughout the ages. It reached its dramatic climax with "Woman, Behold thy Son!"

One of my loves was very near to me at that moment.

CHAPTER VIII

The journey through the bewildering red-tape maze of Toronto's business world was long and trying.

Soon after my arrival, Uthafella took the northbound street car up Avenue Road. He walked along one of its side streets. With his chin he timorously pushed the button at No. 91. A tall, medium built man, with sallow but kindly eyes, and iron grey hair brushed straight back, opened the door. It was Mr. J. Campbell McInnes. He had been expecting me. His manner was so gentle I left my nervousness in the umbrella stand.

My recollections of the visit are vivid. I follow grey spats, blue trousers and a blue velvet smoking jacket up a narrow flight of highly polished stairs. They help me off with my coat, with the sensitive exclamation, "Oh! my goodness!" A velvet sleeve goes out in a grand gesture, and I follow into a cozy studio room with a warm fire burning. They show me to a chair, and they themselves stretch out before me with a nonchalant ease.

Two velvet arms wave expressively, suavely, gesticulatingly, parenthetically. Politics. Possibilities. Positions. I am asked finally to stand beside an upright Steinway. I am apprehensive. I have waited a long time, and come a long way, for this moment. I sing, "Where E'er You Walk", to my one love far away. I see her face in every phrase, and with the last words it fades into a shade. The velvet arms fall from the piano. We resume our seats.

A tense pause. "You have a lovely high tenor voice, sympathetic, sensitive, full of tone and emotion. I think we can make something of it. But it will take a year at least." He showed an intense interest in the work I was doing. He graciously granted me a scholarship.

In the afternoon of the same day I met Mr. B. K. Sandwell, editor of *Saturday Night*. He received me at three. When I entered he was sitting characteristically at his desk. His swivel chair was tilted back, his knees up, his feet on the edge of the desk. He put down his feet and the manuscript he had been reading.

In his presence I was immediately at ease. We talked. His quiet subtle humour permeated the conversation. We laughed. When I was ready to leave he stood up to put my hat on. He made a perfect caricature as he held it in his left hand over his massive grey head, to find out just how it should go on me. His watery blue eyes were turned up at something he could not see, like the little angels at the foot of Raphael's Sistine Madonna.

These men were the two main roots from which my tree of acquaintance was to grow. At first I visited unannounced. I generally walked. The person I wanted to see was often too busy, or out. The distance between places was great. The waste of time and the fatigue soon taught me to phone for an appointment, and to use the street car to get to it. Dr. Dan's ingenious device helped me do the one. The Toronto Transportation Commission aided me with the other. It circulated a photostat copy of a letter outlining the situation and my needs to every street car conductor.

Meeting the people of importance in Toronto was a part of our preconceived plan. My nervousness in their presence eventually disappeared by the use of a

stratagem. Mentally, I became Marguerite's proxy—a detached being moved about by some outside and remote control. The thought that I was doing it for her kept me on and up. I became hers "by appointment".

The hours I spent waiting to see the John Does and Richard Roes! Once in, the explanations had to be lengthy and annoyingly autobiographical. I was practically unknown in Eastern Canada. Few had read my little book. There was no basis upon which to build. It meant starting all over again with a complete résumé of my aims and ideals. Each new meeting involved a parrot-like repetition. It was a wearying business.

The interviews were pleasing enough, but often fruitless. Frankness was disappointingly absent. In its stead there was unctuous suavity, which brought to my senses the sweet scent of emollient soap. Plaudits galore, but no action.

The sameness of the close became almost comical. "Rally, old boy, admire your courage and all that — You're frightfully brave — Rally, that is I mean to say — That is to say — If I can be of use to you by all means let me know, but I think you ought to see —"

I was tossed like a ball from one personage to another. Some were a poor catch. The ball slipped easily through their slippery fingers, and it rolled to one side. It was quickly and surely forgotten in the rush of the big business game.

The days moved relentlessly and inexorably on. My bank account grew distressingly small. When Charlie Hosford learned that I would have to stay in Toronto for a year, he shipped me the remainder of the second edition—nearly seven hundred copies. Only a few of them could be persuaded to leave me for their adopted

Eastern homes. They did so reluctantly. Their paper covers didn't feel quite warm enough.

Things developed very slowly. The days were grey. The hair of everybody of importance was grey. Toronto didn't seem the city for a young man who loved the sun. I became restive.

I gradually realized that the well-organized methods of public approach, which dovetailed so successfully in the West, were inadequate for Toronto. The city was too large for a sudden attack, and I was too little known. Lectures were difficult to get. I searched for the offices of the Chautauqua but learned that they had been closed. I could find no lecture agency. Boys' organizations refused to handle the distribution of the book, even on a commission basis.

The Church circle was one of the most difficult to break into. Some ministers looked upon my proposals with suspicion. Others feared the reaction of their congregation. All of them seemed disinterested in the suggestion of making the book the subject of a sermon. As for a pulpit-guest—it was a distant possibility. I waited for an hour and a half at one of the Presbytery meetings, for a chance to explain myself. I returned home after the meeting without having spoken.

However, I did meet one of the editors of the Sunday School Publications of the United Church of Canada, the author of "Overcoming Handicaps". He was a study in black. He had long flowing black hair, tinged with grey, and a long flowing black coat, tinged with green. He wore black horn-rimmed glasses, and he had a black voice, deep down and sonorous. His arms and interlocked fingers often made a cradle for a protuberant stomach. Sometimes one arm rested across it, supporting the elbow of the other. The five fingers of

the left hand played with the loose flesh of the face. The finger nails were nervously short. It was just after four. An empty teacup sat on his desk.

He was extremely kind. During our conversation he said, "One thing the writing of books has convinced me: no matter how good a book is, its distribution must be well organized, or it won't sell. See that your organization is perfect." As a first step, he sent a man up, and a story about Uthafella appeared in the *Onward*, a United Church Sunday School paper.

The *Toronto Star*, with its vast circulation, offered me space. I saw the city editor and momentarily declined the offer. It was no time to let the story break. With my organization still incomplete, its news value would be lost. I promised him the scoop. "O.K.!" he said. "You play ball with us, and we'll play ball with you." I agreed. Others were playing ball with me in Toronto. There was no reason why I shouldn't play ball with him.

Fortunately for me my visit coincided with the preparations for Crippled Children's Week in Ontario, sponsored by the Ontario Society for Crippled Children. Its object was to enlighten the public on the broad question of physical handicaps. By four successive jumps on my tree of acquaintanceship I landed solidly on the limb of the Society.

Its office was on the large oval of Queen's Park. Its large bay window looked out on the effigies in bronze of Ontario's political great. Corrosion and the pigeons had done their disquieting work. The dun-red of the sombrely austere Ontario Legislative Buildings formed the background. It was a Toronto grey day. The copper green turrets on the Legislative Buildings looked livid.

The secretary received me. He was affable, unaffected. His face wore a perpetual smile. He was slightly grey and stooped at the shoulders, but he reminded me of a boy, reluctant to grow up—an incurable optimist. He told me my visit to Ontario was timely. He felt that I could be of great use to the Society during Crippled Children's Week.

He promised to arrange a lecture tour throughout Ontario, the subject to be *Special Training for the Physically Handicapped*. There was a qualifying "but". The approval of the Provincial Government was necessary. The Week was under its patronage. Uthafella received the news calmly. But deep down within me a great excitement welled. "At last!" I thought. My mind flew to my two loves.

In the meantime the Secretary of the Society arranged a visit to the Wellesley Street School for Crippled Children. Perhaps I had expected too much. I found the equipment insufficient, inadequate and unsatisfactory. The children were transported to and from the school by bus, with a considerable loss of teaching hours, presumably unavoidable. They had dinner at the school at a cost of 10 cents a meal. I had dinner with the children and the supervising teachers. The others ate out.

I also visited the Home for Incurable Children. The name was writ in large gold letters above the main entrance. To me it spelled the frustration of adventure. But I learned that the inmates had rationalized its depressing effect by finally bringing themselves to the belief that the end justified the means. The words aroused the public to respond financially. The amount brought in helped keep the doors of the institution open.

The Secretary of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children took me as his guest to a luncheon of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Rotary Club—the foster parent of the Society. We drove to the fashionable Granite Club, the epitome of lavishness. Heavy carpets, period furniture, chesterfields and fireplaces were everywhere. The club included a curling rink where the Ontario bonspiel was in progress, a badminton court where many young ladies were playing in shorts, a swimming pool where nobody was swimming, and a golf academy where a lady were taking a lesson from a handsome, strong young pro.

We had luncheon just off the main dining room. A long, narrow table for thirty was well appointed. Uthafella fed himself, even to the peas. This surprised the Rotarians. After the dinner and the business were completed, they called on him to speak.

The request came as a thunderbolt. I wondered if it was advisable to do it. I was unwarned. I had come unprepared. He was only to be allowed three minutes to review my work and ideals. It could be no more than a thumbnail sketch. I had been assured a date to speak to the entire club. I didn't want him to jeopardize my chances. But Uthafella spoke. They laughed and applauded him. He was assured that Rotary would receive his talk favourably.

The days progressed. The speakers' roster of Rotary was filled for three months in advance. There was no immediate place for me. The lecture tour evaporated into thin air. Its vote-value did not justify the expense. The Crippled Children's Society was powerless to do anything on so grand a scale by itself.

Toronto was proving almost invincible. But from the dust of these fallen hopes a new idea blossomed. I

proposed to the Secretary that the Society should sponsor my appearance in a book store during Crippled Children's Week. The publicity would benefit us both. He thought the idea an excellent one. I suggested the T. Eaton Company. He thought the Robert Simpson Company could be approached more easily. Both departmental stores had an excellent book department. I was full of gratitude for what the Secretary had already done for me. I respectfully submitted to his opinion.

I had come to know how slowly Toronto's business machine moved. There was only a month to bring the matter about. The East had already taught me that I would have to approach the departmental store well recommended. Nothing was to stand in the way of a favourable hearing.

I decided it would be of advantage to bring Uthafella before the Lieutenant-Governor. But how to arrange it? I thought Uthafella could do it in three jumps: from the President of the University of Toronto, to the Premier of the Province of Ontario, to the Lieutenant-Governor.

Uthafella knocked at the door of the office of the President of the University, with the side of his shoe. There was no movement within. He knocked again, a little less gently. A rough, coarse, deep voice said, "Come in!" in a harsh exasperated tone. He knocked again. Heavy deliberate footsteps approached the door. It flew open and a stoutish woman, dressed in green silk, literally yelled, "This is not a private office. We do not open doors!" Uthafella was a little taken aback. In his gentlest voice he said, "Well, I'm sorry, but you'll have to do it this time, for I can't." She coloured perceptibly. It was a vivid contrast to the green of her silk

dress. She scribbled in an appointment with the President.

Five days later the door was opened for Uthafella without comment. He was shown into the private office of the President. "Well, well, well", said the President, rising from his chair, and taking the glasses from his nose. "Well, well, well, imagine! I've heard about you, admired you, and well, well, well, now I meet you face to face. Yes now, do sit down and tell me all about yourself." He was delightful. His eyes twinkled. It was hard for them to find a place to look through. In his voice there was the slightest suggestion of a chuckle, struggling for release. What hair nature had left him, was sandy to grey. "Well, well, well", he said. "Well."

It wasn't long before he had the Premier's secretary on the telephone. "Hell-ooo. You, Foster? I have a—and he can—and—and ——— What do you think of that?" At this point the chuckle did break through. "Yes. I'm sure the Premier would be most interested. At five to-night then? Yes. Good-bye."

That same afternoon Uthafella entered the Legislative Buildings at 4:55. He found the Premier's office in the East Front Wing. He was received by the secretary. In a soft, smoke-husky voice the tall quiet man asked him to wait. It was an hour before he saw the Premier.

The Premier wore a gentle shade of grey, that faded into the huge office. The man became a face. I felt disconcerted as it peeked from behind a huge desk, over half-lensed glasses. Uthafella listened attentively. It was difficult for me to become serious. The half lenses looked ludicrous in the palatial surroundings. They suggested a false economy somewhere. I was thankful that Uthafella did the business.

Two days later he drove to Government House. The taxi swung in through the large iron gate of Chorley Park, and drew up before the overgrown mansion. The taxi driver fumbled through Uthafella's pockets for the fare. The door was opened by the footman, I-have-seen-four-Lieutenant-Governors-come-and-go Vines. He took Uthafella's coat, and put his arms into their respective pockets. He asked him to sit down, but Uthafella preferred to walk into the main foyer and then down a corridor. He gazed at the pompous-looking gentlemen hanging on the walls who had come and gone like the echo of his steel clickers on the marble floor. He was looking up at the gruff likeness of Sir Oliver Mowat when he heard his name spoken from the opposite end of the corridor. The voice was that of the private secretary. Uthafella was taken into the office of the Lieutenant-Governor.

The Lieutenant-Governor was sitting at his desk. The head was chiselled marble, the face pallid, the nose pointed and narrow, the hair ivory white. The face broke into a kindly smile. The lips moved. "Well, Mr. Watson, I hear you are a very remarkable man."

All formality dropped. As a medical practitioner he became immensely interested and not a little excited. He felt Uthafella's well-developed limbs from ankle to thigh. He whistled to his beautiful young wife who was passing the door. She and her black Scottie came in, and he told them an amazing story. He asked for a physical demonstration. Uthafella hesitated. He contented himself with a mouth signature. It was well done, for the book was held in place by a charming woman. The Lieutenant-Governor completed his side of the transaction by saying, "It's a bargain."

"Do you know the way back to the Y.M.C.A.?" Uthafella faltered a little. The Lieutenant-Governor ordered the Government car. In parting, he asked Uthafella to keep in touch with him.

Vines showed Uthafella some of the mansion, "A staff of twenty, I should think, including the female help, of course." He made Uthafella sign the visitors' book. Uthafella executed it with a pencil between his teeth. "Jolly fine, never been done before like that in my memory and I have seen four Lieutenant-Governors come and go." He put on Uthafella's coat and placed him in the custody of the chauffeur, who wrapped a warm rug around his knees.

By an extraordinary stroke of good luck, the Lieutenant-Governor was to speak at the Y.M.C.A. that same night, at the Lieutenant-Governor's Dinner. He had suggested that Uthafella should be there. He called him to the head table, and introduced him to Mr. C. L. Burton, manager of Simpson's. The appointment with him was made then.

On the following morning, Uthafella found the store of this gargantuan commercial enterprise. The office elevator gave him a one-way passage to the seventh floor—no stop-overs. He waited for a considerable time at the enquiry desk. He was then shown into the Board Room, with the remark, "It isn't used much anyway". The windows were opened to let the stuffiness out.

It was a spacious room suffusely lit. From the wall opposite the door jutted a stone fireplace, with a stone canopy that tapered into the high ceiling. On one side of it was a photograph of Sir Joseph Flavelle, Bart., on the other, one of the late Mr. H. H. Fudger. A huge, highly polished mahogany table, surrounded by heavily

padded leather arm chairs, occupied the centre of the room. On the wall at the head of the table was an indirectly illumined oil painting.

It was the full likeness of the gentleman Uthafella had met the previous evening. He was given plenty of time to study it. The face expressed action. The eyes were piercing, the mouth deliberate, the lower jaw slightly forward. The hair was greying at the temples. The subject was immaculately dressed in black morning coat and striped trousers.

Uthafella went to the window. He looked down on the passers-by, diminutive robots, their legs flying sideways as they walked. Across the street was the City Hall in its dull red, four-square sootiness. A "Welcome" sign hung outside, and above the main entrance. The tower clock ominously and monotonously chimed the quarters. At one corner of the quadrangle, where a flag pole reared its head, someone was throwing corn to the pigeons. They descended uncannily from every crevice, swooping and swirling, wings up, neck well out, beaks gaping, legs extended. At the foot of the Cenotaph a wreath was lying—a chilled memory to our fallen dead. It was snowing. Millions of large flakes passed the window and wavered on their way to the street below.

Mr. Burton finally hurried in. He was middle aged, efficient, dynamic. They sat in the big chairs near the big table. The meeting was a short one.

Mr. Burton passed him to the Sales Manager, who passed him on to the Advertising Manager, saying, "Mr. Watson comes from the Lieutenant-Governor with some definite proposition. See what it is and report to me." The Advertising Manager took him to his sixth floor office "To get the proposition straight, since you've come from the Lieutenant-Governor". He

promised an answer "After the red tape of departmental stores has been unwound." He thought there would be a phone call the following day.

It never came during the whole of that day, nor the next. My anxiety grew. My evenings were a torment.

On the third day there was still no news from the Robert Simpson Company. I began to interpret the delay as a refusal of my proposals. I could stand the strain no longer. I forced Uthafella to go to the Advertising Manager, who said that the Sales Manager had been out of the city. The plan had not yet been considered. The Advertising Manager said he would write.

The hours dragged on. My tenseness increased. I went for long walks. The sun wouldn't shine. The days were grey.

Before the final news from the Robert Simpson Company a disappointing incident added to my feelings of hopelessness. The President of the University had sent me to the University Book Store. It took a few copies, on consignment. I had written a story about it for the *Varsity*, the student paper of the University. The story was inadvertently omitted from the last issue of the spring term. The books were all returned.

I became increasingly anxious. On the seventh day a letter came from the Robert Simpson Company. Uthafella trembled as he opened it. His toes felt all big ones. It read:

We regret to say that we do not believe it would be of sufficient benefit from your standpoint to warrant your time or the expenditure of a considerable sum in advertising. This opinion is based on experiences in the past, some of them with quite famous authors, and the results were very disappointing.

Both from your angle and from ours we feel it would not be worth while.

We regret exceedingly the delay in giving you a definite answer and hope it will not adversely affect your future plans.

How it shook me! Only nineteen days were left before Crippled Children's Week. In the West I could have hoped. In the East I doubted. It looked as though my house of plans were going to crumble and fall about me.

It was snowing—a dull, wet snow.

CHAPTER IX

THOSE yesterdays joined all the other yesterdays on their march into the past. There remained only a few disappointing memories.

Uthafella moved about as though nothing had happened. He was standing by, ready to bear the physical strain of being driven forward, ever forward, by an irresistible urge that surged up in moments of crisis to block the line of least resistance.

There was one chance left. Eaton's! An immediate retrenchment was necessary. With so little time left and the knowledge of the tempo of Eastern business, things had to be done quickly. The scrunching noise of the crumpled Simpson's note had not yet died away before he was standing at the telephone. He stepped on the pedal, and up went the hook. The Lieutenant-Governor had asked Uthafella to keep in touch with him. His secretary answered. A letter of introduction to Col. Harry McGee, of the T. Eaton Company arrived by mail the very next morning. It concluded: "I want you to make a point of seeing Mr. Watson to find out if there is something, perhaps, you can do for him."

That afternoon, Uthafella went down to deliver the letter personally to Col. McGee's office. He took the wrong elevator and found himself in a maze of corridors. He stood for a moment to watch the girls working in the telephone order department, rows of them sitting opposite each other. They threw the orders onto a

leather belt which moved along incessantly, to the heavy monotonous drone of their voices.

Colonel McGee was not in. Uthafella left the letter. It was acknowledged the following day. An Eaton employee would call on Uthafella on Monday, three days hence.

The day before the appointment Uthafella made his first appearance in Toronto as a pulpit guest. It was at the Sunday evening service at High Park United. The minister who extended the invitation was tall, high-coloured, grey-haired and very handsome. He had never met Uthafella although he had preached for several years in Western Canada. His interest had been aroused by a young theological student from the West.

The large auditorium of the church was full. The minister seemed a wee bit skeptical at first. He left the sermon in Uthafella's hands—to use his own words. Uthafella showed no nervousness. Being unknown helped. He used no notes. His words flowed freely and naturally.

How solemn the congregation looked at first! They reminded me of the bald-headed Scotsman, in the back row of a lecture hall, who was asked by the lecturer if he was a Presbyterian. The lecturer had claimed that he could tell the denomination of any person by merely looking into his face. "Aye", replied the Scotsman, "I'm a Presbyterian. But it's ma indigestion that makes me look sae terrible."

Uthafella told them this anecdote. He paused for seconds. A mounting wave of laughter spread through the church. It was something new for an Eastern congregation. They did not look upon Uthafella's succeeding thrusts as sacrilegious. He delighted and surprised them. The skeptic was completely won.

The audience was astounded to hear that they could take the book home, and send the money on the morrow. Seventy-five availed themselves of the offer. A parishioner drove Uthafella back to the Y.

The success of the evening, and the anticipation of the coming appointment ran the excitement high. The night was one of wakefulness. A late March moon, mist-minded, hung halfway up the heavens. It threw its silvery etching upon the bedroom wall. I lay there sleepless, watching its gentle blendings. Through my open window, from north and south and east and west came sounds of bells. They rang out the hour. Some suddenly, in tumbling overhaste burst forth their chimes. Others in tones of languid dignity marked time and regained silence.

Below my fourth floor back the sound of hoofs ascended. It broke the solemn stillness with hollow, cloven noise. From somewhere out a rooster cock-a-doodled. He found reply from other feathered brothers, precursors of the dawn. A gentle half-light sought out the lost corners of my room. With the break of day the magic spell was broken, the spell of oneness with the night.

At ten o'clock a representative of the T. Eaton Company called on Uthafella in his room at the Y. He had come from Colonel McGee for particulars. With his personal things about him, and his right shoe off, it wasn't hard for Uthafella to explain the situation fully. He put his guest completely at his ease.

Four days passed, long days. My tenseness and anxiety returned. I forced Uthafella to pay the Eaton representative a return visit. He was told that the case had been turned over to the advertising manager.

Uthafella took the elevator to the seventh floor of the T. Eaton Company's downtown store. He found his

way through a maze of corridors to the advertising office. He presented himself at "Make All Enquiries at the Desk". He was asked to sit in the waiting room. It was very warm. His feet began to tap nervously on the floor. He had to wrap them around the legs of the chair to keep them still. A dapperling came towards him.

"You waiting for Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes."

"He wants me to tell you that he won't be long."

Uthafella waited. The time seemed endless. Presently a man approached, well built, clean shaven and immaculately tailored. He had steel grey hair and a very pleasant smile. He extended his hand. It was withdrawn unfilled. He took Uthafella into his private office.

He came straight to the point. The T. Eaton Company would give the proposition full consideration. He wondered what effect Uthafella's presence in the store during Crippled Children's Week would have on the people of Toronto. He was told that the reaction had been favourable in the West. He felt that the story the *Toronto Star* had promised to run would break down any prejudice and assure the public that Uthafella was not being exploited by the company. He said that Uthafella should see the manager of the book department. If he agreed, something might be arranged.

The manager of the book department was a young man, with dark hair and a keen eye. He was courteous, eager and unobtrusive. The proposal commended itself to him. He thought it a great idea. He promised the support of the department. The advertising manager would phone the final decision.

On the morning of the second day Uthafella received a phone call. The Y operator said the T. Eaton Company was calling. She put the call through. Uthafella,

in apprehensive excitement, found it difficult to hold the pedal down. Would our hopes be renewed or shattered? Hours seemed to pass.

Finally, a voice. The T. Eaton Company was willing to co-operate. They would appreciate it if Uthafella would come down to the store. Final details could then be arranged.

The restraint of two months loosened its bounds. All apprehensions were ended. Uthafella bounced up and down on the bed. "Marguerite", he yelled at the top of his voice, "Marguerite; we've done it. You! Me! Us!" The men in the corridor thought there was a crazy man in the building that morning.

In the days that remained before Crippled Children's Week events moved quickly. Dr. Peter Bryce, Superintendent of Missions of the United Church, asked Uthafella to call. He had just heard of him for the first time.

Doctor Bryce was tall and slender. His head was egg-shaped. His hair was grey. It was parted low on one side, and threads of silver lay across the crown. He had a plush-velvet voice with a Scotch burr on it. He sat leisurely in his swivel chair. His elbows rested on the arms of it. He had the delicate hands of an artist. A long pencil gyrated between the cup-shaped tips of his fingers. Behind his dreamy, philosophical eyes was a mind of shrewd executive ability.

He promised to get in touch with the owner of the *Toronto Star*. The next evening a young reporter came to the Y for the story. In giving it to him Uthafella at last played ball with the city editor. The story had been skillfully tossed from the Superintendent of Missions to the owner of the paper, to the young reporter, and was finally caught by the city editor.



Photo by Willson Woodside.

UTHAFELLA

The joy of life and the buoyant happiness he expresses are a natural inheritance from the two cheery, courageous people who begot him.

9 (Page 3)

He had promised that the story would break on Saturday. Early that afternoon Uthafella stole away to his room and waited quietly. At four o'clock he went down to the tuck shop, where papers were sold. The story was there! It carefully said that Uthafella was not being exploited by the T. Eaton Company. There were four pictures! The serving girl gazed at Uthafella looking at himself in the papers. He laughed and fled into the sunlight. All the world was bright. He telegraphed the good news to his two loves.

The young manager of the book department could not have done more for Uthafella's comfort. On the first morning of Crippled Children's Week he had two tables cleared. On one of them he arranged a carpet, a desk set and a chair. Copies of the little book were pyramided on the other table near by, with an explanatory card. Around the base of both tables were display cards of the Crippled Children's Society.

He arranged with the chiropodist at the store to undress Uthafella's feet and prepare them for their first public appearance in the East. He gave Uthafella young Bill, who became a footman in every sense of the word. Young Bill guarded the tables. He attended to Uthafella's every need. The young manager made Uthafella the luncheon guest of the company. Every day Uthafella fed himself in the Managers' Dining Room, under the oil painting of R. Y. Eaton.

Returning from lunch on the second day, Uthafella was stopped by a big man. The Irish face was full of smiles. The flesh was rosy from the crown of the head down. He extended his arms and held Uthafella firmly by the shoulders. His look was warm and kindly. He said that he hoped they would sell a million. It was Col. Harry McGee.

Each day had a sameness about it. Uthafella sat up on the table from ten in the morning till five-thirty at night, with lunch hours and recesses in between. He was there to autograph copies. He used a fountain pen set presented by the Waterman people. It permitted an evasion. Uthafella was able to blame the clarity of the signature on the excellence of the pen.

Public interest was sustained by an announcement the T. Eaton Company ran daily in the local press. On the second day of Crippled Children's Week, the *Toronto Telegram* published and illustrated Uthafella's story. And on the fourth day, Mr. B. K. Sandwell, editor of *Saturday Night* printed an article about the physically handicapped written by Uthafella.

Sometimes the crowd was three deep. It was a relief for Uthafella to break away for a short period on three afternoons to broadcast spot announcements for the Society. By the end of the week, Uthafella was fatigued. Throughout he had maintained the dignity that was expected of him. It had been a back-breaking business. But he remained gay.

At the close of the last day, the young manager of the book department gave Uthafella a substantial order for books on a non-profit basis, and a cheque covering the full amount of the week's sales. It was the biggest autograph sale in his experience. He commented upon the large crowd that had come into the department. He thanked Uthafella for coming into the store, and graciously said something about the inspiration that Uthafella had been to the staff. Uthafella said that the indebtedness was really on his side.

* * * *

Five days later Uthafella's name appeared on the agenda of the regular monthly meeting of the Cafeteria Committee of the Central Y.

. . . In the ten weeks that had elapsed since Uthafella had been forbidden to bare his foot in the cafeteria, he had not been idle. Repeatedly he had approached the dormitory secretary. The poor man was unable to do anything. The cafeteria manageress remained unbending. Releasing the little Irish girl to feed Uthafella at the stipulated times was as far as she would go.

The little Irish girl became considerate and attentive. Her hair was as black as a Western night, her complexion rosy. Her Irish eyes were elfish, her nose upturned. It tried to acknowledge everything that came helter-skelter out of a cupid-shaped mouth. Sometimes the verbal velocity was too great. The nose looked helplessly on. Many things evoked her high-pitched gurgle of delight. At such moments the food had a perilous journey from the plate to Uthafella's mouth.

At the end of the first ten days she and Uthafella formed a minor conspiracy. She stopped feeding him on Sundays. On that day the cafeteria was open only to the dormitory men. The few who used it then had become accustomed to Uthafella; the strangeness had worn off. It was the manageress' day off. Uthafella fed himself without her knowledge.

This remained unquestioned until her unexpected appearance on the fourth Sunday. The little Irish girl was sent to the table with the message that Uthafella had to be fed. She begged him to consent. Her once bright eyes were misty, but he remained adamant and fed himself. Business surely could not be imperilled on Sunday.

He was fortified in his actions by the opinions that had been expressed to him by various people of importance in the city of Toronto. The general consensus: That such an attitude was prudish and unjustifiable.

Then had come the interview with the Lieutenant-Governor. With his breadth of understanding he volunteered to try to alleviate the situation. He had asked Uthafella to be present, and to feed himself, at the Y dinner given in his honour. He believed that calling Uthafella to the head table would be received as official endorsement. Uthafella promised not to fail him.

Uthafella had difficulty in securing a ticket to the dinner. The boy who sold it to him was scored by the dormitory secretary, who didn't want "Watson at the Lieutenant-Governor's dinner feeding himself with his feet."

While the dinner was in progress the executive secretary of the Central Y Branch was asked to bring Uthafella to the head table. He passed Uthafella twice on the way from the head table to the cafeteria and Uthafella's room. Finally Uthafella was pointed out to him by the Lieutenant-Governor's private secretary. The executive secretary presented Uthafella to the Lieutenant-Governor. The Lieutenant-Governor asked Uthafella to sit at the head table for the rest of the evening. Uthafella thanked him.

The Lieutenant-Governor's gracious gesture made no difference in the cafeteria. A week passed. Uthafella made an appointment with the metropolitan secretary, in charge of all activities of the Association in the city. Uthafella reviewed the situation, and pointed out that the opinions expressed to him by those he had spoken to seemed to suggest that the reaction of the public would be favourable.

The metropolitan secretary discussed the matter with the executive secretary of Central Branch. The following day Uthafella was told that the executive secretary could not be reconciled. Uthafella arranged an interview with the executive secretary.

The executive secretary, a little grey-haired man, was visibly ill at ease. He was the essence of pinkness. His mind seemed to be on many things at once. He perused a letter. He made a phone call. He fidgeted until he heard the opinions that Uthafella began to array before him.

Finally he said, "Even so, it is hard for us who give our feet so little attention to see how anyone should be allowed to go into the Cafeteria and feed himself with his feet."

Uthafella answered, "No one should be ashamed to look at what God has not been ashamed to create." He then told him of the commercial hotels at which he had been granted full freedom of action, and of the service clubs before which he had spoken and at whose luncheons he had fed himself.

The executive secretary answered, "I look upon your ability to feed yourself as amounting to nothing more than a circus stunt."

Uthafella asked the secretary if he had ever seen anyone use his feet. The secretary answered "No!" He was not kept in ignorance long. Uthafella, anticipating this, had left his stocking off, his shoe unlaced. His right foot slipped easily out of it, and was on the glass-topped desk in no time. The executive secretary's eyes bulged.

Uthafella smiled. The smile had won many battles before. This time it gained one concession. The executive secretary said the problem was too big for his own responsibility. He promised to bring Uthafella before the cafeteria committee, which would meet again in a month's time.

During that month the question was magnified far beyond its proper proportions, and developed into an

issue. I became a little jealous of the attention that was centred on Uthafella. I and my feelings were not known to exist.

The Y's Men's Club, a service club within the Y.M.C.A., began to champion Uthafella's cause. One member of the club carried the battle into the staff conference of the Central Branch. He was small in stature but very strong. He, too, had come from the West, and had been put through the grist mill of Eastern conventionality. He appreciated Uthafella's position. In pleading Uthafella's case before the staff conference, he asked a simple question: "If Jesus were here on earth to-day, how would He treat this young man?"

The little Irish girl became Uthafella's protagonist among those members of the cafeteria committee she knew. Skillfully, she brought the Eaton affair and the newspaper publicity to their attention. . . .

At the meeting it was not necessary for Uthafella to say anything. The committee was indignant that such a thing should have happened. The ban was lifted. The whole affair, the result of a great misunderstanding by a few officials steeped in precedent and routine, and relentlessly tied to the thought of a balanced budget, was quickly forgotten. The principles of Christian fellowship in a Christian society had triumphed.

A few days later Uthafella spoke to his first service club in the East, the Optimist Club. One of the members of the club had heard him speak at High Park United. The invitation had resulted. The Optimist luncheon was held at the palatial Canadian Pacific Hotel, the Royal York. There was a delay at the beginning. Extra tables had to be set. It was the largest turn-out the club had had in months. Uthafella's talk was greeted with thunderous applause.

After the luncheon Uthafella went to the Sick Children's Hospital. Dr. Dan had a young patient he wanted him to see. The little lad of six could use neither arm. He hadn't thought of using his toes until Uthafella showed him how easily it could be done. The speed with which the little fellow grasped the new medium of expression was a revelation.

Any person who helps another always helps himself. It is a compensatory law of life. Both of us learned much.

Doctor Dan's year of interneship came to an end. He prepared to leave for the West. I was sorry to see him go. His unfailing kindness was carried on by two young men living in the same corridor. One was a Westerner from Saskatchewan, tall, dark and unassuming. The other was an Ontario boy, short and very fair. These two packed my bags and put me on the train for Montreal where the International Society for Crippled Children was to hold its Convention.

The Drummond Street Branch of the Y.M.C.A. in Montreal was advised in advance of my visit. A resident of the Y was at the station to meet me.

Uthafella, after his first appearance in the cafeteria, became the object of concern. On the second morning a waitress came forward. She had a message from the cafeteria manager. Uthafella's presence would hurt business. He was requested not to feed himself in the cafeteria. He complied. He ate his meals at the Mount Royal Hotel, where the management showed him a tolerant freedom. Within three days the attitude of the Y cafeteria management was to be changed.

The registration at the convention, held in the Mount Royal, was large. England, France and Germany were represented. But most of the delegates were from the

United States and Canada. These people, free from personal ambition, were working to help the afflicted. They were giving and getting happiness through service. My mind was opened to new possibilities. My arguments were bolstered up with facts. My belief in my desire was strengthened.

The late Frederick Watson presented me with a copy of his biography of Sir Robert Jones. The life story of this famous English orthopaedic surgeon acted as an inspiration. The work he had done for the welfare of the crippled children in England made my efforts seem insignificant. He was a noble soul. "The nobler a soul, the more objects of compassion it hath." He brought to his work courage, a tenacity of purpose and a tenderness towards all mankind. He imbued those he met with the same ideals. The book caught the spirit of the man, and passed it on to me. I readily became his disciple.

Sir Wilfrid Grenfell, of Labrador fame, brought to the convention his knobby hands, his weather-beaten face, his grey hair and his realism. One day he stopped me in the main foyer of the hotel.

"I admire you tremendously, Watson", he said. I was put to blush. I have never quite been able to cope with effusiveness. "Yes, I do", he continued, "tremendously. Your dexterity is amazing. Do you know, I spent an unsuccessful half-hour last night, trying to put my big toe into my mouth."

I stayed for several days in Montreal after the delegates departed. I paid a visit to the Victor Doré School for Crippled Children, which included vocational training on its curricula. It was the only school of this type in Canada. Perhaps I had expected too much again. I found two hundred physically handicapped children

in an old three-storey wooden structure without an elevator or a ramp. These unfavourable conditions made it necessary to keep a staff of strong men to carry those who otherwise would not have needed help. The vocational training was, for the most part, only in the traditional crafts, for which there was little market. I came away disappointed.

On my last day in Montreal I approached one of the picturesque cabbies in front of the Mount Royal Hotel. I wanted to see Montreal from the top of Mount Royal. We dickered. He spoke with a broken fluency through an unkempt white moustache. I left him twice before he quoted a fair price.

Off we went in his open carriage. Jean's old grey mare, with pointed hips and barrel-hooped belly, needed no guidance. She drew us through the grounds of McGill University, and zigzagged her way up through the park to the top of the mountain. Jean had been on the job "near fortée yar". He knew his Montreal well. He pointed with pride to the cosmopolitan city in the valley of the majestic St. Lawrence River. The mountains lay beyond, in all their panoramic splendour.

Jean and the old horse took me through the "largest cemetree in Canada, some graves with two, tree, four or more", before hurrying me back to the cab stand, in front of the Mount Royal Hotel.

A bell boy was sent from the hotel to the Y.M.C.A. to pack my bags. He took me to the train. I offered him a tip. "It's complimentary, sir. It's not often we have a pleasing personality like you among us", he said, raising his cap and bidding me good-bye.

When I returned to Toronto it happened. I was called to the telephone. It was long distance. In a clear, vibrant, deliberate voice came the words, "I'm

coming East to marry you in July." My heart almost stopped beating. I spluttered something and hung up. I tingled for hours afterwards. I was hilariously glad.

Marriage! It seemed the sheerest effrontery to let her do it. My income was insecure, my total effects almost nil. I was a pauper in my own right. The entry in my diary for my thirtieth birthday read: "Possess two suits, one almost new. One pair of dress shoes, one pair of walking shoes. And \$150." The future held nothing definite.

I was a little apprehensive, but not afraid. We had accomplished things together in the past. Propinquity would make it easier in the future. Her nearness would add a greater strength. She was closely bound up with my ascending star. She was to become that star herself. It was something beyond my control. My love had spoken.

CHAPTER X

I SHALL never forget the picture of her that greeted my eyes as she swung through the doors of the sub-surface exit at the great Union Station in Toronto. She was like a summer breeze dressed in green—a knitted suit of her own making. Her face was alive, smiling. Her arms went out and Uthafella was smothered. She was trembling with excitement.

On the same day Uthafella and Marguerite made enquiries. Civil marriages, they found, were not performed in the Province of Ontario. They were told that it might be arranged if they were willing to wait a year. On the following day Uthafella said, "Let's get married to-morrow!" And he borrowed an open coupé from Little John, a six-foot Westerner living at the Y.M.C.A.

Before they left for Niagara Falls, New York, Uthafella had a music lesson. Marguerite arrived at the studio after the lesson. She was dressed in a white flannel suit. The coat was long, the white hat large. Uthafella was proud of her!

"We are going to be married", he said to Mr. McInnes.

"Congratulations! When?"

"This afternoon."

"Good gracious!" said the startled man. "And you had a music lesson?"

Marguerite drove. It was a lovely sunshiny day. At one time it threatened rain. Marguerite put up the hood. The white suit was greatly imperilled.

At the International Bridge the Immigration Officer looked knowingly. "You are too late to-night", he offered. "The City Hall is closed." He told them where the police station was. The police gave them the approximate location of the City Clerk's home. "It's a brick house on the corner." There was one on both corners when they got there. The City Clerk was not at home. They drove around the block hoping to come on him by surprise. It would not work.

Then Uthafella got a hunch. They found the City Hall. A door below the main approach was open. He sought out a charwoman. She could not say where the City Clerk was. But his wife was having supper at her sister's place on 5th and Walnut. It was a difficult place to find. Niagara Falls, New York, is cut diagonally by a main street. Marguerite found 4th and Walnut, 6th and Walnut, 7th and Walnut. But 5th and Walnut eluded her. She was desperate, determined, almost frantic. She found 5th! Uthafella smelled steak frying when he knocked. He refused the invitation to come in.

He came away with the information that the City Clerk was at the Elks' Dinner. He was driven to the Elks' Hall. It was locked. A member of the lodge approached, took out his pass-key and said, "Locked out?" Uthafella slipped in behind him. All the male population of Niagara Falls seemed to be there. Even the Judge. It was arranged to meet at eight o'clock in front of the City Hall.

The City Clerk and the Judge took Uthafella and Marguerite through the large foyer. Their sport shoes echoed and re-echoed. A lot of questions, the signing of papers, informal chatter, then into a small office.

The Judge stood behind the desk. He cleared his throat. In a ministerial voice he declaimed: "Friends,

we are gathered here to-day ——” The transformation of his former self, the absence of people, the singing echo in the building, almost ruined the solemnity. Marguerite and Uthafella stifled a laugh. She held the hand of the arm with the providential bow. She took the ring from Uthafella’s pocket and put it between his teeth.

There was to be no doubt of the legality of this affair. The ring had to go on all the way. But the finger was long, tapering, endless. Poor Uthafella! In a half-choked voice, he wheezed, “Look out, Marguerite, you’re sticking your finger down my throat.”

Then the Judge said, “I now pronounce you man and wife congratulations Mrs. Watson seven dollars please Mr. Watson.” He and the Clerk began to split the fee, thought better of it, and showed Marguerite and Uthafella across the hollow hall to the door.

And so they were married.

. . . It was the end of a long struggle for Marguerite. Concerned and interested people had repeatedly told her that such a marriage was neither advisable nor workable. They hinted that Uthafella came from such a different walk in life. He couldn’t give her the money nor the maid she deserved, and he would straddle her with drudgery. They little knew the personal hurt they were inflicting. At the injustice of these remarks her bright eyes cried so easily at first.

The weekly confessional always brought its aftermath of unrest. She suffered intensely. She realized it would be imprudent, financially and otherwise, to leave children to chance. Her beliefs prohibited control. It was the one or the other. She sent Uthafella away time and again, only to recall him. He went East to give her a chance to make up her mind. She did. “We must be

strong in ourselves, and depend upon one another", she said. She selected the civil ceremony. . . .

At its conclusion, Marguerite and Uthafella drove to the Niagara Hotel. He had forgotten about his gift to the bride. They had three Dry Martinis between them to celebrate it. They shared the third.

On the way back to Toronto it began to rain. Marguerite chased one red light after another. Each jagged reflection on the wet pavement was left behind. Uthafella was found guilty of going to sleep on her shoulder.

They lived for a year in their Pauper's Paradise. It was an attic apartment high under the roof, three flights up musty old stairs. They had found it by accident across from a filling station where they bought some gas. A sign "Apartment for Rent" drew them in. The price was reasonable. They took it. It had gabled walls and Dutch windows, and few partitions. There was a kitchen, a bedroom, and one large room which offered everything. Just around the corner from the kitchen was the dining room. Just around the chesterfield was the parlour. And in an alcove was the den.

They scrubbed and cleaned. Uthafella did the low woodwork, Marguerite the high. They hung their walls with India spreads and Chinese heads. They put pieces of Greek sculpture and little elephants about; and drop lights. They covered the poor-looking glass in the doors with gaily-coloured paper. Their books gleamed from a rickety old bookcase. There was a Grandfather's clock. A bit of polish did wonders to its face. Marguerite took out its works and put them into a pail. She carried the pail across the street to the gas station. She startled the attendant by asking him to spray a gallon of gas into the pail. The dirt left the works. Some oil finished the job, and the room got a timepiece. Little John

painted some ships on the kitchen wall. It seemed the proper place to have them come in. And it kept visitors' eyes off the patchy floor.

Many friends came, some with a touch of sadness. But Marguerite brought a breeziness to the conversation. She was unaffected, vivacious and deliciously charming. They liked her geniality, her kindness, her wholesome Western spirit of friendliness. They liked her home, its easy air. They said it was Bohemian. They said they only expected to see one like it in Paris. They said it was original. They left with admiration, a thing that always pleased Uthafella.

For he loved his Marguerite with a love above the littleness of ordinary people. It filled him with a glorious joy. He became irked at my early embarrassment, my reticence, my slowness to attune the romantic with the practical. He used to bring her rose buds, small and lovely and red, to make up for my reserve. Soon I came to enjoy with him every moment in her company. And the peak ones, full of indescribable and agonizing ecstasy.

She brought an evenness to Uthafella's life, and mine. She spared me many of the emotional upheavals that adjusting myself to new places, situations and new people had always brought. She fed Uthafella in public to avoid the risk of offending the sensitiveness of some chance observer.

She said it misleadingly wrapped her home life in an aura of sacrifice. Marguerite and Uthafella sat down with a pencil between them one day. The time she devoted to Uthafella amounted to one hour and a half each day. But it had to be every day. Uthafella's very being made for a close and continued relationship. They were ineffably happy.

She conditioned her home to his needs. Everything he used was low and convenient. The electric lights were operated by pull-chains or push-buttons. One dropped over a desk in the corner. The desk was remodelled from an old battery radio table set. A low modernistic bookcase found its place below the Dutch windows. It had been made on a work bench across a wheel chair, at the Home for Incurable Children, by a young man who could not use his legs. These adaptations blended into the surroundings. The low gabled walls helped.

She had never been used to a domestic routine. She entered it bewildered. There had never been any need for culinary proficiency in her life. For weeks she and Uthafella lived on fresh salad. The summer weather was a willing ally. Before that mystic shrine, the cuisine, she made many burnt offerings. One day Uthafella went into the kitchen. He found her on her knees, tears streaming down her face, before her the ruined remains of a pie that was. But experience brought success.

And catastrophe. Marguerite prepared her first beef steak and kidney pudding, an Annie Macnish specialty. It ruined the tip of Uthafella's nose. While it was cooking he tried to associate the physical present with the sensual past, and got burned in the process.

Marguerite had been used to a life of plenty. She showed the qualities of will-power and great courage. She adapted herself quickly to their many hardships. The day after their marriage she put Uthafella to work writing an article. It returned. A rejection meant dejection, and the query: "Is it the quality of the piece or the stress of the times that brings it flying back?" To counteract the depressing feeling they sent other



Photos by M. Lloyd.

PAUPER'S PARADISE

It was an attic apartment high under the roof
up three flights of musty old stairs.

(Page 124)

articles out to get rejection slips to decorate a screen. They were not disappointed any more.

During the first four months there were only two small lectures. They had bought a budget book. But there was nothing to budget. It dropped gracefully to the ranks of an expense ledger. The food bills for September, October and November were on a descending scale. The amount spent on soup bones soared: The broth was good and often.

They lived a day to day existence on the books Uthafella took out in the morning and did not bring back at night. There was one day in particular ~~when the books~~ stayed too long under that providential bow. In a butcher shop near by their home was a man called Mackenzie. Uthafella went into the store. He studied Mr. Mackenzie. He had the same shaped nose, the same shaped chin, the same walk as the Mackenzie in the West who had proof-read the little book. Uthafella asked the butcher whether he had any relatives in Western Canada.

"No!" came the reply.

"Not even in Alberta?" asked Uthafella despairing.

"Oh, well, I thought you meant further West. Yes, I had a brother in Alberta."

"With three sons?" asked Uthafella hurriedly.

"Yes."

"And their names were Bill, Colin and Alex?"

The butcher admitted relationship. After seeing the name of one of them in print on the preface page, he took a book, and Uthafella brought the supper home. Marguerite liked the artfulness of the incident and the quality of the meat.

Those first days would have been very trying days for Marguerite and Uthafella but for the faith they had

within themselves and for each other. One evening they sat together on the chesterfield. The heavy fog outside created an illusion of remoteness, the glow from the Neon sign across the street, an illusion of sunrise. They looked out on the world through rose-coloured glass. They decided to start a lecture agency of their own. They knew it involved a great deal of work. It meant many letters giving terms and a very few letters accepting engagements. It meant advertising. It meant publicity. Marguerite became Uthafella's booking agent under the name of M. Lloyd.

They needed a lecture folder. They had never prepared one before. The manager of Eaton's Auditorium gave Uthafella some that had been received there. From these Marguerite and Uthafella gathered ideas. On the basis of these, Marguerite typed a folder. Uthafella took the copy to Brigden's Engravers, who dressed it up in fine print on coated stock at a very special price, payment deferred.

Marguerite typed one hundred and fifty letters to Rotary, Lions and Kiwanis Clubs. Uthafella licked the envelopes and the stamps. They let the Post Office do the rest. Uthafella brought home a large map of Ontario, and Marguerite pinned it to the wall. She inserted coloured push-pins to indicate the location of the Clubs. After each lecture to a Service Club, its pin was to come out.

They waited. Replies dribbled in. The suggestion of a modest fee scared off many of the clubs, unaccustomed to paying speakers. Their position became critical. They wondered if they would even be able to send Christmas cards home. Finally, at the end of November the Rotary and Lions Clubs of Niagara Falls,

Ontario, invited Uthafella to speak to them. Marguerite and Uthafella had only enough to buy single fares.

They arrived with a light purse and a heavy travelling case. The book was an indispensable part of the address. The pictures in it were needed to explain what a twenty-five minute talk could not encompass. But there was the ruling about merchandise at a Service Club. Marguerite overcame the obstacle. She found the President, and from her travelling case copies were distributed about the tables for the convenience of the members. She sat between the President and Uthafella at the head table. She was all smiles. Her attractive personality left an impression on the Clubs that was immense and beneficial. At the close of the talk she played the accompaniment to "I Love Life" for Uthafella. He bathed in her reflected glory. When they returned home that night the travelling case was very light. And the next day the accumulated obligations were cancelled.

Two weeks later they went to London, Ontario. This time it was her birthday money that bought them return tickets. In four days Uthafella spoke five times, at the Rotary luncheon, at the Dundas Street United Church, at the Central Collegiate, at the Y's Men's Club and over the radio. When they were ready to leave the hotel, the bill was presented to Marguerite signed with the compliments of the manager. He said that the presence of two people who could laugh and be visibly happy was sufficient recompense.

They had to leave a few days later for St. Catharines to speak to the Lions Club. The reception was overwhelming. Copies of the book found their way into the libraries of all the schools.

Their Christmas was a gay one. It was their first away from home. They expected a feeling of loneliness but the day was gone before they remembered to be sad.

With the New Year came more engagements. One of the most pleasurable came from the Kiwanis Club of Toronto. At its conclusion they presented Marguerite with a Kiwanis-crested silver platter. After the meeting she met six feet of Irish wit and humour. It was the minister of Eglinton United with his narrow head and his crooked smile. They liked each other. Uthafella spoke at his church later.

The Kiwanis Club asked Uthafella to speak to the returned soldiers at Christie Street Hospital. Marguerite and Uthafella moved from ward to ward talking and singing in each. Uthafella autographed a photograph for each of the men, standing on one leg at the side of the high hospital beds. He never failed to evoke a laugh by comparing himself to the stork.

Through the kindness of one of the Kiwanians Uthafella spoke at the monthly luncheon meeting of the Travelling Men's Auxiliary to the Ontario Retail Druggists' Association. Uthafella and Marguerite were made honorary members. Uthafella's membership was extended for life.

Marguerite always accompanied Uthafella when expenses permitted. One time she rode in the rumble seat of a car from Toronto into the Georgian Bay District. She insisted that Uthafella ride in front. Jack Frost always played havoc with the poor circulation in his arms. She was wrapped in their host's raccoon coat, a blanket and a woollen cap. All that was visible was a pair of sparkling eyes and the tips of two rosy cheeks.

They were the guests of a minister in Owen Sound, whose day sheet read: "Cemetery plots—Mr. Watson—

Attend funeral." He took them to two funerals in the mausoleum, a magnificent stone structure. Everyone was in mourning. Sonorous tones of "Abide with Me" poured forth. They came from a Victrola operated by a little unkempt man in blue overalls and mud-bespattered, high dirty rubber boots. His hair was dishevelled. He clutched his cap in one hand, the volume control in the other.

Sometimes Uthafella had to go away alone. Marguerite would take him to the train, and meet him on his return. They were both very lonely in between.

In February they made preparations for a third edition. Uthafella tried to borrow the initial amount for printing. He approached various organizations in Toronto, including the Ontario Society for Crippled Children. He had no success. One morning he received a telegram from the young Saskatchewan boy who had helped him at the Y. He knew Uthafella was looking for a loan. The wire read: "AM BROKE ALL BUT FIVE DOLLARS BUT FATHER WILL WITHOUT INTEREST." His father was a farmer in Southern Saskatchewan, who had not had a crop for four years.

When they received the money Uthafella went to see the head of the Macmillan Company in St. Martin's House in Bond Street. He was short and corpulently healthy. He often laughed himself into a wheezy cough. His tailored clothes protested slightly. It was four o'clock. Over the brim of a cup of tea he uttered American idioms in a husky, cultured English voice. He offered Uthafella the facilities of the company machine to put the third edition in the different houses for distribution. It was to be on a purely complimentary basis. He then handed Uthafella over to an employee, asking him to find a printer to do the work at publishers' cost.

The employee was a grand fellow, too. He was tall, broad-shouldered and slightly stooped. He walked shufflingly. His hair was dark with a tinge of grey. His voice was both metallic and nasal. When he spoke it came from far away places. Sombre. He was the official representative of the company at funerals. It is rumoured that he once sat through a funeral service at a funeral parlour only to find when the name was announced that he was in the wrong chapel. The deceased was unknown to him. He hurried to the other chapel. He was well satisfied with that day's work.

Uthafella was amazed at the knowledge he had acquired about the little book. The Macmillan Company, through him, said that the sale was unbelievable, the distance of the orders amazing. Then in his slow drawl he said, "Do you know, Mr. Watson, I think it is the only Canadian autobiography to go into a third edition." The librarian at the University of Toronto verified this.

The printers put a cloth coat, faced with gold, on the little book to fit it for the chilly East. The Hunter-Rose Company printed it at less than publishers' costs. The cover cuts were given by Bomac. Sinclair Valentine donated the printer's ink. And so it started on its third journey, this time a maker of Canadian literary history.

Bound in cloth it was better fitted for distribution through the ordinary trade channels. Uthafella and Marguerite wrote to all the leading reviewers across Canada. They read the book and sent their copies back. These were given to physically handicapped people who could not afford one.

The reviews were excellent. Except one—that of William Arthur Deacon, who seems to write his re-

views on a sour and flatulent stomach. In all its scintillating brevity the review speaks for itself;

William R. Watson's "My Desire" shrewdly capitalizes on the author's disabilities, which compel him to take a pen between his toes. As an autobiography, it is chiefly notable for containing, within 85 pages, 12 photographs, of which 11 are of himself. These show him writing, drawing, playing cards and eating—all with his feet. Born in Glasgow, he was brought as a child to Canada and has graduated in both arts and law. The book has reached a third edition, assisted by the declaration that purchasers are contributing to an endowment fund for the vocational training of crippled children. The best thing about the volume is the tone of the references to Annie Macnish, the author's mother, which are in better taste than Barrie's sly digs at his mother, Margaret Ogilvy. One, of course, admires the fortitude and ingenuity of Mr. Watson and is only too happy to help his worthy cause.

In June, Annie Macnish closed her big gaunt house in Edmonton and came East for a visit. What a frightened, lost look was on her face when she came through the doors at the great Union Station. It turned to exultant joy at the sight of Marguerite and Uthafella. Her eyes glistened. She threw her Scotch reserve to the winds. Before everybody, mind you, she pulled Uthafella down and kissed him many times.


Uthafella had to leave his two loves and go to Montreal for the Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association. Sir Charles G. D. Roberts was there with the inevitable ribbon around his neck and through his glasses, Hector Charlesworth with his goatee, B. K. Sandwell with his subtle humour and Marshall Saunders with her love of the animal kingdom. She took Uthafella under her wing. He became her little pigeon and opened his beak at her bidding for tit-bits at tea on the *Duchess of Bedford*.

On his return he found their Pauper's Paradise gutted with fire, smoke and water. They had to find another home. They were reluctant to go for they had come to look upon the place with affection.

But the fire was another blessing in disguise. With part of the insurance money they were able to show Annie Macnish the holiday she deserved. During her stay Uthafella spoke to the Lions Club of Toronto. Annie Macnish was an honoured guest. It was the first time she had heard her son speak. An orthodontist drove her home from the meeting. He became her prince charming. He donated his car to take her to see Niagara Falls. Uthafella took her so close to the Falls that she became drenched with the spray. She turned to Marguerite and said, "Look what he's done to me now. I look like a drooket crow!" Marguerite looked so bewildered that Uthafella, through his laughter, tried to explain that it was a "drenched crow". Annie Macnish enjoyed her six weeks in the East.

When she left she thanked Marguerite. The marriage had quieted her anxiety for the future.

By the end of the first marriage year I became closely identified with Uthafella in Marguerite's mind. She often told Uthafella what I was thinking about. The game was up. I came from behind my reticence and tried to reveal my inner self to her. I spread it before her on paper. She accepted my creed.



Give me the strength of will to fight
The mental hazards cropping up,
To look on life as brimming full
And not an empty cup.

Give me the strength of will to do
All tasks with manly grace,
To lift, courageously, my load,
Press on with steady pace.

Give me the strength of will to know
Rewards will come from work,
To use this inner driving force
Against the chance to shirk.

Give me the strength of will to bear
With bravery, my cross,
To thank myself for what I am
And minimize my loss.

Give me the pow'r to brush aside
Self-pity's darkening cloud,
And let the beams of hope shine through
To lift a head once bowed.

Give me the power to be brave,
To make each day a song,
To harmonize the facts that be
As life takes me along.

Give me the patience to endure
The shams that hang about,
To disregard the smashing blows
Of those who only doubt.

Give me the wit to see a joke—
The funny things in life,
To laugh and sing in time of pain,
To crush out gloom and strife.

Give me the joy, the love of life,
Let it forever flare
A bright and glowing molten flame
Consuming dark despair.

And surely then these precious gifts
Some wholesome friend will find,
Who'll look on me for what I am,
Unpitying—but kind.

I Give You Yesterday

Who'll come for me where once I stood
Alone—a thing apart—
Unlock the gates of prejudice,
Give out his hand and heart.

Then on the road that leads us up
To sun-bathed plains above,
He and I together can
Work—in a common love.

CHAPTER XI

THE appearance of the new home was enhanced by a small apartment size piano. It was Annie Macnish's idea. She felt that the time had come when Uthafella needed more than a tuning fork. She had insured the immediate purchase of the piano by saying that since the three of us were interested we should all carry the expense. Her share had been paid in cash. Uthafella and Marguerite had recourse to the deferred payment plan.

The lecture season had not yet begun. The financial situation once more became acute. But always at these moments something turned up. This time our hopes rested in the Canadian National Exhibition. It had been in the back of my mind for more than a year.

. . . . In the spring of 1934 I had had an appointment with the Mayor of the City of Toronto. I was there at the exact hour, but I had to wait thirty minutes to see him. He came out to get me. He was a pallid, slightly built man dressed in grey. He was affable. He took me into his office.

"What can I do for you?" he asked briskly.

"I think I could be used by the Canadian National Exhibition. I know none of the chief executives. Could you arrange an interview with one of them for me?"

"That's an easy order", replied the Mayor.

He arose and asked me to follow him. To his male secretary he said, "Phone the General Manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, and ask him to see Mr.

Watson this morning. Tell him that he would not only be doing me a favour, but also the editor of *Saturday Night*, from whom Mr. Watson comes to me very highly recommended."

In a few minutes his secretary reported. "The General Manager of the C.N.E. can see Mr. Watson immediately."

The Manager of the C.N.E. appeared to be an energetic little man, self-assured and affable. He was one of Canada's outstanding showmen: the C.N.E. as an annual affair had no equal on the North American continent.

"How do you do, Mr. Watson?" His tone was friendly. "Have a chair."

"Thank you, I will. How much of an introduction must I give you?"

"Oh! I know you, Mr. Watson. You were at Eaton's book department, weren't you? I'm a Rotarian, interested, naturally. I was out of town at the time, but my wife was in to see you. I heard of nothing else for three days after I got home."

He thought the Exhibition could use me. But I had no definite plan to offer him. It was a delicate situation with the midway on the same premises. The 1934 C.N.E. came and went without my presence. None of us had been able to find a favourable plan. . . .

By the summer of 1935 I had evolved a definite scheme. The General Manager again received me. This time my approach was definite and detailed. He expressed the hope that something could be worked out along the line I had suggested. Three weeks before the opening of the Exhibition he wrote: "May I remind you that I have not forgotten a promise given to you. I think in a reasonably short time I shall be able to give

you some idea of the space which will be set aside for your use."

The days dragged on. They were filled with anxious hope. A week passed. No news. Marguerite began making applications for work. Two weeks passed. The anxiety increased. The hope waned. The bank account emptied.

Three days before the Exhibition, I went to the Exhibition grounds. It took me an hour to make up my mind to approach the General Manager. It wasn't that I dreaded the interview; I dreaded the possibility of failure. Too much depended on the success of the meeting. Our fate rested in his hands. When I finally approached his secretary it was only to learn that the General Manager was out, I was asked to return in the evening.

This time I had Marguerite by my side. We were shown into the office of one of the General Manager's assistants. He was all brown; brown suit, brown hair, brown neatly trimmed moustache and large soft brown eyes like a fawn. Our tenseness evaporated when he picked up a plan of one of the buildings and immediately allotted us the space that had been promised. The *Watson* he scribbled in on a little square of the plan meant much!

The next two days were an excited rush. The Hunter-Rose Company ran off copies of "My Creed" and a small souvenir brochure. The T. Eaton Company offered the loan of lamps and chairs for the booth. The superintendent of the Works Department of the C.N.E. sent over two large tables and yards of bunting. With the assistance of a carpenter we worked until two a.m., dressing the booth for the opening just eight hours away. The C.N.E. authorities furnished our

booth with signs, lights and passes, and did everything to assure the success of the venture.

At ten o'clock sharp on the first morning, Marguerite put a small low chair up on the long table. I was a little nervous as I sat there, surrounded by the souvenir brochure, the poem and copies of the little book.

The third day was a nightmare. It was Children's Day. They swarmed in on me. They nearly pushed the table over. Their indiscreet questions were very annoying at first; but Uthafella managed to laugh them off.

The Exhibition lasted for fourteen days. We had to be there from nine in the morning until ten at night. It was tiring, but it was not without its element of comedy. Two girls watched Uthafella for the longest time. He finally left the table. One startled girl turned to the other and exclaimed, "Heavens! Look! He can walk!"

One day a gentleman in Panama hat and Van Dyke beard stood over a copy of the poem for fifteen or twenty minutes. He finally arrived at the last two lines:

"He and I together can
Work—in a common love."

His eyes sought mine.

"Who do you mean by 'he'?" he asked deliberately.

"I don't know", I answered, taken by surprise.

Conversation at a booth always attracts a crowd. It did then.

"So you are ashamed to say who you mean by 'he'?" he shouted.

The aisle was blocked now. Marguerite stood on the outer fringe enjoying the humour of the situation. Uthafella was highly coloured.

"Why, no! It means Mr. Average Man."

"So you are ashamed then! If *He* were here on earth", he continued sonorously, "would *He* be ashamed to say who *I* was?"

The light dawned.

"Don't you mean the Lord, Jesus Christ?" he indignantly asked. He repeated the phrase several times, and each time he raised his straw hat above his head and then clamped it down again.

"Why, of course I do", I interjected hastily. And he turned and walked away, without taking a poem with him.

The booth could not be left vacant during the day. Marguerite and Uthafella had to eat at different times. The West End Branch of the Y.M.C.A. had a dining tent at the Exhibition. Marguerite decided that Uthafella should have his meals there. At the door of the tent he met the Secretary of the West End Branch. He was glad. He knew the Secretary, who had invited him to speak to a group of unemployed young men at the West End Y. The Secretary came forward and spoke to Uthafella. He was sorry. The ladies operating the tent refused to let Uthafella feed himself. They feared it would hurt business. The manager of Stewart's Dining Tent heard of the incident. The Reverend Mr. Stewart and his charming wife invited Marguerite and Uthafella to eat at their dining tent for the remainder of the Exhibition, as non-paying guests, with full freedom.

At the close of the Exhibition the General Manager of the C.N.E. remarked, "If you care to repeat next year, we would be delighted to have you with us again."

The Exhibition was the most tiring fourteen days we had gone through. It got into our very bones. For

nights afterwards my dreams disturbed Uthafella's slumbers. Crowds seemed to come down at me from above and up at me from below. Faces, faces, faces—a maelstrom of faces and incoherent voices.

The C.N.E. success, an engagement with the Progress Club, and a cheap excursion to Chicago gave us our long awaited chance to visit the Spalding School for Crippled Children. My interest in the school had been awakened in Edmonton by Doctor Dan's father, and had been kindled afresh at the Crippled Children's Convention in Montreal where I met the principal of the School.

We became her guests at a little hotel near Spalding. The school itself was impressively constructed in a star shape, with communal facilities in the centre. The mobility of the child had been the first consideration in the layout. Long ramps and elevators permitted easy access for all the pupils to all the floors. Washrooms were in easy access of all rooms. A swimming pool and a therapy bath were operated by staff nurses. The equipment throughout was excellent.

We were a little disappointed to find that the school had no placement bureau for those it trained in trades. It seemed to us, too, that some of the teachers had the wrong psychological approach to the question of deformity. We were introduced to a prodigy of the school who could not use her arms. She had been taught by the school to use her feet. During the learning process she had been forbidden to walk—her one ambition. When we saw her, her toe-nails were highly painted and she wore rings on her toes. The teachers were proud to think that they had taught her to use her toes to earn her living—in a circus. It seemed to us to be the wrong outlook.

On the way home there was a half-hour stop-over at Detroit. We went into the station restaurant for a cup of coffee. While we were sitting up at the counter a woman was attracted to the tartan scarf I was wearing. She spoke to us. She had just returned from a trip to Scotland. Her son was wearing a tie of the family tartan—Hamilton. She talked. Her husband was a medical man. She had seen many sad cases. She was moved by our tragic existence. She forced Marguerite to take some money. She left.

Before our train departed we searched through a Detroit city directory. We found two Doctor Hamiltons. On our return we wrote to both of them. One of them answered. We sent him, in books, the equivalent of his wife's donation. He acknowledged receipt and asked us to send another copy to a friend of his named Manning, in Victoria, B.C. The little book was dispatched and the incident was forgotten.

When the fall term commenced at the University of Toronto, Marguerite became an occasional student in Occupational Therapy. Few could understand why she did not want to work towards a degree. Her only desire, however, was to obtain a knowledge of the crafts for physically handicapped people against the day we might need it in our work.

And Uthafella went to Montreal to speak to the Montreal Women's Club. It had been arranged by someone who had purchased a book at the Canadian Authors' Association Convention. Uthafella was entitled to a fee and expenses—full fare, sleeper and hotel accommodation. He took a cheap excursion, sat up all night and received a special rate at the hotel. He submitted his expenses without making deductions for these discrepancies. It was received with an ex-

clamatory, "Oh, my!" He trembled. "Oh, my! This is the most reasonable account we have had in months." He returned to Toronto, wondering.

Toronto and the vicinity was reaching an absorption point. Lectures had almost ceased. But we wanted to stay in Toronto to be near Mr. McInnes.

We searched for another visible means of support. Through the Secretary of the Crippled Children's Society Uthafella met John David Eaton, who in turn introduced him to the manager of the Eaton uptown store. Uthafella requested permission for space in the book department of the store during the month of December. The store manager said, "I do not see why it cannot be arranged." And Uthafella galloped home with the good news to Marguerite. Five days later a definite affirmative reply was received.

For the eighteen shopping days before Christmas, Uthafella stood beside his book display, autographing copies orally. He came to feel the employees' point of view. At first only his ankles ached; then the calves of his legs; then the thighs. The pain progressed to the back, the shoulders and finally out. But before it vanished Uthafella crawled home to a nightly warm tub and a brisk rub.

The book was a best seller in the department for the Christmas month. Many stopped to talk. A lot remained to buy.

One day a short man approached stealthily. "Have you the love of God in your soul?" he asked suddenly.

The experience of the Exhibition flashed back. "Yes", Uthafella said, deliberately, unhesitatingly.

"Have you the love of Jesus Christ in your soul?"

Again Uthafella hurriedly replied, "Yes!"

"Oh! That's too bad", he said. "I haven't anything more to say." He walked away, a little disappointed.

On another occasion Uthafella was approached by a young man who spoke softly in a faltering voice. He was unemployed. From his hip pocket he withdrew a very thin wallet. It contained the remainder of his wealth. But he wanted to buy a book. He said it might help him to pull himself together. A tremor ran through Uthafella as he autographed it for him.

At the end of December the manager of the book department of Eaton's uptown store gave Uthafella a cheque for the full amount. Again the company declined to take a profit. It was a fruitful month. It met the exigencies of the moment. But what of the future?

We faced the new year with apprehension.

Early in January we found ourselves in a studio on the sixth floor of a downtown building. Yonge Street lay below; above and beyond, the Bank of Commerce and the Royal York. It was seven o'clock when I at the studio window stood. Without, a dripping dampness clung, to rise again in mist. It hid half the world from itself. I looked at both these worlds, who knew not themselves from each.

Away from cold, I gazed down upon the one—a rushing mass of motion, scurrying and clanking here and there without apparent notion where it went. Small jerky spots of black darted obliquely in and out and then vanished. Massive hulks of steel and iron rumbled laboriously by, and left only the noise behind them. "To what purpose and to what end?" thought I, while leaning on the sill.

Unanswered, I turned my eyes now to watch the beams of light support the weight of heavy night that bulged and sagged. I raised my sight into that other

sphere where I could see huge shelves of rock receding. Carved to form, they rose tier on tier and reached into the heavens. From this big hulk, at equal intervals, burst sparkling spots of haloed light. They shed their glow and then diffused it to form a hanging cloud so bright that everything below was lost. What remained above stood out like castles built on air, and not of human making, suspended in a veil of mist to wait till dawn was breaking to be released.

"Could I," I said, "if I so desired, have all this for the merest asking? And if I could, which would I take? The world below, harsh, bitter, cruel, so full of struggle, pain, abuse, or the one above, fanciful and unreal? And could I trust myself to rule one or the other wisely? Or was there something else in life to span the void between these two?"

These questions came and went away without the hoped-for answer. I prepared to go myself, still puzzled by the riddle of that narrow line which stands between the real and the unreal. I asked myself why we, in life, were forced to live the harder way.

I turned to her. In her eyes I saw the soul of all humanity. As from eternity, the truth lay there in answer to the things that troubled me.

"Suffer," they said. "For only in the act of suffering can you gain understanding, endurance, perseverance and courage. By these things will you yourself find love."

CHAPTER XII

“LET’S go abroad in the fall!” said Marguerite one evening in early March.

Uthafella had come home from a music lesson with good news. Mr. McInnes had said that the voice was there, and that it was now ready. It was no longer absolutely necessary to be near him. There were no other ties to keep them. And they wanted to visit the Old Country to find out what was being done abroad in vocational training for the physically handicapped.

“All right!” said Uthafella. “How much money have we?”

Marguerite made a round of her petty cash boxes, found the bank book, and startlingly announced that the total wealth was \$2.33. There was \$126.00 yet to be paid on the piano, and \$53.00 was due the printer.

Things were at a low ebb. But worry is not constructive thinking. Going abroad was something to aim at; the thought of going was cheering.

The days that followed were wild with excitement in the contemplation of London. Out of it came a definite plan of action. Certain clubs in the Province of Ontario had expressed the wish to have Uthafella as a speaker, but the expenses as from Toronto were prohibitive. Marguerite rummaged through the old files. She consulted the large map on the wall with its coloured push pins. Most of the clubs were within striking distance of Ottawa. She typed a letter to the clubs. Uthafella, it

said, would be in Ottawa on business during the month of May. He would be available to them as from Ottawa. Four clubs accepted.

At the end of April, Marguerite and Uthafella closed their second home. Friends rallied, one in particular, affectionately known as Lady Mary. Her long life had been crowded with unrecorded acts of kindness. She had always championed the lame duck. Uthafella was one in fact. She offered her town house, a ramshackle old building full of antiques and old paintings, for the summer. The roomy attic provided storage space.

When thanks were showered upon her, she exclaimed, "It's nothing!" She dismissed the matter with an impetuous wave of the hand.

She insisted that Marguerite become her guest. She even offered to finance the trip to Ottawa. A lecture at the end of the month, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society of Stayner, a small town in the Georgian Bay district, made the acceptance of her last offer unnecessary.

On the second day of May, Marguerite took Uthafella to the bus station. She had her fingers crossed, for Uthafella was unknown in Ottawa. He carried with him the vision of her tall lithe figure waving good-bye as the bus pulled away; and the letters of introduction she had placed in his pocket. One of the letters was to a dentist in Ottawa, from the orthodontist who had been Annie Macnish's prince charming. One was to the principal of Nepean High School, from an insurance agent in Toronto. And one was to an elderly hunch-backed lady from Lady Mary.

The bus sped over the endless miles of undulating paved highway, passing the familiar "No Trespassing" signs of the East. It was the springtime of the year.

The country was garbed in a fresh cloak, radiantly green. Trees were everywhere. In all their towering majesty they raised their outstretched limbs towards the sky in silent tribute to some unseen power. The sun poured down with an indescribable gentleness. Cows banded themselves together in the shade of a tree. Some lay on their bulging bellies, hind legs under, forelegs curled at the knees. Some stood listless, except for the swish of their long tails. Their udders were pendulously heavy. Their large sad eyes looked into nothingness. Their noses were moist and muzzly. Dusk gathered. The evening wore a soft charm.

Uthafella was met at Ottawa by a resident of the Ottawa Y.M.C.A. He was immediately told that he had complete freedom of the building. The cafeteria had been kept open so that he could have his supper. While he fed himself many of the officials slipped in and out for no apparent reason.

After supper he went out for a look at the lovely city of Ottawa. The Dominion Government Buildings occupied the highest point of land. The city, with its wide streets and boulevards, fell away from it on three sides. Far below, on the fourth side, was the Ottawa River; and across the river, the Province of Quebec. It was essentially a government city, its people open and friendly.

On the morning after his arrival Uthafella was up at six. He caught the train for Pembroke and spoke at the luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis Club of this straggly, irregular lumbering town. After the meeting he was driven to Renfrew by a clergyman. The Canon was seventy-four years old and loved speed. He made the trip enjoyable with his humorous tales of historical interest culled from his fifty years in the Ottawa Valley.

He paid Uthafella a great compliment by coming out that evening to hear him for a second time at the dinner meeting of the Renfrew Rotary Club.

Uthafella returned to Ottawa. Two of the four out-of-town lectures that had brought him there on business had been successful. There was a week before the next two were to take place.

During that time, Uthafella began to follow up the leads that had been given to him in Toronto. He was not hindered by shyness, timidity or concern. All the leads were productive.

The visit to Lady Mary's friend was an experience. Uthafella found her home with its back yard running down to a stream. He knocked at the door, and heard a voice from far away asking him to come in. He had to wait ages before the maid opened the door. He climbed almost perpendicularly into an apartment, where an elderly small hunch-backed woman received him. Her voice was wheezy and raspy, but didn't stop talking. It gave him time to look about. Disorder reigned. Someone who lived there had an infinite capacity for untidiness. He came away with an invitation to speak to the young people of the MacKay United Church.

The letter to the dentist resulted in an engagement to appear before the 100 Club of Ottawa.

Before the talk Uthafella obtained letters of introduction to the papers from the Senator he had met in Lethbridge. *The Citizen* was particularly co-operative. The story broke just prior to the Service Club address. After its appearance Uthafella had occasion to use a street car. One of the passengers excitedly jerked a copy of *The Citizen* from his pocket. He turned to the story and the cut, and sank back relieved to think that his suspicions had been verified.

The address was broadcast from a dining room in the palatial Chateau Laurier Hotel. An official of the Canadian Radio Commission remarked that it was the best after-dinner speech they had ever broadcast. He particularly emphasized the quality of the voice. Uthafella sat down that evening, took a pen in his toes, and wrote to Mr. McInnes thanking him for the part he had played in the Ottawa success.

The broadcast was an open sesame. Uthafella was asked to speak to the Kiwsmen Club the following night. There was a long distance telephone call from the 100 Club of Winchester for an engagement. The minister of MacKay United invited Uthafella to be his pulpit guest. Invitations from two other churches, Parkdale United and Western United, followed quickly.

Uthafella began to move about bewildered at the speed of events. Things were coming so easily that he daily awaited a reverse. It never came. His Toronto experience proved invaluable. When he felt that he was becoming a bouncing ball he quickly dropped out of the game. He never spoke to Rotary.

Two days after the broadcast Uthafella left Ottawa to fill engagements with the last two of the four clubs that had brought him to Ottawa—the Smiths Falls Rotary and the Kemptville Rotary. The chairman of the Speaker's Committee of the Kemptville Club drove him back to Ottawa.

One lead remained—the letter from the insurance agent to the principal of Nepean High School. It had far reaching effects. By the end of the following week Uthafella had spoken to over 5,000 students—at Nepean High School, Lisgar Collegiate, Glebe Collegiate and the High School of Commerce. The reception at all of them had been overwhelming.

At Nepean the students clapped so much that a big lump came into Uthafella's throat and he could hardly begin. At Lisgar the boys piled into huddles in different parts of the auditorium and boisterously gave him the Collegiate yell as a "Thank you". Glebe Collegiate nearly had no speaker. The person who was to dress Uthafella took ill. The hour approached. A knock came to the door. A man in uniform stood there. It was a fireman coming to Uthafella's rescue. He dressed him, borrowed a car, and got Uthafella to Glebe on time. At the High School of Commerce, one girl wanted to shed tears when Uthafella got up. She did before he sat down—tears of merriment and laughter.

The 5,000 took the news home. Wherever Uthafella went he was received by the father of one of them. It happened at the Bureau of Statistics where he tried to arrange for a census of the physically handicapped in Canada; at the Mint where he saw one million dollars in gold; and at the Archives where plans were made for the deposit of the pedescript of the little book.

On the first of June two young ministers, in whose churches Uthafella had spoken, invited him to drive with them to Montréal for the United Church Conference. They left in the very early morning and motored through the lovely Ottawa Valley.

At Montreal Uthafella became the guest of the manager of the Guardian Trust Company. He had first learned of Uthafella from the little book his mother had brought home from the Montreal Women's Club meeting. An active correspondence resulted. The United Church Conference was responsible for their first meeting.

They dined the first evening at the home of a past President of the Canadian Club of Montreal. He gave

Uthafella a letter of introduction to the National Secretary of the Association of Canadian Clubs in Ottawa. The Association offered speakers to its ninety member clubs across Canada.

The letter and three engagements obtained at the United Church Conference took Uthafella back to Ottawa at the end of the week. He had planned to go directly to Toronto from Montreal. Instead he returned with the two young ministers.

On Saturday morning he presented his letter to the National Secretary. She was a young woman with a fresh complexion. The sunlight from the window fell across her, and transformed her auburn hair into burnished gold. Uthafella autographed a copy of the little book for her.

"My, that's clever", she said. She then told Uthafella that the Honorary Director of the Association was a past President of the University of Alberta, Uthafella's Alma Mater.

On Saturday evening Uthafella was driven to Hallville to speak under the auspices of the United Church. He returned to the Y.M.C.A. at 2:30 a.m. On Sunday morning he was driven to Manotick to speak. In the afternoon he had tea with the past President of the University of Alberta and his wife. In the evening he appeared at St. James United in Ottawa.

He was tired. To his astonishment he saw the Honorary Director of the Association and the National Secretary sitting in the fourth row. This was no time to show signs of fatigue. It was sink or swim. Uthafella was glad he had learned to swim.

After the service he spent two hours with the Secretary before taking the train for Toronto. He hated to leave friendly Ottawa. But Marguerite was waiting for him.

He submitted his report to his booking agent:

No. of working days.....	32
No. of appointments.....	91
Public appearances.....	21
Fees.....	\$95
Books distributed.....	526
Living expenses.....	\$35

It had been a strategic move to go to Ottawa on business.

During his absence Marguerite had booked Uthafella for a joint meeting of Rotary and Kiwanis at Lindsay, and to speak before Kiwanis in Peterborough.

The morning following his return she drove him to Lindsay in the orthodontist's car. The day was lovely, the road good. They were together again and their hearts sang to the rapid beat of the motor. The speedometer stood between 50 and 60 m.p.h. A truck loomed. There was a deep culvert on either side of the road. Marguerite sounded her horn once, twice, three times. She slowed down slightly and pulled left to pass. Without warning, the truck driver swung left. There was a side road he wanted to go up. Marguerite took her foot off the gas, pulled left on the wheel and missed the truck by inches. She landed on the side road with the nose of the car facing Toronto.

"Sorry", said the truck driver, "I must have been asleep."

It was a day of excitement for her. She sat next to the chairman during the luncheon. At the dessert, the chairman asked her to introduce Uthafella. Her chocolate parfait remained untouched. She concluded her introductory remarks with: "If anyone were to ask me why I married him I could only reply, *Parceque c'était lui, parceque c'était moi*—because he is he and I am I." Uthafella found it difficult to begin.

Marguerite drove less quickly on the way back to Toronto after the meeting.

A train carried Marguerite and Uthafella to Peterborough a week later. Uthafella spoke to the Kiwanis Club at its noon-day luncheon meeting. The chairman of the Programme Committee was the manager of the Peterborough Canoe Company. After the meeting he showed Marguerite and Uthafella through the factory where watercraft was made for all Canada. At the conclusion of the visit he turned to Uthafella and said, "I admire your ability as a skier." He presented him with a pair of skis, a winter product of the factory. Turning to Marguerite he said, "You two seem to be inseparable." He produced skis for her, too.

After the Peterborough trip, Lady Mary came in from her country place to spend a day in town. She took one look at Uthafella and said, "You need a rest, my lad." Marguerite and Uthafella went back with her. But Marguerite had applied for temporary summer employment with the Department of Education. The holiday was cut short by a letter from the office of the Deputy Minister of Education. Marguerite started work the following day.

Toronto was in the grip of one of its insufferably humid hot spells. Its population was driven from the second to the first floor, and finally into the basement. In the streets, the hot air was like a blast from a prairie fire. One day the temperature rose to 115° F. in the shade, and 150° in the sun. The asphalt pavements melted and ran down the gutters. Even in the bigness of Lady Mary's town house it was impossible to keep cool. The heat made Marguerite's work very trying. But her earnings left Uthafella's intact.

Uthafella left Toronto to fill two engagements in

Southern Quebec. They had been tentatively arranged at the United Church Conference in Montreal.

He was met at Montreal by the manager of the Guardian Trust, who took him to breakfast and then put him on the train for Huntingdon.

It took nearly two hours to go the forty-eight miles. Great fields of wild flowers came into view. Farmers along the way were cutting hay. Their fields appeared suddenly, and then vanished behind heavily wooded places. A fat, bulbous, tied-in-the-middle sack of verbiage sat down beside Uthafella. She talked voluminously about the Lachine Rapids. She hurled invectives at a political system which permitted the Chicago drainage scheme to go through. She enlarged on the disastrous effect it had on Eastern Canada's water supply. She disembarked at a fashionable golf club. Her place was taken by a bold young thing who helped herself to some lead from Uthafella's Waterman pencil without first getting his permission.

In Huntingdon, Uthafella was billeted at the home of the general store-keeper. A road passed in front; immediately beyond, a slow meandering river. The trees were reflected in all their variegated colours in its shimmering sunlit waters. Just across the yard from the house was the store, old and sleepy. It had been the same for fifty years. Whips, bridles and farm tools hung from the rafters. On one side was the dry-goods counter, on the other, the staples. Sacks of flour and large cheeses lay about on the floor. An unpolished glass case contained confections of a few descriptions.

The store-keeper had two fine sons. One of them sat down with Uthafella at the kitchen table. He was called away from dinner several times by the tinkling of the store bell.

The elderly owner confined his efforts to an apiary in the back garden. Bees buzzed everywhere. While the son was in the store Uthafella was scared out of his wits by the sudden entrance of the old man into the kitchen. He wore a netted helmet and thick long gloves. He carried a gun—a smoke gun. A buzzing cloud gathered outside. “Pop, they’re swarmin’”, cried the other son, rushing in. Away they went, leaving Uthafella alone.

After Huntingdon came Ormstown, not far away. Uthafella spent the week-end as the guest of the minister. The manse overlooked a wooded valley with a church spire peeking through the trees. Uthafella spoke at the old church and at a garden party given by the Big Brothers of the district. At both he was introduced by the minister, a huge man in long black, with a big voice and grey hair thick about his ears.

On the train back to Toronto, a banker took Uthafella into the diner. A dining car steward came forward. He had been on the train that had brought Uthafella East two and a half years before. He refused to let the banker do anything for Uthafella, except pay the check. He jocularly remarked that Uthafella had to foot the bill often enough.

In the first week in August Uthafella and Marguerite ordered a fourth edition. It gave the book an undisputed right to a place among the makers of Canadian literary history. A copy of it paid an official visit to Rideau Hall. Three days later a letter arrived from the Governor-General. It read:

“I am greatly in debt to you for the gift of your book, *My Desire*. I have read the book with great interest. It is a wonderful record of courage and resource, on which I offer you my most sincere congratulations. As one who is trying to learn, with difficulty, to ski, I am thrilled with admiration

of your success in that art! Your book should be an inspiration to all who have to fight against some physical handicap."

It was signed "Tweedsmuir".

At the end of the month another letter arrived. The envelope bore the stamp of the Association of Canadian Clubs. It arrived during Marguerite's lunch hour. She was frightened to open it. She held it up to the light. From the outside nothing was discernible. Her deft fingers cautiously drew out the letter. She read Uthafella's letter from the National Secretary.

"I have taken the matter of an itinerary for you up with the Honorary Director. We thought the best thing to do was for me to come to Toronto to see you. ..."

The big empty house echoed and re-echoed with shouts of joy.

During her visit, the National Secretary explained that the purpose of the Canadian Club was to foster Canadian patriotism and stimulate intelligent citizenship. The lecture subjects were divided broadly into cultural, artistic and educational. She thought that Uthafella's talk came under the third. She outlined a tentative tour through Western Canada. It was tacitly agreed that Marguerite should accompany Uthafella in the event of the clubs accepting the suggestion of the National Secretary to have him as a speaker. But the Association could only arrange transportation for one.

Uthafella did the Canadian National Exhibition with the help of a Boy Scout during the day, and Marguerite in the evenings. On the tenth day of the Exhibition, another letter arrived from the National Secretary: "This is to advise you that it will be necessary for you and Marguerite to leave Toronto at 10:40 on Thursday,

September 17. Your itinerary is shaping up beautifully. . . ."

After the Exhibition only five days remained before departure. The problem of transportation for Marguerite over ten thousand miles of Canadian rail had not been solved.

The Exhibition closed at 10:00 on Saturday night. By 10:30 the booth was dissembled. By 11:00 Uthafella was on an all-night-sit-up excursion train for Montreal. In his pocket was his excursion ticket and a letter of introduction from the editor of *Saturday Night* to the president of one of the railway companies. Uthafella thought he came within the regulations of the Railway Commission for a Press pass.

The return portion of his ticket was good until Monday at midnight. At 9:30 Monday morning Uthafella presented himself and the letter to the President's private secretary. The President had just returned from the West. His day was full. Uthafella was asked to come back. He did at 11:30, and again at 3:30. He was asked if he could stay over until Tuesday. He said business called him back to Toronto. He left a copy of the little book to represent him. He never met the President.

At 4:00 he interviewed the manager of the Press Department. He was a kindly man with grey hair, grey moustache, rosy complexion and blue eyes. He listened attentively. He was sympathetic. But the regulations of the Board of Railway Commissioners were very strict. He thought a Press pass *might* be arranged if Uthafella could get two Toronto papers to take his articles as he crossed Canada.

Uthafella sat up all night on the return trip to Toronto. Marguerite met him at the station. After a

shave and a shower he went to the *Saturday Night* to explain the situation. The editor was sitting characteristically with his feet up, reading a telegram. Uthafella didn't want to disturb him. He sat in the outer office. The staff photographer came in. They chatted. The editor heard the voices and entered the outer office. He turned to the photographer and began to read the telegram. Uthafella felt ill at ease. He closed his ears until he heard his own name mentioned. He asked the editor to start again. The telegram read:

"YESTERDAY THE PRESIDENT WAS FULLY ENGAGED WITH MEETINGS PERIOD HE WAS UNFORTUNATELY UNABLE TO SEE MR W B WATSON STOP I FIND THAT HE HAS SINCE LEFT MONTREAL AND SHALL BE GLAD IF YOU WILL SAY TO HIM THAT OUR PRESIDENT WILL BE GLAD INDEED TO PERSONALLY PROVIDE HIM WITH FREE TRANSPORTATION FOR A TRAVELLING COMPANION FROM WHATEVER POINT HE MAY NAME IN THE EAST TO THE PACIFIC COAST STOP WILL YOU PLEASE CONVEY TO HIM THE PRESIDENT'S VERY BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF HIS LIFE'S WORK"

It was signed by the private secretary.

I was flabbergasted. Had I thought for one moment that the visit would have resulted in a personal contribution I would never have let Uthafella go near the office of the President.

Telephone wires hummed between Toronto and Ottawa; between Ottawa and Montreal. On the morning of the 17th Marguerite received her transportation by registered mail. In the early evening Uthafella filled a dinner engagement with the Lions Club of New Toronto. At 10:40 the train carried two excited people towards the Western sea.

CHAPTER XIII

LOVELY Lake Superior—the upper part of a clover leaf of great lakes that drain the middle plains and pour themselves into the Atlantic Ocean through the valley of the St. Lawrence—lay shimmering in the sunlight as the train skirted its northern shore in the late afternoon. The eight hundred mile journey from Toronto to Port Arthur was completed in twenty-four hours.

At the hotel in Port Arthur two members of the Women's Canadian Club acted as a reception committee. The warm welcome they extended struck the keynote of the whole trip.

The Port Arthur Women's Canadian Club met the following afternoon. Uthafella was asked to confine his remarks to twenty-five minutes so that the members of the club could have tea, and meet the speaker and his charming wife. It was a delightful meeting.

Four hundred miles further west came Winnipeg—the Port Said of Canada. Lying on the shores of flowing grain it is the place where East meets West.

The president and the secretary of the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club called at the palatial Hotel Alexandra. The president, a medical doctor, had a penchant for population. When she learned that Marguerite and Uthafella had been married for three years, and were childless, she drove them through the dense St. Boniface and Tuxedo districts, giving them the incidence of childbirth as they went along.

The evening meeting was a success. Uthafella was thanked by the president. She spoke glowingly of the intended survey in Europe. She hinted at the limited number of copies of the little book on hand. The table was nearly pushed over in the mêlée that followed.

In the morning five members of the Club came to the train to say good-bye.

Only one hundred and fifty miles separated Winnipeg and Brandon. Uthafella had to behave himself at the afternoon meeting of the Brandon Women's Canadian Club. He sat next to one of his former High School teachers. She found it difficult to realize that the boy she had known had grown up, even though the executive voted him the best speaker they had ever had.

After dark a taxi sped to the North Station. Fourteen miles from anywhere a building had been dropped on the prairies beside the track. It was very small. The night was cold and blustery, the wind biting. It swooped down at the squat flare lamp on the short platform. The lamp spluttered as its flames were blown about. Low dark clouds scudded across the sky. The horizon seemed near.

Twenty miles away along the straight track, a glow! It increases in size and intensity, waveringly diminishes and is sucked in. It bursts suddenly again into beams of light rushing before the rumbling roar of a locomotive. The noise becomes deafening. Sand is dropped beneath the huge drivers that screechingly protest. There is a feeling of swirling suffocation as they pass. The coaches fold into each other. The long train stops.

A porter opened a coach far down the track, and stuck out his head. Feet scuttled towards it and slid on the loose gravel of the road bed. The first step was far above. Uthafella could only get his knee on it. The

porter leaned out and grabbed him by the collar. He pulled. The rear-end brakeman came to the rescue. Between them Uthafella got on the train. It rolled on into the Province of Saskatchewan.

Four hundred and fifty miles northwest of Brandon lay Prince Albert. It was bedecked with flags, and dressed in red, white and blue bunting. A royal welcome. In the evening Uthafella spoke at the dinner meeting of the Prince Albert Men's Canadian Club.

The next morning the Governor-General of Canada arrived. He was given a tremendous ovation. He was small of stature, slight, immaculate, smiling. His head was very broad, his chin narrow. His forehead was high, his eyes small. He said a few words at the station. His speech was cultured. He had a little lisp. The hands that held the top hat were blue from cold. He left a great impression even under these trying circumstances.

The Governor-General's visit to Prince Albert was to serve Uthafella well. Henceforward he was to open his address with:

"Before I begin I have a complaint to make about the reception we have received here. There was no band to meet us. The streets were not bedecked in flags. You might think this is too much for a Canadian Club speaker to expect. But as we stepped from the train at Prince Albert we found flags flying at the station, the post office, the courthouse and the hotel. And the mayor came up to me and said, 'Mr. Watson, this reception is for you. But er—er—the Governor-General is coming into town tomorrow morning, and we hope you won't mind if we leave everything up for him.'"

The executive of the Saskatoon Women's Canadian Club met the train that brought their speaker from

Prince Albert. The club had reserved a room at the Bessborough—the loveliest hotel in Western Canada. A hurried clean-up, an executive luncheon in the Algerian Room of the city's largest departmental store, and then the afternoon meeting of the club. Uthafella saw the eyes of his audience drawing away to the right of him. He looked for the reason. The president was engrossed in copying down a quotation Uthafella had just read. A humorous story quickly brought the audience back.

But humour almost resulted in catastrophe in Biggar, a Western railway town with wooden sidewalks, dirt roads, one main street, and no water laid on. One member of the Biggar Joint Canadian Club, who had not missed a meeting for thirteen years, was there, with his two hundred pounds of joviality. It was infectious. The more he laughed, the redder he became. He finally flung his head and arms on the table, exhausted. But the others laughed at him laughing. Uthafella had to resort to every artifice of public speaking to quiet the audience for the more serious portion of his talk.

After Biggar, the tour dropped two hundred miles south. The Regina Women's Club said they were delighted to have a Westerner address them. It was the most successful meeting in the Prairie Provinces.

Weyburn, in Southern Saskatchewan, lay ahead. On the horizon far away was a small elevator. Behind it a huge black cloud reached into the tallest of tall skies. The grain elevator was empty, for the rains had not come for years.

At Weyburn, the local magistrate met the train and took the speaker to the mental hospital for a tour of inspection. In the afternoon a terrible dust storm blew up. But it didn't keep the people away from the dinner

meeting. Uthafella found it difficult to talk. Oceans of coffee would not wash the dust out of his throat.

The train at the station next day had a sag in it—coaches, flat-cars, coaches. At the end of it appeared to be a parlour car. Marguerite and Uthafella flew at it, only to find that it was a private car. They retired hastily to the next coach. It was upholstered half in wicker and half in black leather. It was deserted. A huge aluminum-painted stove was burning at the wicker end. They sat in front of it with their feet up, resigned to the two hundred mile journey to Shaunavon.

A tall, dark-complexioned man in grey passed twice. He stopped on his third journey through the coach, introduced himself, and invited them to some coffee and comfort in his private car. It was the district superintendent.

From Shaunavon to Bracken, by car, through a desolate wasteland full of Russian thistle and rolling fields of sand.

The people of the small village of Bracken were genuinely appreciative, courageous and strangely optimistic after six years of drought. The meeting was open to everyone in the district. The church hall was filled to capacity. An intimate tea with the members of the Canadian Club followed.

The president's wife drove Marguerite and Uthafella through the night to Eastend. On a lonely road, two and a half miles from Eastend, the gas ran out. A young English farmer, half a mile away, got out of bed and sold them some distillate. He had to come to the car himself to adjust the carburetor before it would work.

White Mud Tavern, in Eastend, received them at 2:00 a.m. A little light burned over the desk. No one

was in sight. Three keys lay on the register. They signed their names, took two keys, and turned in.

"Sure", said the young hardware man, after the meeting of the Eastend Canadian Club, "I'll motor ya to Mapul Crik, jes ta show ya Cypress Park, and prove to ya Saskatchewan isn't all flat. It's only sixty miles cross country. Ya'll save twelve hours and still ketch yer train fer the Hat."

"Say", said the conductor as the Medicine Hat train pulled out of Maple Creek, "aren't you the fella that's to speak to the Canadian Club in the Hat?"

"Yes."

"Thought so! I'll try to be there."

The manager of the hotel in Medicine Hat was a large, maidenly gentleman, and not old. He embroidered, crocheted, and did some simply lovely cut-work. He knew he was eccentric and saw the humour of it.

"I don't smoke", he said primly. "I don't drink. And of course I'm not married."

"Well, what do you do?" asked Uthafella.

"I play the piano", he said. And brought forth tinkly little tunes from a baby grand. He mothered Marguerite and Uthafella, taking them for drives in his spotless car, and buying them souvenirs from the Medalta Potteries and the Red Cliff Clay Works.

Another former teacher attended the Medicine Hat meeting. "I'm proud", she said afterwards, "that you were once a pupil of mine." She asked for Annie Macnish. She was delighted to hear that she was living in Calgary. She told them that by taking the 2:00 a.m. train that night, they could be in Calgary eighteen hours earlier than they had planned.

"Ach! Why did ye no tell me ye were comin' sooner?"

scolded Annie Macnish excitedly. It was 8:00 a.m. She was in her nightgown, waxing the kitchen floor. Her new home had to look bonny for her two loves.

Three days with Annie Macnish in Calgary, and three days in Edmonton with Marguerite's family. Then into the vast and beautiful Peace River country—Canada's last Great West—where the people are wresting their living from the virgin forests and plains. It is a land of lakes and no pavements. The weather is the most binding topic of conversation.

"What's it like outside?" asked the local druggist at Grand Prairie, seven hundred and seventy-seven miles north of Medicine Hat.

"It's raining", said Uthafella disconsolately. The druggist had promised the loan of his car for the drive to Pouce Coupé.

"You chump!" he said. "You'd better get used to the language up here. What I mean is how are business conditions outside of the Peace River Block."

It stopped raining and Marguerite drove the eighty-six miles to Pouce Coupé. The manager of the hotel at Pouce Coupé had been told to expect fifty at the Canadian Club dinner meeting. He set for thirty-five. Sixty people turned up. It was the longest dinner and the longest vote of thanks on the trip.

An early morning start back to Grand Prairie. Breakfast in the log cabin of Mrs. Brainard along the way for a taste of her famous fried chicken. After breakfast, the sight of a pool of oil on the ground beneath the car. The differential casing was cracked. The nearest garage was seven miles away. Miraculously the car made it.

"Mogee Cras! You have ze luck of ze debbil!" said the French Canadian mechanic at Hythe, halfway between Pouce Coupé and Grand Prairie. "Tree bolts jus'

hangin', the fourt broken. You are one luckee couple to arrive."

"How long will it take to fix it?"

"Oh! Je ne sais pas, maybee one, maybee two, maybee tree hour."

"But I have to be in Grand Prairie by noon, to speak to the Board of Trade."

It meant nothing to the mechanic. He wanted to talk about the outside. Time flew by, thirty minutes, forty-five minutes, an hour. There were no trains, no buses, and little possibility of a lift for the forty-three miles to Grand Prairie. It took the mechanic one hour and forty-five minutes to fix the car. Marguerite drew up at the hotel in Grand Prairie at 12:01.

Marguerite smeared powder on Uthafella's beard and sent him to the luncheon. She appeared herself, ten minutes later, as fresh as a daisy. It was the largest meeting the Board of Trade ever had.

A grain buyer motored Marguerite and Uthafella to the city of Peace River, crossing the majestic Peace by ferry at Dunvegan. He drove down into the little town, nestled among the lordly hills. He was invited to be a guest of the Canadian Club at the evening meeting in the new Parish Hall.

The next morning the secretary of the Canadian Club of Peace River, a dentist, made an impression of Uthafella's teeth. From it he invented an apparatus that could fit snugly over the teeth and hold a pencil. It was to become particularly useful in helping young people to learn to write with their mouths without any damage to the teeth. The dentist gave it to Uthafella at the station before the train left for the outside.

The next lecture was seven hundred and ninety-eight miles away. A long trip, short stops in Edmonton and

Calgary, and then across the Pacific slopes into that other Eden, British Columbia. The train was late arriving at Revelstoke. Marguerite and Uthafella were whisked off the platform to a cosy little meeting at the home of one of the members of the Women's Canadian Club. The next morning they were off again for Vernon in the Okanagan Valley.

What lovely country! Kalamalka Lake reflected the autumnal tints of the lombardy poplars in its unforgettably blue waters. In the evenings the mist dressed the hills in eeriness. How many dresses those hills wore! Such vanity could never be tolerated except in nature.

The week in the Okanagan Valley was a holiday, pleasantly interrupted by talks to the Women's and the Men's Canadian Clubs at Vernon and a joint meeting in lovely Penticton. The Penticton meeting was singular in one respect. The president of the Canadian Club was disappointed. He had expected to meet an ogre and met Uthafella instead.

From Penticton the Kettle Valley train wove its way tortuously out of the valley. A little town sparkled far below like a roseate of diamonds. For twelve hours the engine laboured in and out, on and up, over high trestle bridges. At Castlegar, a small junction in the heart of the mountains, Marguerite and Uthafella detrained. They walked from the station along a dark road to the motor highway, hailed a bus for Trail, and entered that smelting town in the kindly darkness.

Another bus up winding roads to Rossland, the residential suburb of Trail, for a meeting of the Canadian Club.

After Rossland, by bus again over slippery mountainous roads to Nelson, terraced on the side of a mountain.

A successful meeting with the Women's Canadian Club. Then the train again for twenty-four hours for Vancouver and sea level.

An enthusiastic meeting with the Vancouver Women's Canadian Club. The next afternoon, a drive to Chilliwack for an afternoon meeting, and back to Vancouver the same night. The *Princess Elaine* the following day for Vancouver Island.

A glorious week on Vancouver Island. Uthafella spoke to the Women's Canadian Club at Nanaimo. At Qualicum Beach, the meeting was presided over by a retired Anglo-Indian colonel. At Cumberland, a joint meeting of the Comox and Courtenay Canadian Clubs. At Port Alberni, a combined meeting of the Men's and Women's Clubs.

On the morning following the Port Alberni meeting, a drive to Cameron Lake through Cathedral Grove full of tall timber that rose straight and high into the skies. The quiet soft sunlight penetrated the denseness of the forest in long golden oblique lines. Cameron Lake, a saffron blue, mirrored the autumn colours of pastel yellows and reds, with redolent splashes of spruce green. At Cameron Lake Junction the train for Victoria. A soupy fog. Nothing but the yellow glare of the fog lights.

On the Island Uthafella spoke to his smallest and his largest meetings. At Qualicum he had spoken to six people. At Victoria—well, some enthusiastic member of the Vancouver Club had wired the Victoria executive that the talk was worth hearing.

Eastward. Kamloops was the first Canadian Club on the return trip.

On the morning following the joint meeting, Uthafella and Marguerite were eating breakfast in the hotel dining room. A tall man approached.

"Are you Mr. Watson?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Manning of Victoria. You sent me a copy of your book with the compliments of Doctor Hamilton of Detroit, a year ago. I want to thank you now!"

The train for Banff was ready to leave without Marguerite. There had been some misunderstanding about the bags. She had to go back for them. The last injunction of the National Secretary rang through Uthafella's ears: "Never miss a meeting! Do anything to get there, but never miss a meeting!" The conductor was persuaded to hold the train for Marguerite.

At 8:40 the following morning two people left their sleeping car at Lake Louise. They walked to the front of the train. The morning air was crisp and clear. It had a tang in it. In the mountain stillness every sound was magnified. The huge engine purred: plush, plish—plush, plish—plush—plish, plish, plush—plush, plish. The engineer, in faded blue overalls, was on the ground beside it. He held an oil can with a long bent spout in one hand; in the other, a wad of waste. Plush, plish—plush, plish—plush—plish, plish, plush—plush, plish.

Uthafella looked up at the perpendicular steps leading into the high cab. He looked at the trainman; he looked at the engineer; he looked at Marguerite. Then the fireman in the cab lay on his belly, reached down and caught Uthafella by the coat collar. He pulled. The trainman pushed.

"Aren't you riding in the engine, too, Mrs. Watson?" asked the trainman. In no time she was up beside the engineer. He was a good sort.

The conductor, far down the platform, took out his watch, looked at it, and raised his other arm above his

head. The engineer strained at the wheel, and unleashed the power: Chug—chug—chug-a-chug-chug. The big wheels spun round and gripped. The train pulled slowly out of the station.

The engineer opened up his thundering monster. It roared along the track and around the curves. At the mile post before a crossing, Marguerite pulled the whistle. It echoed and re-echoed among the mountains. Herds of deer fled at its shrieking sound. Then Marguerite sat in the fireman's seat, rested her elbow on the sill, and, professionally, looked out. The tracks flew up at her. The engine lumbered and thundered and bounced over its mighty drivers. It drew into Banff five minutes early. The engineer was a good sort.

Banff! The sun sought the valley and kissed the tree-tops, sending a glow through every limb. The air was rare, brisk, inviting. In the evening, before the meeting, a quivering ball of fire hovered perilously on a mountain top and toppled off behind it.

The Calgary Women's Canadian Club came next. Meetings at North Battleford, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw followed. Then Fort William, the eighth stop-over in ten days, 2,272 miles from Victoria. Uthafella was beginning to tire.

At the meeting of the Men's and Women's Canadian Clubs of Fort William, Uthafella and I parted company. Four years earlier at the Board of Trade in Calgary, we had had our first parting. But a feeling of detachment had come with practice. At Fort William we parted on different terms: I grew up and out, instead of down. I left him during the talk to watch its effect on the audience. I warned him to speak a little louder so that the portly lady in the fifteenth row could hear; and not to sound so much like a parrot, even though he

had said the same thing many times before. At one point his face lost its colour. Black spots danced before his eyes. I shouted at him to shake his head and pull himself together. He did so and finished the talk by bursting into song, "I Love Life, I Want to Live". Imagine! He sounded as though he enjoyed it.

After Fort William, North Bay; and then Parry Sound, to open a new Canadian Club. To Marguerite's accompaniment, Uthafella sang "I Love Life, I Want to Live", for the fortieth and last time on the Western tour. During the seventy-five days out of Toronto they had stayed at 35 hotels in which Uthafella was given complete freedom. They had ridden on 41 trains, 17 buses or cars, and 2 boats to do the 10,000 mile journey.

The National Secretary was present at the Parry Sound meeting. She voiced the thanks already expressed by the Western Regional Director in Victoria, who said that Uthafella was doing a great thing for Canadian Clubism. It was difficult to find words to convey our appreciation to the Canadian Clubs for what they had done. England was now a certainty; and the European survey of the training centres for the physically handicapped.

CHAPTER XIV

A LETTER from the Secretary of the Ontario Society for Crippled Children had chased us all over the Dominion. It caught up to us in Toronto. The secretary asked me to see him at my earliest convenience: He said, in carefully couched phraseology, that the Province of Ontario was ready to contemplate the possibility of vocational training for the physically handicapped. At least so he had gathered from a conversation he had had with the Deputy Minister of Education. The secretary not only wanted my advice on the matter, but he thought it advisable for me to see the Deputy Minister personally. One year earlier the Deputy Minister had been presented with a copy of the little book, for I have always believed that vocational training of the physically handicapped should be in the hands of the proper educational authorities.

The office of the Deputy Minister was in the North Wing of the Legislative Buildings. It was a spacious room. Two large windows looked north, and two west on to the turrets of the Soldier's Tower and University College. The Deputy Minister was a small man, compactly built. He was well tailored, with a leaning towards gentle shades of green. At different times he pulled at his starched shirt cuffs and the two pointed tips of his vest. His hair was grey and curly. His head and face were very broad. There was something puckish about the man when he laughed, and he laughed often. He was kindly, interested, affable; a most strikingly adroit executive. He possessed that rare quality of

appearing to have cleared his mind of everything but the topic under discussion.

The Deputy Minister thought it better to wait until we had seen the systems used abroad before coming to any definite conclusion on the matter. To facilitate the survey he offered two letters of introduction to the educational authorities in London, England.

There was no question of financial assistance. The response of the people of Canada had made that unnecessary. This was to be our contribution.

But there were many things to be done before departure. I was commissioned to do an article dealing with conditions in Alberta under a Social Credit Government. Although I had been writing articles sporadically for two and a half years this was the first one on a commercial basis. It was for the editor of *Saturday Night*. No one will ever know the debt we young Canadian writers owe to this man, so much our superior in age, experience and literary ability.

In January, Marguerite went to Montreal. She visited the manager of the Guardian Trust Company and his delightful young wife, while Uthafella filled more engagements for the Canadian Clubs. The first of these was at Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron. The railway officials tried to fill Marguerite's place.

At Sarnia Uthafella was walking along the platform with the porter when another man joined them. He walked several paces with them without speaking. Finally, he talked past Uthafella and asked the porter, "Have you a Canadian Club speaker on board?"

"Yes!" said Uthafella, "I'm your man."

"Well, I'll be d——d", he exploded. "I told my wife that this would be one time there would be no difficulty picking out the speaker."

Uthafella spoke to the Sarnia Women's Canadian Club in the afternoon. After the meeting he stood on the shore and watched the oil tankers ply lazily by to the large Imperial Oil Refineries upstream.

That night he spoke to the Men's Club. The president, in his vote of thanks, openly admitted he had had doubts about the advisability of having Uthafella before the meeting. He apologized profusely for his skepticism. He knew that some had come to the meeting with pity because they had erroneously applied the principles of their standard of life to Uthafella. He felt sure that the club members would go away with a new outlook on the question of the physically handicapped.

From Sarnia, the train to the Maritimes, via Montreal. Marguerite was at the station for the half-hour between trains. It was decided to open an overseas account with the Guardian Trust Company, to be drawn on by a letter of credit. Marguerite was left to attend to the details.

After the luncheon meeting with the Men's Canadian Club of Saint John, a member took me to the waterfront. A freighter was anchored at one of the wharfs in the harbour. She was six thousand tons, a comfortable looking craft, designed to carry twelve passengers. She was preparing to sail for Newcastle. It wasn't long before arrangements had been made for her to carry at least two passengers.

Uthafella spoke to the Women's Canadian Club of Saint John the same evening. Perhaps it was the talk, or perhaps it was the thought of the salt sea, but Uthafella was thirsty after he had finished speaking. The president of the Club detected it. She said, "Would you like a drink?"

"Would I? Thank you!"

"Come right upstairs, then", she said. "I've a nice bottle of ginger ale on ice."

After the ginger ale I wired Marguerite. While she was en route to Saint John there were two more engagements to be filled, the Canadian Clubs at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea and St. Stephen. Marguerite was met by a member of the Saint John Canadian Club when she came 'down from Canada'. That evening she boarded the freighter.

But Uthafella was unable to reach Saint John for the sailing. Lectures and tides are unalterable. On this occasion they did not work in harmony.

Marguerite sailed alone from Saint John to Halifax. Uthafella made the thirteen-hour journey to Halifax by train. It was the only solution.

At 8:00 on the evening of January 14, the freighter lifted anchor and was tugged out of the harbour. The crew said that the two lone passengers were daft crossing the Atlantic in January. But to them it was a great adventure. They stood together in the bow of the boat, the dark grey fog heavy about them. As they put out to sea the little book went out of print.

Their date of departure had been delayed by three months. But the cash balance that had stood at \$2.33, nine months earlier had been raised to \$1,350.00, with all outstanding accounts paid. Circumstances had contrived to aid them, particularly Uthafella's physical make-up. It was playing its part in shaping their destiny. Like Polycrates they were a little nervous at the large amount of luck that had been theirs. But they only had one ring between them. They would not throw it into the sea, even to allay the envy of the gods.

* * * * *

Cape Race, a bleak promontory dimly etched in fog, was the last bit of land for eight days. The boat turned north and started to climb the hill for a point in line with the Butt of Lewis in the Hebrides. The wind came down from Labrador. It was as keen as a knife, and whipped the sea into green, curling, ponderous, infuriated waves. The boat rode low. It was repeatedly drenched by the Atlantic swell, and each time rose out of the sea dripping with gushing water. It was then that the crew had to make a dash for it. Tubby, the third mate, miscalculated. He was washed into the scuppers and nearly swept overboard. It was his only bath on the voyage.

During the first days in the rough sea, the movements of the passengers were restricted; it was the captain's orders. They fitted themselves into the ship's routine.

At seven o'clock Bobby frae Leith, the assistant steward, brought tea and toast to the cabin, and then drew a bath. At eight, breakfast in the saloon, with its fireplaces and two long tables. We ate at the captain's table. He was a wheezy, chubby, obese and watery-eyed man. Marguerite sat to his left, on one of the benches along the wall. I was between her and Sparky, a blond wireless operator from Melrose. Across the table, the first, second and third mates. At the bottom, the chief engineer. The table was never full. Someone had to do the watch.

What breakfasts! Always potatoes, always curried rice, always coffee; sometimes ham and eggs, sometimes kidney stew, sometimes tripe, deep fat fried. Dinner at noon—soup, a meat course and dessert. At three o'clock, tea and toast. At five o'clock, supper—two meat courses with potatoes. At nine o'clock, cocoa and sandwiches.



Photo by Siruan Robertson.

The boat rode low. It was repeatedly drenched
by curling, ponderous, infuriated waves.



The crew advised, and practised, heavy eating on a rough sea. We complied. We never missed a meal and never lost one. Of the beverages, the cocoa was good. Wully, the cook, did well on his allowance of 37 cents per man per day. The meals were always on time, despite the ocean swell that swept through his kitchen and killed his fire.

The fiddles, rectangular frames two inches deep that were fastened to the tables to keep the dishes from sliding off, nearly defeated Uthafella. His flexible ankle had to be super-supple when they were on.

In mid-Atlantic, the sea quieted. We ventured out. The freighter was covered with ice from stem to stern, from deck to top mast. It sailed like a ghost ship upon a blue-green sea. It glistened in the bright sunlight.

The crew showed some concern about Uthafella on the ladders. Once Sparky insisted on preceding him, and fell three steps from the bottom. The first mate, on the bridge above, laughed uproariously in a big sea voice. But Sparky's turn came later. The first mate, in opening a door for Uthafella, fell flat on his belly on the slippery deck, and slid beneath a life boat.

We were given the cherished privilege of visiting the bridge. Marguerite helped to chart the ship's course, and to sight the first star. She took a turn at the helm. In the evenings, the officers invited us to play cards in the saloon, and to listen to the radio, which they insisted was a wireless.

And so over the top of Scotland. On the second last day out we got up in the darkness. Marguerite took hold of the railings of the ladder and formed a protective cradle for Uthafella. We lay against the wind, and finally found ourselves on the bridge. The freighter was doing the Pentland Firth. The Atlantic, at high tide, was

rushing into the straits, violently pushing at the tempestuous, short, choppy North Sea. We thought the furies of hell had been let loose.

The ship rose and fell, dipping her nose into one wave, then another. She slid down some with breath-taking speed, and plunged into others with a shattering crash that splashed the ship with foamy spray. At one moment the sea seemed to sink beneath her. At the next, it was in the act of swallowing her up. Four trawlers had sunk in that sea the day before. The crew were apprehensive, except the first mate, a blustery Yorkshireman, who shouted above the whistling wind, "She's sailin' like a little dook".

The tenseness broke with the words, "We're through!" The crew, and a newly discovered stowaway, felt relieved. But to us it had been the most exciting part of the voyage.

From there to Newcastle we had literally to brace ourselves. The North Sea struck the ship broadside. She tossed and rolled and shivered. Dishes smashed, lamps swayed and chairs slid about within the compass of their moorings. At mealtime the crew gripped the table with each lunge. Their faces were haggard. That night Uthafella cut a queer figure in the berth. His head and one knee were against the front of the bunk, his rump at the back, his foot at the bottom. All night long there was the dullened thud of the waves against the ship's side.

Near the mouth of the Tyne the freighter hove to and hoisted her pilot flag. She was still riding an angry sea. The swelling tide was coming in. Fishing trawlers were tossed about and disappeared bodily into the trough of a wave, leaving only their swaying masts to view. The seething waves threw themselves relentlessly against the

Tyne breakwater. They crashed to pieces under its resistance, or drove themselves to its height, gulped and bulged and fell over the other side.

A parleying of whistles brought the pilot boat out through the opening in the sea wall. A row-boat was lowered over its side. Four strong arms pulled it towards us. It looked fragile in such a big sea. The rowers took advantage of each swell and brought the pilot alongside on the crest of a wave. He jumped at the small ladder that was thrown down to him. The row-boat fell away, a diminutive thing in the hollow of a wave. The pilot came aboard. He took the freighter into the river Tyne, where craft lay sheltered at anchor. Two tugs, one fore and one aft, towed us the eight-miles up the narrow, small, winding river.

The introduction to England was a noisy and dirty one. The air was filled with smoke from many boats. Rivetters, busy building battle cruisers, rent the air with their pneumatic hammers. The boat passed North Shields, with its forest of lums, and South Shields, with its rows of tenement houses.

Little England had come down from the realm of dreams into one of reality.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone, set in the silver sea;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

CHAPTER XV

"**W**HAR yae boon tie?" yelled a Tynese from his small boat.

Marguerite and I looked at each other and laughed. "Where were we bound to?" Such a ridiculous question. Edinburgh, Glasgow, London!

"Whar yae boon tie?" repeated the boatman. The first mate cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted, "Wharf five."

The ropes were thrown out and made fast; the winches screeched and groaned. Ruddy-faced long-shoremen in small caps, tight jackets, and mufflers, clambered aboard. The tarpaulins were removed from the holds. Cranes were hoisted into position. The donkey engines chugged away, and barrels of Canadian apples and carloads of breakfast foods were unloaded. The navvies back-chatted incomprehensibly. "So English, isn't it?" said Marguerite. Then she heard the whistled strains of "Is it True What They Say About Dixie?"

The Newcastle Customs Officer came aboard. We were reluctant to go below. But the Customs Officer, a jolly red-faced man, wanted to see us. "You haven't bought anything new, no you haven't, have you?" he said and walked out of the cabin.

Bobby frae Leith took the bags to a waiting taxi. It had a right hand drive, soft collapsible hood, and a square narrow iron railing for the baggage. We were a little terrified as it drove along the left hand side of the

street: we expected a smash-up any moment. We were a little bewildered when we paid the driver in shillings that looked like quarters, and sixpences that looked like dimes, in answer to his request for five and six.

We were more than glad to see Sparky at the station. He eased the currency muddle. He put us through the Booking Office to get our tickets for Edinburgh. He had the trunk put on the van, after the puffy, wheezy, big-chested, little engine brought the train to a standstill. He took us into a small coach, and along a corridor into a third class compartment. With him we crossed the Tweed on the anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday.

At Waverley Station in Edinburgh, Sparky pulled down the window and stuck his head out at an army of porters. He hailed one. A big burly Scots lad said, "Wait till I get a barra", and he brought a baggage truck for the grips and trunk. There were no baggage checks to give him. The Canadian baggage had to be picked from the rest in the van. We bade good-bye to Sparky.

The windy steps of Waverley. Edinburgh Castle, white against the black of night. Princes Street. A hotel. And so to bed.

In the morning, three inches of wet slushy snow fell. We popped in and out of the stores along Princes Street, one of the loveliest main streets in the world, even under a blanket of snow. We crossed to the garden side, and climbed the narrow circular stone stairway to the top of Scott's Monument. Marguerite had to pull Uthafella's hat down and roll up his collar against the biting wind from the Firth.

A 1:00 o'clock sharp, the cannon went off from the Castle. A little puff of smoke floated into the air. Everyone on Princes Street stopped, took out his

watch, and checked the time. Not even the snow could break a long established custom.

In the afternoon, a tram up the hill to see the Castle. We had the Shrine, Scotland's National War Memorial, to ourselves. It breathed silence and reverence. What a magnificent tribute to a country's fallen dead!

Uthafella approached the burly Scotch commissionaire, who had lost an arm in the War. But one arm was enough for the occasion. A few poignant whispered words. "Och Aye!" he said. And he led Uthafella down into a subterranean room, dug out of the rock. Uthafella felt greatly relieved.

A tour of the Castle, and then to that part of Edinburgh belonging to Canada. The esplanade, we were told, had been ceded to Canada by James I, so that he could create knighthoods in Nova Scotia. Here we met a rug salesman. We did the Royal Mile to Holyrood Palace, with him. Uthafella sat perilously among the carpet samples in the back seat of the little car, on the way from the Castle to the Palace. We walked back up the squalid street to John Knox's house, with its thick walls, low doors, and uneven stone stairs.

After Edinburgh, Glasgow for two weeks, to visit one of Annie Macnish's friends. It was bitterly cold and damp. No amount of blankets and hot water bottles, thoughtfully provided by our hostess who had lived in Canada, could take the chill off the bed at night. Someone, it seemed, had deliberately played a trick by sprinkling the sheets with cold water.

Glasgow, after an absence of twenty-five years, was a thrill for me. I remembered the big stone entrance to the Western Infirmary, where the officials were gracious enough to look in their vaults for the records of Mr. Kennedy's operations.

My heart beat like a sledge hammer when we took the double-decker street car along Dumbarton Road to Clydebank. My one love far away was close to me then. We walked up Kilbowie Road to Fullen's home and the place where I was born. In the days that followed we saw the Broomielaw, Charlotte Street and Glasgow Green.

Early morning at Queen's Station, Glasgow.

"Where to, sir?"

"Down to London."

"Beg pardon, sir. Up to London."

"No, down to London."

"Sorry, sir. Up to London."

"But it's down hill from Glasgow."

"Still, sir, we say up to London."

Up or down, the Flying Scotsman carried us to London, to feel the pulse beat of the nation. It was late when we registered at a hotel, just off Piccadilly Circus. But we could not think of sleeping.

Out into the brilliantly lit streets to mingle with the people. The tide of traffic. Past Piccadilly Circus. Eastward to Leicester Square. Down Charing Cross Road. Yes, there it was! Trafalgar Square, with Nelson's monument almost hidden in the mist, as though it had waited for years just to be discovered by us. On one corner in the Square, the stone columns of Canada House.

It took us ten days to find a place to live, partly because we were distracted by the sight of so many things we had read about: Hyde Park, with its soap-box orators, Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace—Princess Elizabeth peeking from an upstairs window, Big Ben and its chimes, the Thames and its bridges.

We could not find what we wanted within our price class. Agents smiled at us when we asked for a two-

roomed furnished apartment, close in, with private bath and central heating, at a moderate rental. Only the newest apartments in London, they told us, were centrally heated, at sixty-five dollars a month and up. They would have to be taken on a one, three or five year lease.

We stopped asking for central heating. We stopped asking agents. Instead we became married to the want-ads, and *Dalton's*, a weekly for househunters. We fortified ourselves with a large English breakfast, a bus map, an underground map, and a map of London. We went out each day to look—a ghastly business.

What dingy, poorly furnished places we inspected! Many had the cooking facilities in the bathroom, and all the baths were operated by a geyser, a tank heated by putting a penny in a gas meter, or rather tuppence, for a deep one. Some places had no bath at all. Under such circumstances, "the public baths at the corner, sir, are very 'andy.'"

Our demands diminished. Our radius of search increased. We began to despair of ever finding a suitable moderately priced place.

On the tenth day Marguerite spotted an advertisement saying: "Only respectable people need apply". It deserved investigation.

The building was in a mews, or lane, where stables had once been situated. The apartment possessed three of the requirements. It was furnished. It was central. It was reasonable—thirty-five dollars. We lived up to the qualification of respectability, were given a little red rent book, and moved in.

The mews was situated in the West End of London, just off Baker Street, and not far from the fictional haunts of Sherlock Holmes. Every night a lamp lighter came with his long pole, and turned on the lemon

coloured lights. And every Tuesday morning a troupe of beggars, dressed as clowns, strolled along the mews, singing and playing "Pennies from Heaven", with some success.

The building itself was nearly three hundred years old. It was formerly a priory. It was three short stories high. There was a centre court and two small outer ones. In one of the outer courts was the bathroom, a lean-to affair, with two geyser tubs. White stone stairs, with iron railings, led from the central court to each landing. The landings were laden with aspidistras and antiques. Over the door of the communal W.C. on the second floor was a lion and a unicorn with the motto underneath *Ich Dien*.

Our flat comprised two of the cells. The living room floor was of stone, painted black, with a circular mauve carpet in the centre. The woodwork was also painted black. There was a quaint little fireplace. On one side of it was a small coal box. Every Thursday a lorryman, with a face as black as the sack on his back, walked up the whitewashed stone stairs, and filled the box. On the other side of the fireplace was a small electric stove. In a cupboard, beside the stove, was a scullery, with only cold water laid on. Everything was small, even the bedroom. We could hardly turn around in it.

At the beginning of our visit we had high hopes. We hoped to get the little book published in England. We hoped to find lectures to save our reserves. We hoped to continue with the music. And we hoped to make a complete survey of the training centres for the physically handicapped in England. We knew that it would take some time. Marguerite decided to try to find work.

Early in March, three of the hopes were placed among the disappointments. English publishers found

the little book too short and too Canadian for the English buying public. The lecture agencies in London despaired of finding lecture engagements for someone so little known in England. An exchange of letters with John Coates, the famous English tenor, and a visit to his lovely home at Northwood, found him too ill to take pupils. He asked me to wait a few weeks. He thought then that he might be strong enough. But the weeks extended into months, and the music lessons had to be abandoned.

The letter of introduction from the Deputy Minister of Education of Ontario, to the Education Officer of the London County Council, opened the way for an inspection of a representative number of the twenty-five special schools in London. Marguerite and I went together to several of them in the early weeks in March. We saw an altogether different side of London, the London of poverty, the city of cardiacs. Sixty-six per cent. of the children in the schools for the physically defective suffered from rheumatic hearts. They were all in the poorer sections of the city. The first school we visited was out past Limehouse. We shuddered as we passed through the streets to get to it.

The trades taught in the training schools for boys were, generally speaking, confined to the traditional trades of shoemaking and tailoring. The girls were taught needlework and art. A voluntary organization, under grant from the Ministry of Labour, assisted in the placement of the pupils after they left the special schools.

At the end of March, Marguerite obtained employment at Canada House on Coronation work. Uthafella continued to make the tour of inspection. Going out alone was not nearly so terrifying as I had contem-

plated. Uthafella found people as willing to help him in London as any other place. Perhaps more so, because of the large number of amputation cases living in London since the War. One day, not far from St. Paul's Cathedral, a London bobby stopped directing traffic, to button up Uthafella's coat. He asked a lot of questions in the middle of the street, while the silent haughtiness drew up and waited.

When Uthafella did not have to leave the house as early as Marguerite, the housemaid would come in and put on his shoes. When she was unable to do that, he would slip them on himself, and go down to the fishmonger's at the corner, where a French-Canadian from Montreal would lace them up, and send him off on his journey.

In early April, the London County Council arranged to drive Uthafella to three of its hospitals for physically defective children, in the Downs country to the south.

On the last trip, the car sped southward out of London. Wimbledon receded. Hampton Court flew past on the left. Windsor, lovely Windsor, existed unsighted to the right. The Thames came into view, with its riverboats hugging the shore. The sun was shining; there was a breath of spring in the air. The car turned right into a country lane. Through the trees to the left, a small narrow castle on a hill—Belvedere. Then Ascot. But it was not the race track that was inspected that day. It was Heatherwood Hospital.

After the survey of the work done by the London County Council, for physically handicapped people, Uthafella turned his steps to the offices of the Board of Education, in Whitehall. But not before ten in the morning. The professional business world of London does not stir earlier.

He passed the Cenotaph, and watched the men raising their hats as they themselves passed it. He passed No. 10 Downing Street, so shatteringly disappointing to a newcomer. And then, into the Board of Education.

He approached a uniformed man behind a wicket. He was taken by another uniformed man to another wicket. Another uniformed man took him to the elevator. He stepped off at the fourth floor. Another uniformed man showed him the office of the man he wanted to see. He found his own way out of the building. In his pocket was a list of the main training centres for the physically handicapped in England.

Most of them were outside London. Early one morning in May, Marguerite saw him off at Waterloo Station, before she went to work. He spent the day at Alton, in the South, inspecting the Lord Mayor Treloar Cripples' Hospital and College. Later, he visited the Cripples' Training College, at Leatherhead in Surrey.

One Sunday, Marguerite came along to Chailey, to see the Heritage Craft Schools. The founder of the school gave us two tickets for a benefit dinner at the Savoy. The tickets were valued at twenty-two dollars. We both laughed, because we had to spend more than that rigging Uthafella out in a dress suit.

We took time off to see the Coronation, from the roof of Canada House. We were up at three in the morning. We slipped quietly down the mews to the Baker Street tube station. London was already very much awake. We got off at Oxford Street and then wove our way deviously to Canada House, because the Royal Route was already lined with people. At one of the sub-surface public conveniences, just off Oxford Circus, we came upon a long line of women standing four deep,

and moving slowly forward and down—Ladies in Waiting, for the Coronation procession.

Before May closed, Uthafella inspected the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, in Great Portland Street. The authorities there were very interested in the apparatus that had been made for Uthafella by the dentist in Peace River, Alberta. They decided to have a similar one made for George, to save his young teeth.

Uthafella met George. He was a young, curly-headed Cockney boy with very big eyes. He could use neither arm. He held a pencil between his teeth. Just as Uthafella was leaving for the waiting car to take him to see the hospital's training centre at Stanmore, George shouted, "Oy, come here!"

Uthafella approached, trying to hide my mirth.

"Can ye feed yerself with yer toes?" said George.

"Yes", said Uthafella.

"Can ye ply marbles with yer toes?" said George.

"Yes", said Uthafella.

"Can ye throw stones with yer toes?" said George.

"Yes", said Uthafella.

"Oy", said George, laughingly, "So can Oy."

"Well, George, keep it up", said Uthafella, as a parting shot.

"Oy will!" said George.

The workshops at the Cripples' Training College at Stanmore were in the course of construction. The director graciously offered Uthafella a photostat copy of the plans.

In the early summer, London was inundated by Canadian university students. One of them was a young medical student from the University of Toronto. He bought a small car for his stay in England. In July, he placed himself and his car at Uthafella's disposal,

to visit the last two training centres on his list. They were northwest of London.

They left London in the early morning, and were in Oxford in time to have tea with a don of University College, and to hear the bells. They inspected the near by Wingfield-Morris Orthopaedic Hospital, endowed by Lord Nuffield.

They lingered so long in Stratford-on-Avon that nightfall almost overtook them before they got to their next stop. They stayed the night at Ye Ole Boot, a quaint eighteenth century inn, with feather beds and low ceilings, in the village of Whittington, near the Welsh border. From this place Dick Whittington is supposed to have left on his walk to London. On the following morning, Uthafella inspected the Derwin Training Centre for Cripples, at Oswestry, two miles from Whittington. He was very much impressed with this training centre, founded by Dame Agnes Hunt and Sir Robert Jones; and particularly the colony scheme being contemplated, whereby married couples could live on a communal basis.

The inspection of the Derwin Training College at Oswestry completed our survey of the work in England. We turned our thoughts to the Continent. We took an outline of our proposed tour to a travel agency. The estimates submitted were calamitous. If the trip cost that much, it would have to be cancelled. Despite Marguerite's earnings, the overseas account was almost half gone. I began to pace the stone floor.

An idea! When Marguerite returned home from work she agreed to try it. We turned over the pages of the huge telephone directory. We found the addresses we needed. Marguerite typed a number of letters explaining the nature of the work we were doing, our desire to

get the best on the subject from each country, and our intention of applying that knowledge to conditions in Canada. We sent one to the state railway of each country we wanted to visit.

The impossible happened. Eight of the ten state railways wished to co-operate. France and Germany granted transportation for one; Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Switzerland for two. Sweden offered concessions, but the distance was so great that the thought of visiting it had to be cancelled. These considerations made the Continental tour possible, even though the shores of Canada would receive us penniless.

During August, I worked feverishly on a miscellany of articles for Canadian publication. We thought it might help to create a small fund against our return to Canada. To speed production, I borrowed a Dictaphone, which the London branch of the company adapted with a foot control and a megaphone. I recorded articles on Juvenile Delinquency in London, Dog Racing in London, London's Famous Underground, and London itself. Marguerite took the articles from the records, blessed them, and sent them off to the Canadian journals.

At the end of August, her work at Canada House terminated. We made preparations to leave London, and its high cost of living. It had been a glorious seven months, despite London's poor plumbing and bad coffee, its tenements, its poverty, its contrasts and contradictions. We had come to love it, and its buildings, and its atmosphere. We had seen the Tower, St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, Jack Straw's Castle, the costermongers and the Pearly Queens on Hampstead Heath, on a bank holiday. We had come to know Richmond Park, Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, the National Art

Gallery, the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. We had rented stools to sit for hours waiting to buy rush seats for Covent Garden. We had seen Shakespeare done at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. We had eaten our lunches together in the Strand, and had had coffee from a wagon restaurant at midnight. We had fed the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, and had slipped away, time after time, to the quiet of the Temple and the Inns of Court. The old city had crept into our very bones.

Reluctantly, we left it. We took a bus for Edinburgh on the nineteenth of September, to wait in Scotland for the opening of the International Exhibition of Crippled Children's Work. Five months previously the Central Council for the Care of Cripples, in London, had extended an invitation to me to speak on vocational training for the physically handicapped, before an international audience.

At Edinburgh, we visited the Y.M.C.A. to make enquiries about an economical place to live for the three weeks before the exhibition. It was Sunday. The only person we could find was the caretaker. He recommended Dunbar on the east coast, within sight of the Bass Rock. He found us a reasonable place.

For eighteen days we rested and ate fish. We walked the promenade, high above the rugged sea coast, and watched the waves dash themselves into foam against the rocks. We watched the fishermen come in, and we learned the kippering process from an auld fishwife in the bay. We paddled across the burns, and roamed through the glens. We climbed the laws for a sight of the lovely countryside, with its long whitewashed farmhouses, its shepherds and their dogs, its corn ricks, its intensively cultivated land. We clambered over the ruins of an ivy covered castle, high up on a rocky cliff,

where the Black Douglas was once supposed to have lived. We trod the fields of the Battle of Dunbar. And one night we saw the Irish tawtie houckers, their heads hidden by the floppy sunshades, their dresses high-waisted and short, their legs wrapped in sacking, their feet covered with heavy shoes, returning through the mist, from one of the red soil potato fields. In the distance a dry stane dike raised its knobbly head over the brow of the hill, and disappeared.

At Edinburgh we became the guests of the city architect. Twenty years earlier, he had started a workshop for the physically handicapped in Edinburgh, after a trip to the Continent, similar to the one we were planning.

On the fifth day of the International Exhibition of Crippled Children's Work, I spoke. A Scots woman came up to me later and said, "If you'll only come and smile at my laddie like that everything will be all right." She lived at Kelso, fifty miles away. Her sixteen-year-old son had recently climbed an electric pylon. He was lying in the hospital, minus two arms. The city architect located an automobile, and drove me to Kelso.

I spent the day with the boy, trying to help him readjust himself, mentally and physically. When I returned to my Marguerite, I was very tired. All the goodness had gone out of me. We were both thankful that we had delayed our European trip to speak in Edinburgh.

On our return to London, we were the guests of the headmistress of the Meeting House Lane School. We devoted our time to the final arrangements for the Continental tour. We gathered up a sheaf of letters of introduction from the European manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from the secretary of the Central Council for the Care of Cripples.

On October the twenty-second, we found ourselves ready to leave for the Continent, with two bags and a brief case; and a pair of heavy Forsythe gloves, that our Edinburgh hostess had given Marguerite for the journey. She felt she would need them.

CHAPTER XVI

THE little English boat train was alive with action in Victoria Station. Porters hurried here and there. Last minute farewells. Phlegmatic good-byes by the English. Nine o'clock. The little train fled for Folkestone at the sound of a shrieking whistle. An English woman tried to coax her poodle dog to have some milk from a saucer, before the crossing. We were on the wharf before she succeeded.

Long orderly lines. A retired 'majah' in front of us. His arms out from the shoulders and down, enhancing his swelled importance. His moustache, waxed and grey. Boringly condescending, his voice full of acquired fatigue. Passports. The gangplanks. And the boat sidled away from the quay.

The English fog blanket rose, revealing trawlers and steamers on the sea lanes to and from France. Then Boulogne with its fishing fleet, its smoke, and its neighbouring villages hanging in the sky.

With a drop of the gangplank, pandemonium broke loose. Porters, in blue smocks and heavy leather belts, shoved and pushed and snatched at bags. Customs officers rushed us through. Amidst whirling bluster and excitement we became foreigners for the first time in our lives.

We found ourselves on a huge French train roaring southward for Paris. Blue predominated. The blue sky, the blue sea, the blue houses, small, tall and narrow. The blue uniform of the gendarmes and the soldiers. The grey-blue of the crosses at Etaples and Amiens.

Tearing on through space, past men working in the fields with their hand plows, and the women working in the fields with their hands. *Les travailleuses*—women of toil—in shawls, high bodices, flounced skirts buttressed by petticoats, 'living and partly living'.

Paris, gay, wild, turbulent, noisy, received two frightened young Canadians. It was a wilderness of speed. Honking claxons, clanking bells, gesticulating traffic cops, with white helmets and white billies, chaotic traffic jams.

A squat yellow bus with open rear vestibule. The offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway on the Boulevard des Capucins. A pension not far from L'Etoile. We opened our big casement window and let Paris in.

Our first night out in Paris drove the blood pulsing through our veins. We stood on the Pont de la Concorde and looked at the reflected glory of the World Fair in the waters of the Seine. We walked up the Champs Elysées. From an island in the centre of it we watched the cars whiz by. They climbed, like fireflies, to the illuminated Arc de Triomphe with its grave of the Unknown Soldier and its ever-burning lamp.

Five days in Paris. The Louvre—Mona Lisa, Venus de Milo: and Wingéd Victory, standing at the end of a long avenue of stairs, against a solid black background, livened by variegated lights. The Bourse, with its noise heard for blocks around, and its clanging, closing bell. The book sellers, the flower women, the house barges along the Seine. Notre Dame, with its stained glass, and the old city around it. Versailles. The gay Paris shop windows, *pour les touristes*. The street markets that attracted every infectious fly. The sidewalk urinals and the sidewalk cafés. Our Continental breakfast, coffee, cream and rolls, brought to the bedroom by a petite,

black-haired, dark-eyed Parisienne, named Denise. The gentle quiet of the evenings with an international lawyer and his charming wife in their office-home apartment in the heart of Paris. And the morning spent with Mademoiselle Fouché, learning about the French system of pensions for the physically handicapped.

Belgium. The predominating blue became white. The farms were tidy. The canals, winding, and busy with barges. Lombardy poplars on the banks here and there. At noon, Charleroi, in the Black Country, with its mountains of slack from the rich coal mines.

We had not arranged to be met. Alone, we sought the Banque de Bruxelles, for Belgium currency from our letter of credit. The bank was closed for lunch. A money changer took our English shillings, and recommended a café where the soup was served in large tureens, and the food was plentiful. After lunch, to the bank again. It would not acknowledge the letter of credit. It advised the Credit Anversoï. The Credit Anversoï was suspicious. It advised the Banque de Bruxelles. Marguerite was nearly frantic, but back we went. The thing was cleared up. The Banque de Bruxelles explained that the letter of credit signatures they had on file were from Toronto; the ones on our letter of credit were from Montreal.

We left the bank, with some Belgian money, just as a procession to St. Nicholas passed the door. A man, dressed as Santa Claus, was standing bolt upright in a landeau. A semi-uniformed band followed. The peasant women, in shawls and gingham, stopped at their hastily constructed stalls in the public square, to watch it pass.

We found the school. Monsieur Pierard, *le directeur*, received us with open arms. He was effusively delighted

that Marguerite spoke French. Through her he said to me, "You are one of us. You must become my guest." We sat together at night in his kitchen, beside the big stove, with his wife, his beautiful young daughter and his father. With a look of pallid horror, they told us stories of defilement, devastation, cruelty and debauchery that they had witnessed in 1914.

Monsieur le Docteur, founder of the training school, invited us to Sunday dinner. We sat down at one o'clock. The menu: vermouth, potage, vin rouge, chicory au fromage, bière, poulet avec champignons, pomme-terres, pâtisseries, fruits, cognac, cigars. *M. le docteur* brought the best from his cellar, in a little wicker basket. The bottles were dust-gathered. Elegantly, he poured a touch from each bottle into a little glass, sipped it, and decided whether it was good enough for his guests. We arose from the table at seven, to go home. But before we departed he came from his cellar again. The Bourgogne rouge had a delicious bouquet.

Many times, "Bonsoir, madame, bonsoir, monsieur." Much hand shaking. Uthafella was spared it, but between talking French and shaking hands, Marguerite was exhausted.

Early morning. The rumbling wagons on the cobble stones. Industrious women in clogs, washing down their front steps. Boys strolling the streets, in peaked velvet caps and corduroy pantaloons. A walk to the market square. Mirrors in the upstairs windows of the houses, at a convenient angle to the street. A marriage, civil at first, in the town hall, then religious, in the church in the market square. A ring placed on the finger of the bride, and a ring placed on the finger of the groom. A day at the provincial training school. The busy workshops, cobbling, bookbinding, wicker work. The children

at the training school drinking unfermented beer. Pipes of all shapes and all sizes, everywhere.

A streamline Diesel train, past Waterloo, and the wayside crosses.

Holland. The homes more solid and secure. The roofs rounded. The country flat, with water everywhere. Little windmills lifting the channelled moisture from one plane to another. Big fat black-and-white cows with coats on. The hard Teutonic tongue. The Dutch engines with copper work on them, like the old Ford cars.

One of the letters from the Central Council for the Care of Cripples took us through Rotterdam to The Hague. We enquired at a travel agency about the address. There were language difficulties. They phoned the police, the British Consulate, the Humane Society. The letter was a misdirection. Luckily, *M. le directeur* at Charleroi had given us the name of a doctor in Rotterdam. A long distance phone call assured us that the institution we wanted to see was really there. Uthafella chewed hard on a cigar. We retraced our steps to the station. We returned to Rotterdam, half an hour away by train.

With the help of a station porter, who knew some English, we phoned the C.P.R. office. It was after six, but the baggage clerk answered. He left his supper and found a hotel for us. Our room was attained by a perilously perpendicular stairway.

In the morning, Marguerite was drawn to the window by wild cacklings. In a poultry market below, a boy in wooden shoes, was vainly chasing an escaped hen. He ran in long scraping strides, with arms sweeping down, just too late to catch the flapping wings of the flying hen, neck extended, beak agape. In the street, hundreds of cyclists were riding to work. Some lovers biked hand

in hand. A tradesman carried two long ladders on his handle bars. One cyclist, pedalling in clogs, just missed the hen. A small hand-drawn milk wagon passed, all copper. Dogs, hitched below, helped to pull it along. To the right, an overhead railway, to the left, a cathedral. The old and the new, with a flying hen between.

We descended for our first Dutch breakfast—cold boiled eggs, two kinds of thinly sliced bologna, cheese, bread, butter and coffee.

Everything was expensive. One day in Rotterdam. We walked along the canals and noticed how modern and American Rotterdam was—streamlined baby buggies, automats, modernistic tomb-stones, and American cigarettes. We heard Jan Kiepura sing in a German picture with Dutch sub-titles. And we ate Dutch pea soup, recommended to us by a salesman who could speak a little English.

The waitress gave us a menu, and pointed to a footnote written in several languages. The English part of the note asked us to indicate our nationality by letter. Marguerite pointed to the E. We were given an English menu, itemized by number. We pointed to 106, opposite the soup. The waitress referred to a corresponding Dutch menu and favoured us with a knowing smile. She brought us pea soup plus. In the centre of it was a huge sausage. We looked at it, perplexed. The salesman, vexed, assured us that it was not an ornament. But it rolled elusively from the side of the spoon. It remained invincible.

A visit to the Adriaan-Stichting for badly crippled children. A two-hour talk with its delightful director, Doctor van Assen, stolidly built, with a massive grey head. From him we learned that Holland looked un-

favourably upon an institutionalized system. It favoured apprenticeship of the physically handicapped with regular masters. At the same time Doctor van Assen deplored the 'ape-love' of the mothers of many of the physically handicapped.

The next morning we prepared to leave. A strap was thrown over Uthafella's shoulder. The briefcase was at the end of it. Marguerite pulled on her Forsythe gloves and picked up the two bags.

"Ready?"

"Yes", said Marguerite.

"Go", said Uthafella. "One, two, three, four." Marguerite was away. Uthafella remained stationary until the count of ten. Ten paces apart, no one could accuse him of lack of chivalry. And we always knew where our bags were.

At the German frontier, we were turned out of the train and herded through the customs. Everything had to be declared. When it was there was no trouble.

The predominating colour became green—the green of marshalled men, with high necked uniforms, gruff clipped voices, closely cropped hair, and pointed military cap.

A twelve-hour journey to Berlin. My ticket allowed me to ride in any class, but Marguerite's had had to be purchased. However, the third class accommodation was comfortably upholstered. From a restaurant on wheels at one of the stations we purchased two *Heise Wurst*—ten-inch wieners that protruded ghoulishly from each end of a small bun. In the afternoon a young German sat down next to us. He spoke no English; we spoke no German. Marguerite offered him a cigarette, and for three hours we conversed with the aid of a dictionary, maps, pictures and voluble signs. We

learned that he was getting off at the station that had been recommended to us.

There was no one to meet us, although the C.P.R. at Rotterdam had said that Berlin would be notified. We would have been utterly lost but for the young German. He took us to a bank in the station, to cash some registered marks, previously purchased, as travellers cheques, in London. He took us to a hotel near the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtnis Kirche, with a bronze asterisk on the top of a lightning conductor. We were told that it was there because a terrified and servile architect incorporated the asterisk in the plans when it really referred him to a footnote written by William II about the spire.

A wash in our luxurious room, with water laid on. A late evening snack in a near by restaurant. A friend of the young German, who spoke broken French and joined the party. Marguerite translated our English into French, and this was converted into German. And so the conversation swung back and forth around the table, passing through three lingual stages.

Our language difficulties were solved with the arrival at the hotel the following morning of a little German girl. She had been asked by a friend in London to do everything she could for us. She apologized, in excellent English, for not being at the train the night before. She had been in touch with the C.P.R. in Berlin. The Dutch note landed us in Berlin twelve hours after our arrival.

She was young, beautiful and charming. She looked so much like my sister that we rechristened her Helena. She became our personal secretary during our Berlin visit. She, her car and her chauffeur were continually at our disposal.

Arrangements had been made. We and our belongings were immediately taken to the home of one of the executives of a cripples' organization. Our host was a wheel-chair case, his wife, a hunchback. A dual deformity in one family seemed to be no handicap, but I questioned its advisability.

Helena took us to meet Doctor Eckhardt, head of a central organization for all the work in Germany for the physically handicapped. He was tall and slight. He wore thick lensed glasses, and held a cigarette by a holder clipped to his finger. His front teeth protruded slightly. His fair hair was shaved across the back of his neck.

His office was an expression of German efficiency. The walls were covered with detailed charts and tables. A complete archive was in an adjoining room. He gave us three hours of his valuable time. Part of it was spent in his examination of Uthafella's feet. He showed great interest in their development. The rest of the time he devoted to our German tour of inspection. He offered to write to each institution we wished to visit, suggesting that they might extend hospitality to us.

Helena then took us to the offices of the German State Railway, where we proffered our personal thanks. The head official of the railway extended the time limits of our tickets to fit in with a re-adjusted and lengthened tour suggested by Doctor Eckhardt. He placed his agents throughout Germany at our disposal.

We went to the C.P.R. offices to pick up our mail which had been forwarded from Canada House. The C.P.R. representative in Berlin offered to write to his sub-agents in the different places, asking them to meet us on our arrival, and to notify the next sub-agent of our departure. We became a little dazed by so much consideration.

Helena accompanied us daily on our investigations in and around Berlin. On the morning visits she brought along her second breakfast, of sour brown bread and sausage, to be eaten at ten o'clock. Sometimes we were so busy that the hour passed. At these times it showed in Helena's translations.

One morning she drove us sixty miles north of Berlin to inspect a Sport Sanatorium for Industrial Cripples, at Hohen Lychen. The car stopped at the side of the road at ten o'clock. The second breakfast was produced, this time with coffee.

Windmills along the way. Strange-looking wagons, with boxes wider at the top than the bottom, and supported by poles running up from the axle. Signs 'No Jews wanted here', 'Jews forbidden'. Two hours at the Sport Sanatorium, where accident cripples were taught to re-adjust themselves, both mentally and physically, to compete in the normal labour market.

Off moments in a busy week. A drive to the lovely Wannsee Lake District. Visits to the Olympic Stadium, the Museum, the Aerodrome, and lavish Potsdam.

November 11. 10:58 a.m. Bareheaded on Unter den Linden, at the shrine of the Unknown Soldier. Alone.

Eintopf Sunday. On the second Sunday of every winter month, everyone is compelled to have a one-pot meal. The difference between its cost and that of a three-course meal is collected for winter relief.

Our host, in his wheel-chair, took us to Franz Josef Platz, near the State Opera House, on Unter den Linden, to see the one-pot meal served publicly. At two long tables in the square, people were served a thick soupy dish, from army transport stoves. They supped it rhythmically to the music of a German military

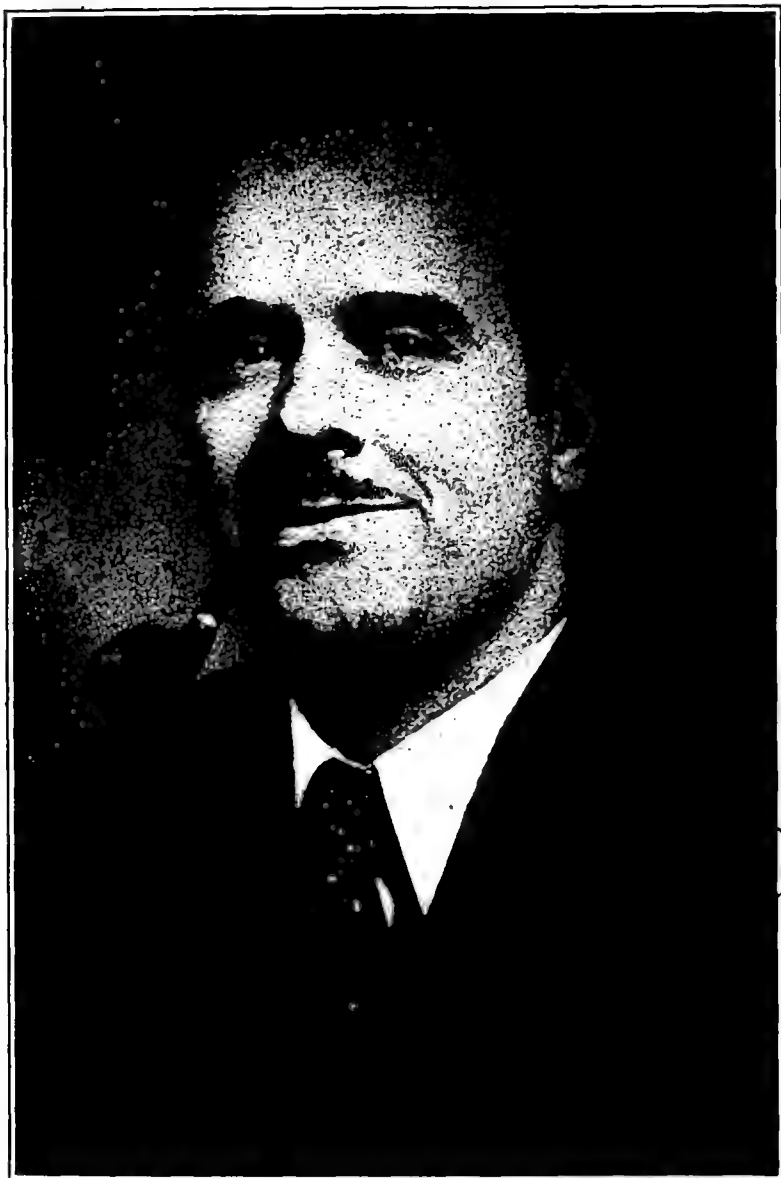


Photo by Basil Hamilton.

"Watson's unfailing cheerfulness has gained him great popularity."



band. It cost them 121½ cents. They were expected to contribute at least that much again for the winter help.

We returned home for ours. It was a pork chop boiled with suet pudding, carrots, turnips, brussels sprouts, onions, beans, parsnips and water. We had nothing else for dinner.

The next day, Helena dined us at Kempinski's. Venison with baked cherries and bananas.

We were invited to go to the Opera. We went alone, with tickets given to us by a Jew. He was forbidden entry to such a public place. We arrived late. We were forbidden to go to our seats until after the first act. Giannini, the guest artist, sang beautifully, but applause was forbidden until the end of each act.

We spent one afternoon at the studio of Katie Kollwitz. Her portrayal, on canvas, of Teutonic misery was so realistically disturbing that she had been forbidden to show in Germany.

A Berliner invited us to a room he had rented at a hotel for the occasion. He locked the door and shut the windows. Then, looking furtively over his shoulder, he spoke of matters deserving no such secrecy.

We learned that forty thousand physically handicapped in Germany possessed deficient hereditary qualities. According to the German racial laws these people had to be sterilized. The question of racial deficiency was determined by the Health Courts. Their decision was final. If they ordered sterilization the police could be called in to see that the order was executed. Of the forty thousand only 770 had so far been sterilized.

"And what of Doctor Goebbels' club-foot?" I asked. "Does it not make him an undesirable type, who should be sterilized according to the health laws?"

The Berliner's eyes flashed. Fear came into his face. Shaking a warning finger, he said in a terrified whisper, "*Das ist verboten*, it is forbidden to mention such a thing in Germany!"

Freedom of speech and expression was forbidden. The people evinced a despairing reticence. The secret police and the concentration camps were in the forefront of their minds.

Despite all the kindnesses shown to us, we could not come to love Berlin. Although it was well planned, its streets wide and tidy, its Tier Garten beautiful, its canal picturesque, it chilled us with its air of merciless efficiency.

An early morning train. Eastward, through flat uninteresting country. Breslau, on the banks of the river Oder in Silesia.

The training centre at Breslau extended hospitality, and provided a part-time interpreter. She was distressed at our insistence on learning about the vocational training done at the institution. She laughingly remarked, "People here think I can talk English. I am kept busy with English visitors. The real truth is that I can carry on a conversation. But whenever I cannot think of the English word, I just change the subject. But you won't let me!" Through her we learned that the school was the only one operated in Germany on the American system of bus transport.

We were given the hospital room, large, airy, and clean. In one corner stood a tall porcelain stove, extending from the floor to the ceiling. The room contained two beds, pushed together, each covered with a feather comforter. The national custom was observed: there were no upper sheets or blankets. The beds were really children's cots and the size of the comforters left certain

parts of the adults' bodies exposed. We slept criss-cross. The porcelain stove in the corner kept us warm.

On the day of our departure we were awakened at 5:30 a.m. by Schwester Maria, the school nurse. I had impressed on her, through the interpreter, that on no account should we miss the train. She landed us at the station forty-five minutes before train time. She slipped a parcel into Marguerite's hand. It was our second breakfast, to be eaten on the way.

A day in beautiful Dresden, on the River Elbe. The Frauen Kirche, with its glassed-in boxes around the balcony, and its statue of Luther just outside. The Court Church, the spire of which rises into the air like a symphony in stone. The Court Stables. The Zwinger art collection: Reubens, Rembrandts, Watteaus, Durers, Murillos, Titians, Correggios. In a small room, with a religious setting, Raphael's Sistine Madonna. We had the room and the Madonna to ourselves. Silently we sat before it.

In the evening, *Siegfried* at the State Opera House, where Wagner had personally conducted some of his premieres.

Our first departure from Germany. The German frontier. Newspapers taken from the passengers. German money taken from us. It was forbidden to take German paper money out of the country. We were allowed only ten marks each, in silver. Our total excess in paper and silver was banked for us. We were given a receipt, redeemable if, as and when we returned to Germany.

CHAPTER XVII

GETTING on and off a train in Central Europe was an awkward experience for Uthafella. All the steps into a coach were flush with its side. Uthafella, unable to grasp the railing, had to enter like a half-shut knife, to keep from falling back. The passengers were very, very excitable, particularly in third class. At least half an hour before reaching their destination they were in the corridors waiting to get out at the station. The more prominent the station, the longer the queue.

At Prague we brought up the end of an extended line. But we were pushed back again and again by the jostling incomers. They talked at us vociferously in a language we could not understand. Our exit was delayed so long that the C.P.R. agent, who had come to meet us, almost left the station without us.

This tall dour Scotsman, with a pipe for every day in the week, took us to a hotel where he had reserved a room for us. He left us to read our mail forwarded from Canada House; and to wait for Mr. Bartos, director of the Jedlicka Institute for Cripples.

Mr. Bartos was dark. His slight build accentuated a large round head, with piercing eyes. He spoke restricted but excellent English. His roving eye swept the room. It must have noticed the daily rate sheet in large letters, hanging on the wall. Perhaps, too, he noticed the footnote in rather small letters, that light, heat and service were extra. At any rate, he insisted on us leaving the place and becoming his guests.

What grace! Before departing, he clicked his heels in front of Marguerite, and with a magnificent gesture kissed her hand. The following morning he sent his car for us. "My guest is my God", he said, and placed himself completely at our disposal for the next four days.

He took us, wrapped in rugs, in his open car, across the River Vltava, over the seven hundred years old Charles Bridge.

The house in which Mozart wrote *Don Giovanni*, in a small room on a small spinet. Beethoven's home. An old street with pictures over the doors instead of numbers. Parliament Hill. St. Vitus Cathedral. The tomb of King Wenceslas. The small delicate statue of the Infant of Prague.

We tried two other churches, during the noon hour. They were locked. Said Bartos, on coming back to the car, "We'll have to come again. The Lord has gone to lunch."

We were his guests at the State Opera House, to hear *Rusalka*, an opera in Czech, by Dvorak. The music was haunting and tender, full of gypsy melody—a contrast to the emotional robustness of the Wagner we had heard in Dresden. He also sent us to hear the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Eric Kleiber, with Maria Tauberova as guest soloist.

Bartos' cuisine was excellent but oversatisfying. He insisted, "My kitchen is not good", because our capacity was not European. He treated us to a distinctly Czech Sunday dinner: *slivovice*, (an aperitif) roast goose with *knědliky* (a light dumpling), cabbage, potatoes and a side dish of pears; Pilsener. There was also drinking water on the table. It was the first we had had without requesting it since leaving Canada.

The following evening we were the dinner guests of Doctor Jedlicka, brother of the founder of the school. Our host, bluff, militant, spoke Czech and German. Bartos, fiery, energetic, spoke English, Czech and German. Doctor Klima, kindly with wrinkly smiling eyes and heavy grey hair that swept over his ears, spoke French and Czech. Our hostess, Jedlickova, small, demure, spoke French and Czech. Marguerite, English and French. And I, English.

The evening, with its quadrilingual cross currents and circular tours, was a babble of tongues. The menu: Vermouth, soup, hors-d'œuvres, pheasant (our host was a hunter), potatoes, vegetables, Pilsener, fruit, sweets, Benedictine, cigars (long, short and medium). Cognac, pheasant patties with salad. Tea, cognac and SNUFF.

It was Uthafella's first try at snuff. Mine host stood over him. With a courtly gesture, he tapped the silver snuff box three times, and laid some of the black powder on Uthafella's crook'd big toe. I inhaled sonorously and deep. The Czechs became excited. Through Marguerite, I learned that my left nostril functioned more efficiently than the right. But disappointingly, no sneeze resulted.

At eleven o'clock, after much Czech discussion, Doctor Klima asked me, through Bartos, if I would like to accompany him. He and I arose from the table. The others also. We were led into the hall, helped into our togs, and driven home in Doctor Klima's limousine.

The same limousine took us for a day in the country with Bartos. We followed the River Vltava. Eighteen miles from Prague, Karlstejn Castle, remotely aloof on its rocky eminence, burst into view through an opening of the picturesque wooded region. We entered its walls. We were taken through the palace of an ancient

dynasty of kings, and shown the jewels of the Holy Roman Empire, in the religiously adorned chapel of the Holy Cross. We stood before the huge treadmill to listen for seconds for the sound of some water that had been dropped into the deep castle well.

We continued up the valley, crossed the river by ferry, and finally arrived at the Jedlicka summer school near the small village of Lockowitz. To this dream place, at the side of a wooded slope, in a park full of evergreens and silver birches and weeping willows, Bartos brought his scholars for five months each year. Here they enjoyed the fresh air, bathed in the curative spring waters, lay in the sunshine and gazed at the blue-purple hills, the oxen plowing and the peasant women working in the fields.

Bartos had phoned the caretaker to have the house warm for our arrival. The telephone operator told the postman. The postman told the mayor. The mayor came to the school to bring the official welcome of the village to the two foreigners from Canada, and to present Marguerite Watsonova with a bouquet of violets. But we had departed for Prague half an hour before.

We were loathe to leave lovely Prague.

A telephone communication from Prague to Brno anticipated our arrival. We were met, and taken to the Ustav (institute) where we were guests for two days. Marguerite's growing knowledge of French was invaluable here. An English interpreter had been gathered up, but he was of little practical help. Twenty years earlier he had spent two years in America. Fortunately, the doctor at the institution knew some French.

After Brno, Bratislava, in Slovakia. During the train journey, the country broadened into cultivated fields.

Peasants were behind hand plows, pulled either by oxen or horses or one of each. Wherever a man was working in the fields, his woman was by his side.

In Bratislava the Ustav director, Mr. Smetana, a young blond Moravian of thirty-five, distantly related to the great musician, met us at the train. He brought with him the wife of a University professor at Bratislava. She was a native of Chicago, big, fleshy and jolly. She proved an enjoyable interpreter. Although she had forgotten some of her English vocabulary, the slang was still there.

The amazing hospitality continued. We were taken from the train to a hotel, where we were to be the guests of the director.

The Danube. Smetana put us on board a ferry for a crossing. The river was a lazy dirty brown. Smetana laughingly told us, through our interpreter, that when Strauss wrote the 'Beautiful Blue Danube', he must have been recovering from colorphobia after a bad night.

We were driven to see the ruins of a castle on a height overlooking Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, at a point where the Danube and the Moravian River joined. After we had come down from the castle we sat in the kitchen of a primitive home, with its evergreen wreath, the sign of a wine house, hanging at the door. We tasted a glass of unfermented wine, made from the grapes that had grown on the slopes of a hill that rose away from the back door. On the road back to Bratislava we passed peasant women carrying great huge heavy bundles of fagots from the river.

The training centre at Bratislava was in the course of construction. We were most enthusiastic over the plans, which included hospital, school, workshops and living

quarters. The inspection of some of the training shops under operation showed great promise.

On our last evening in Czechoslovakia we sat in a box in the State Opera House and heard *Madame Butterfly* sung in Czech.

The next morning we left. We had spent only slightly over \$5.00 during our eight days in Czechoslovakia. Graciously our hosts had repeatedly told us that our English money was of no use in their country.

Our visit to Czechoslovakia impressed us. In less than twenty years the peoples of the re-united states of Moravia had worked wonders socially, educationally and politically. They were a people reborn. Their rebirth filled them with a vitalizing energy. "There is so much to do, so little time to do it", was on the lips of everyone. Their new world was affecting them as the discovery of America did the old. Czechoslovakia was experiencing a renaissance. They felt the pressure from the north. They did not fear it. Their soldiers swung through the streets, singing gay songs—the only singing soldiers we encountered in Central Europe. They were prepared to defend their liberty. "We will not sell our freedom cheaply", they said. They were strong in the belief that the two great democracies of Britain and France would assist them if need be. The month was November. The year, 1937.

Austria. Poverty and privation. Beggars everywhere. Food, scarce and expensive. The people, demoralized and uncertain. Two thirds of the population in the capital. An octopus city deprived of its tentacles.

Here we could add little to our store of information. The task of finding employment for the able was so gigantically overwhelming that the disabled had to fend for themselves or depend upon a strained state charity.

We surmised this from our conversation with Doctor Spitzzy, orthopaedic surgeon, at his hospital in Vienna on the morning of our arrival. Doctor Spitzzy was dressed in a white short-sleeved, slip-over coat. He was broad-hipped and broad-shouldered. His head was large, the thick grey hair curly and wiry.

He had closed his training school for handicapped children a year previously. He believed that the training of the physically handicapped should not be done in an institution, but rather that they be apprenticed to regular masters. He hinted, also, that there was an economic reason for closing the school. But he dropped his ponderous arm on Uthafella's shoulder, and sent us to a workshop operated by an organization of physically handicapped people. The impression was a sad one.

Supper in a cellar café that had once been a royal stable. The lovely Opera House on the Ring. Jan Kiepura in *Il Trovatore* sung in German. The young beauties of Vienna hanging on every silvery note.

A small hotel just off the Ring, the inner court looking up at the illuminated dome of St. Charles Church. A small room with bolsters between the double windows.

Sunday. The little house, within the shadow of St. Charles Church, where Schubert wrote his *Ave Maria*. Schubert's birthplace. A walk around the Ring. Chestnuts from a brazier on the banks of the Danube Canal. Schoenbrunn, the castle of the deposed Hapsburgs. The lavish conception of the castle and the gardens, the preponderance of statuary, the similarity of design to Versailles in France, Sans-Souci in Germany and Hampton Court in England. Interesting to see, but the thought of the subjects who paid for such royal extravagance most disturbing.

Vienna! Lovely, decadent Vienna! Its tall spires, its spacious parks, its wide streets, its beautiful buildings, wistfully sighed the lament of a lost culture and a lost hope.

Hungary. The train rushing over a very rough road-bed. The valley of the Danube. The broadening country. The tall skies. The clear atmosphere. The richly productive fields. The coach of the Prime Minister returning from an official visit from the north.

The arrival of the Prime Minister on the same train delayed our departure from the station at Budapest. Although he was coming back empty handed from a debtor nation he was received with pomp and solemnity. Moving picture cameras reeled, newspapermen questioned, within a cordon of police. We could not get through until the expensive bags and lavish gifts were unloaded from the private car.

Two hours later, a training school in Budapest for crippled children. In a building originally designed to house thirty people, a hundred and fifty cripples were living. Long narrow dormitories carried four rows of beds crowded together. The toilet accommodation was bad, the food poor, the clothes of the children pauperish. The girls slept and worked in the cellar.

The narrow strip of beauty along the Danube remained elevated and apart, built and sustained by the taxes drained from the peasants and their forefathers. The spread between abject poverty and vulgar wealth was too great. Official serfdom begged and spat and was nauseatingly drunk on the squalid streets. It was tragic to think that the savage ignorance of these people of the Balkans had set the world aflame on more than one occasion.

Every Hungarian whined of the territorial losses. Near the Bourse, the nation's flag hung perpetually at

half mast. Four statues representing the lost property looked north, south, east and west. In every municipal building and transport vehicle, a printed prayer was on display. It read: I believe in God. I believe in Hungary. I believe in the eternal faith. I believe in the resurrection of my country. Amen.

The opera. Beautiful women, expensively coiffured and beautifully dressed. *Così Fan Tutti* sung in Hungarian.

The third minute before the end of the opera, the elegance and splendour evaporated and was gone. The majority of the people had fled to the check room. It was an age-old custom of opera audiences in Budapest, so we were told. With a very small number we sat and heard the opera to its end.

In early December we turned our faces westward towards the setting sun and the rising new world.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE day out of Budapest was spent on the train. We passed through three stages. During the Hungarian part, we rode in a first-class compartment as the guests of the Hungarian State Railway. In Czechoslovakia we moved forward into a second-class compartment as the guests of the Czechoslovakian State Railway. And at the German border we moved into a third-class coach. We had purchased the transportation to Dresden.

At the German frontier, on production of our receipt, we were given our money back, with a slight reduction for bank charges. For a second time we declared our total carrying wealth in foreign money so that we could take it out when we left.

A young German, whom we met in the third stage, and who spoke English fairly well, carried the bags for Marguerite at Dresden. There was no need for the ten-foot span this time.

We spent the night at Dresden at the Hospiz that had housed us on our previous visit. The manageress remembered us because of the unusual question we had asked. The Schick Razor Company in London had given me the necessary appliances to use the razor all over Europe. Our question to her had been "*Was ist die volts?*" The correct answer had kept me out of Continental barber shops.

The same room on the top floor, sloping walls, twin beds, puffed feather comforters.

Leipzig. The warmth of the people of Saxony.

We stayed at the Humanitas institution. What a wealth of information we were able to get on the training of the physically handicapped. We were given copies of the tests used at the school to determine the mental and physical abilities of each student, from which the choice of vocation was determined.

Saturday afternoon. One of the teachers who spoke English took us to the Thomas Church to hear the Thomaner Choir of boys. There was an air of silence and reverence within. We felt a contact with the past. We looked up at the choir loft high above the altar. We imagined the broad shoulders and massive head of the famous cantor, John Sebastian Bach, bending over the keys. The Thomaner boys sang old German Christmas carols. Their sharp, little voices came down to us, crystal clear, like raindrops glistening in the sunlight.

They built massively in Leipzig—the Rathaus, the Law Courts and the Monument to the Battle of all Nations. We could see the monument from the window as we breakfasted in the sunroom at the Humanitas. Near the top were gigantic figures, with bowed heads, representative of the soldiers who fell in the near by fields against Napoleon's army in 1813.

The interior formed a series of domes, receding into nothingness. The acoustics were phenomenal. Standing inside on a mezzanine Uthafella sang the tonic chord. The notes blended into a harmonious whole, like a chord from an organ. It echoed and re-echoed and drifted away like a sigh.

On the way from Leipzig to Nuremberg, Marguerite and I had to sit apart. The third-class coach was so full that I was forced to use my first-class accommodation.

Near Nuremberg, the hop country. In the fields, tall staves strapped together like a teepee. Half timbered houses with gabled roofs. Series of openings in the roofs to let the fresh air circulate through the high attics and dry the hops away from the sun. The Germans said it made better beer.

The trip to Nuremberg took most of the day. When drafting our tentative schedule of dates, we had forgotten to consider the time consumed in train travel. Marguerite had dared Uthafella to do the trip without a haircut. We were days behind and Uthafella's hair was growing very long.

But lateness mattered little. We could not draw ourselves away from the intriguing one-thousand-year-old town of Nuremberg. Within its twenty-foot thick walls were all the picturesque elements of an older civilization. Our memories of it are warm and soft and gentle like the aroma of a beautiful faded rose petal.

The Lorenzo Church with its tall spire. The canal and the half-timbered houses leaning out over the water. The market place dressed for Christmas. The square filled with stalls of toys. Gingerbread. A hand turned box bought from an old wood carver dressed in black, with a long, pointed white beard. The Schöne Brunnen, a delicately carved fountain. The Advent wreath with four candles over every exit. The narrowest of narrow streets leading out of the market place. The Bratwurst-Herzle, for delicious sausages roasted in front of an open fire.

Christmas gifts for Canada. We had to resort to sample post to avoid too much red-tape. It allowed only 500 grams per parcel. With a scale and some judicious juggling of paper and string, in the office of

the C.P.R. sub-agent, we managed to send our remembrances home.

The Lutheran Training Centre for the physically handicapped was at Altdorf, fifteen miles from Nuremberg. 6:00 a.m. A work train. Wooden benches. A smoky stale air. Boisterously jolly men. Altdorf.

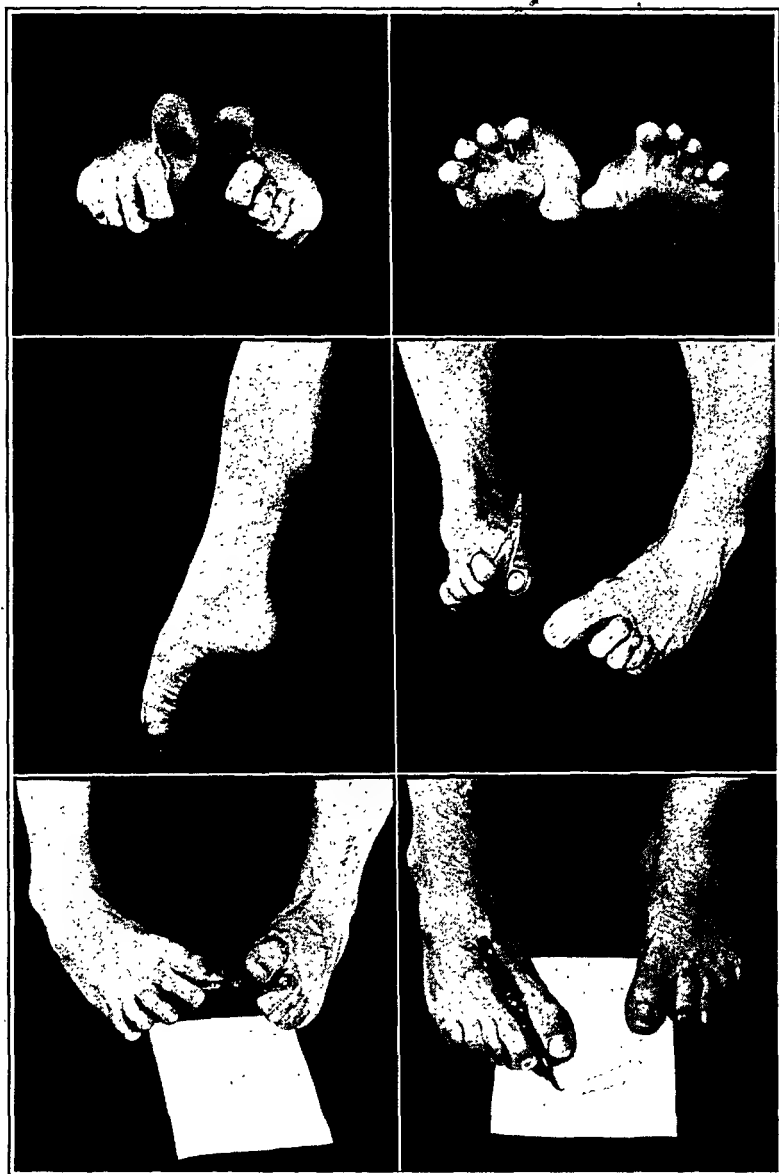
It was still early morning when we were let down at this dreamy medieval village. There was an air of unreality about the place. We walked the narrow cobbled stone streets in search of the institution. A man pulled hard at a rope, dragging a squealing, grunting sow up the cobbled road to the market place. The square, with its two gates of the old city wall, was deserted. The hand of time seemed suspended. The houses around the square, massive, colourfully imposing, were still asleep. A few pigs and cows roamed about. We could get breakfast nowhere. But we learned that the institution was at the old University.

It was picturesque, with centre court, wrought iron fountains, cloisters and coloured sundial. During our inspection we learned how humane and advanced the work was within the walls of the old University, where Wallenstein had once been a student.

While we were in the gymnasium, the instructress came up to our guide and asked if I had ever written a book. She had seen a copy of it, which a German delegate to the Crippled Children Convention at Montreal, in 1934, had brought back.

We returned to Nuremberg after coffee in the old Great Hall of the University.

Munich. Too modern and new and Nazi. The institution in the morning. Our guide, the director, knew no English. We were foreign observers in the literal sense of the word. In every room we entered, the children pulled themselves quickly to their feet, stuck out their



Photos by Dr. Wm. Thomsen, Fränkfurt a.M., Germany.

"The ingenious ability and the unusual evolution of these feet is astonishing."

DR. THOMSEN.

right arm and shouted "*Heil Hitler*". It was repeated when we left.

In the afternoon, the 'Temple of Honour', on the Königs Platz, to the sixteen faithful followers of Adolph Hitler. Eight black, steel coffins, enshrined in two temples of stone near the Brown House. Then the place in front of the Feldherrnhalle where they fell, along with Adolph Hitler, who sprained his arm in the impact on November 9, 1923.

In the evening, the Platzl Cafe. The people of Munich who liked their comedy and comic songs. No stage curtain. The back drops, a Bavarian street with bright houses and characteristic balconies.

The players in black trousers, white shirts, high-necked black waistcoats with colourful embroidered fronts, drifted leisurely on to the stage. They put their music on a table and sat around it, plucking zithers, and blowing brasses and things. Some brilliant yodelling, the famous clapper dance, lusty community singing, and four hilarious comic plays. The comedian was Weiss Fertil. His pantomime was perfect. One fat, blond German, at our table, had difficulty finding his handkerchief to wipe away his tears. When we could not understand we laughed at the audience laughing.

Out of Munich. The Bavarian Alps. Little villages perilous on the side of steep declivities. Top heavy chalets with wide gabled roofs and second floor balconies. Church spires with bulbous ends like a sultan's turban. Mountain peaks clothed in snow. In the hanging valleys, herds of cattle.

Half an hour at the old island town of Lindau, in Lake Constance. A walk around the harbour. On the opposite shore, the snowy peaks in Austria and Switzerland, white against a sky of southern blue.

The train along the lake shore. Vineyards and orchards. The big glass roof of the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen.

Basel, Switzerland. An exhilarating tang in the air. The hilly streets. The old town. The red limestone cathedral, its tall domes, its quiet cloisters. Behind it, the Rhine, Germany and France.

An electric train speeding like the wind through tunnel after tunnel from Basel to Berne. Four hours in Berne, a dignified old medieval city standing amidst mountain splendours. The magnificent monument to the Postal Services of all countries. The Parliament Buildings. In the distance, the Jungfrau, standing aloof in all its virgin beauty. The Bear Pit where bears, the national emblem of Berne, have been kept for centuries. The old arcades. The overhanging houses and inner courts. Fountains in the centre of the road, surmounted by colourful statues. Above the old city gate, the clock tower, with its stationary mechanical figures. Five minutes to four.

Bells began to ring. A procession of bears, dressed as soldiers, jerkily circled about the central figure. A cock, on one side, crowed and flapped its wings. On the other, a lion turned its head. The central figure inverted an hour glass in his hand. At that, a mechanical soldier struck the hour on a big bell. It was four o'clock!

By train to Lausanne. The funicular from the station to the business part of the city above. Stair after stair for a look at the illuminated cathedral.

The next day, an excursion train for Geneva. Up a winding narrow street to the church where John Knox preached. Beyond and down, the monument to the Reformation.

A calamity! We discovered we had left our money in Lausanne. We had only a few pieces of silver. We were very hungry. We hunted the streets on the south side of the lake. We could find no cheap dinner menu. Near the lake shore we passed a little restaurant twice. It was called the Café of the Saw. We entered it. Marguerite, in her best French, explained our plight to the red-headed waitress. We learned that we could have two soups and bread for the amount of money we had with us.

During the soup, the waitress approached with more food. Our hearts sank. Hadn't she understood! But with the food she brought a message. "It is with the compliments of *M. le Patron*." The café was small. The story of our plight travelled quickly. The waitress brought wine with the compliments of one of the guests. "It is from the *monsieur par ici*." She indicated a fat, dark man on our left. She brought some cigarettes. "It is from the *monsieur par là*." She pointed to an Egyptian university student, to our right. It was too much! We fled amidst a shower of good-byes and good wishes, *Pour les pauvres petits Canadiens*.

A visit to the League of Nations. The train back to Lausanne.

The next morning, two hours with M. de Graz, learning about the society for the physically handicapped in Switzerland, and the five workshops it operated. He was enthusiastic about an experiment of the society. Boys lived in a home and received vocational guidance there, but obtained their training through the ordinary channels of business.

We went to a bank on the site of the hotel in which Byron wrote part of the Prisoner of Chillon. It will always remain Byron's Bank to us.

Near by, from a granite terrace, we got our first real look at Lake Geneva. It was green, a transparent green. The sky was clouded. There was a struggle between sun and cloud. The sun broke through, and sent its searchlight across the quiet waters, a drop of gold on emerald. The scene was always changing, always beautiful. By the time we dropped to the shore, the clouds had drifted away. The tall heavens, pillared by rugged snow capped peaks, looked down and turned the lake into turquoise blue.

The train for Montreux. The tram from Montreux to Chillon. The small castle with its square turrets and red roof, jutting out of the lake.

A walk back along the shore. The day, crisp and clear; the sun, bright. At Montreux, the train for Aigle. The funicular railway from Aigle up to Leysin. A single coach affair.

We were locked in before we made the perilous ascent, past terraced vineyards, to the tuberculosis sanatoria of Doctor Rollier—thirty clinics, high up on the slopes of the Vaudois Alps, facing Mount Blanc.

The Manufacturing Clinic. In the wards, work benches on wheels across the beds. A motor on a bench driving a saw at high speed. A patient cutting out a toy.

"And how do you like it up here"? I asked.

"Fine", he said ecstatically. "You see I'm kept busy. And I get paid for it."

I turned to *monsieur le directeur*. "But why must you get so high up the mountain?"

"The higher we go, the closer we are to God", he replied.

In this Christ-like atmosphere the patients were finding happiness in creation and work.

* * * *

Nightfall, two days later. Freiburg on the edge of the Black Forest in Southern Germany. The cleanest city in Europe with water running down all its streets.

In the morning, the home of the cartographer who gave America its name in honour of Amerigo Vespucci. Up the Schlossburg. Far to our left, the Black Forest; in front, the wide valley of the Rhine; below, the old town clustered about the magnificent cathedral; the sunlight through the delicate pattern of its Gothic stone spire.

Lunch at the Hospiz. Then to the station behind a little hand drawn wagon with our bags on it, bumping over the cobble stones.

Heidelberg. Marguerite had always wanted to visit this old university town and the castle, and to walk along the Neckar which reflects the age old glory of the place. She accomplished her desire.

As a child her fantastic and romantic day dreams had amused her brother and sisters. They dubbed her *Madame la Comtesse*. They each received a post card bearing the post mark of Heidelberg and the words, *Madame la Comtesse*.

We drew ourselves away from Heidelberg and took the afternoon train for Frankfort am Main. At its University Orthopaedic Hospital we began to bathe in the warmth of Rhinelandish hospitality. We were given a private ward. A bottle of soda water and a plate of fruit and nuts were in the room. Coffee was served by Schwester Helena, small, blue-eyed and dark. She giggled delightfully at Uthafella's pedal dexterity.

The news spread like wild-fire. Two very excited doctors stopped Uthafella in the corridor next morning. They seized him and took him to the photographic room. Moving pictures, stills, X-rays of the feet, bare

and in shoes, at ease and bearing the full weight of the body. Then to the office of Herr Oberarzt for measurements of contraction, expansion and muscular strength.

Herr Oberarzt dropped on his knees before Uthafella's feet. He took them in his hands. Their flexibility, their deftness, their strength, their hand-like gestures drew chuckles of excited satisfaction. "*Das ist nicht möglich*, it is impossible. So perfect a foot on a civilized human being. I thought only to find it among the natives of Papua." Lifting his flaxen head he said, meditatively and conclusively, "Herr Watson, you have an artist foot."

He drafted an illustrated article which was to appear in a leading German medical magazine. With delightful Teutonic bluntness it read in part: "The skin of Herr Watson's foot is not in the usual unappetising condition. It is quite dry, free from odour, and the sole of the foot possesses the sensitiveness of the palm of the hand. The foot is not ticklish, and the feet are perfect gripping instruments. The first and second toes grip with astonishing strength. The ingenious ability and the unusual evolution of these feet is astonishing and gratifying.

"Not only the feet but the whole of the leg muscles have become especially developed. Also the movement of the hip joint. The leg is raised with ease above a horizontal position, and its lateral rotation reaches a full 90° in the right hip joint. The muscles of the hip and upper part of the thigh are powerfully developed, unusually firm in extension and quite free in relaxation.

"The body is completely normal, indeed extraordinarily strongly developed, with the exception of his two useless appendages.

"However astonishing the powers of his feet are, the first thing about Herr Watson is the triumphant way he

has dealt with his handicap. I have seldom met such a happy and humorous person. Both he and his wife are not only content with life, but are an exceptionally sympathetic and happily married couple."

These facts interested the staff so much that we were ready to leave for Engers, our next stop, before they realized we had seen very little of the hospital.

The train along the Rhine. A heavy mist. Lights, from Christmas trees in the market places, struggling through the haze. The jagged reflections in the black waters of Father Rhine. The spirit of Christmas.

A priest from the institution at Engers met us at the little station. He carried the bags, so we all walked together to the castle on the banks of the Rhine.

Our bedroom and sitting room overlooked the river. In the morning, side-wheelers, flying the flags of different nations, chugged past. Behind them were long strings of low river barges.

A tour of inspection through the renovated castle, Hospital, workshops, classrooms. The old ballroom of the castle untouched, the walls mirrored, the ceiling beautifully painted with pictures of Diana and the trophies of the hunt. It was ^{now} used as a gymnasium.

A slow train through the fog from Engers to Cologne. We amused ourselves by counting the number of German words we had acquired. It came to three hundred. But people were so amused at our attempts to express ourselves in German that we always professed ignorance of it immediately.

Doctor Busching met us at the train. "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" he asked in a long slow drawl.

"No!" we answered in unison.

"*Nein?*" he replied in affected surprise.

"No!" we said emphatically. "Do you speak English?"

"*Nein!*" he answered.

"No?" we asked in assumed astonishment.

"*Nein!*" he said emphatically.

At the institution he hastily found a young medical doctor who could speak a little English.

Doctor Busching was the secretary of a number of Catholic crippled children's institutions, operated by the Joseph Society. Boys and girls were trained in separate institutions throughout Germany. Engers, for boys only, belonged to the Society. Eduardushaus was the headquarters of the Society. It and the Orthopaedic Hospital were together in Cologne.

Christmas week at Eduardushaus. The head of the institution was a young Viennese priest, a wheel-chair case. He understood a little French, but spoke none of it. The three young doctors at the hospital spoke only German, with the exception of the one who knew a little English. It was a wild hilarious week with our three hundred words of German and the priest's smattering of French.

One day Marguerite took herself, her French and most of our German into the city on business. She was away a long time. The situation became desperate. Finally I picked despairingly of the German I knew and fled into the general office of the hospital.

"*Helpf, helpf,*" I cried. "*Mein frau nicht hier. Toiletten, toiletten.*"

An orderly was immediately dispatched and the situation was relieved.

The day before Christmas. Singing angels. The priest in his wheel-chair going from ward to ward. Into each a rolling table with a gaily decorated tree. A gift and a bag

of cookies for every patient. For each of the children's wards a baked model of the old witch's gingerbread house with a chocolate Hans and Gretel looking at it. A portable organ lifted by elevator from floor to floor. In the background a choir of nuns singing Christmas hymns.

Midnight Mass. The hospital chapel in candle light. An aroma of incense. The white beds. The black robes of the nuns. The young pastor in his wheel-chair facing the congregation. A low altar table so arranged that he could say the Mass easily without moving. At communion time, the communicants in single file. The wheel-chair from bed to bed. Soft lights, gentle music, simple devotion—an atmosphere of holy reverence.

Christmas Day. Cologne Cathedral. The voices of the choir boys rising higher and higher, fading and echoing in the distant reaches of the Cathedral: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Peace! Everywhere we had been in Central Europe we had found the people desirous of peace. Everywhere we went we saw soldiers, soldiers, soldiers; soldiers in brown, soldiers in blue, soldiers in green. Everywhere we went the countries feared Germany, and Germany feared Russia: the international merry-go-round of the fear of force and the clash of race hatred. Everywhere we went we saw fortifications guarding the frontiers—the symbols of the misdirected energy of the nations, waiting for the legions of love to rise up and destroy them.

We left Germany on December 31, 1937.

Belgium. At the station in Ostend Marguerite asked for two tickets to St. Julien.

"Where?" asked the agent in broken English.

"St. Julien", I interjected. "St. Julien Wood, where gas was first used during the Great War, at the second battle of Ypres."

The agent still looked perplexed.

"*Deux billets pour le Bois de St. Julien*", said Marguerite in her best French.

"I do not know the place", he answered. "It must be in France."

Two tickets for Ypres on one of the slowest of slow trains. Twenty stops in twenty miles. A bus through the Menin Gate, into the countryside and to St. Julien Wood. A house on one corner. A memorial on the other to the two thousand Canadians who gave their lives for liberty and peace.

Somewhere in the fields beyond Annie Macnish's oldest boy had received the bullet and the gas that sent him home to die.

We stood there silently alone, watching the helmeted stone head become a shrouded silhouette. Night came down upon us. No larks sang in the sky. No poppies were in the fields. But the sun, dropping away, splashed the horizon blood red.

We turned, and in the dusk of that quiet evening took the winding road back.

Our pilgrimage was ended.

EPILOGUE

"Sweet chance that led my steps abroad,
How rich and great the times are now."

OUR Continental survey has substantiated our belief in the efficacy of vocational training for the physically handicapped.

The question is not a simple one. The first problem is to find the physically handicapped. In Slovakia data on the incidence of crippling is being accumulated by making it compulsory to register congenital deformities at birth; by regular clinical investigations throughout the province, revealing tuberculosis of the bone and joint, rickets, bad hearts, etc.; by reports from all doctors, teachers and industrialists (accidents, etc.).

About a decade ago Germany took a national census on physical defects. Taking into consideration everyone who did not have complete use of the body and its appendages, it was estimated that 400,000 Germans were physically handicapped.

Pastor Veitor at the Lutheran Institution in Volmartsstein, Germany, has calculated that only 15 per cent. of the physically handicapped are unable to compete in the normal labour market. The placement bureau in London has found that 85 per cent. of the graduates from the schools for the physically defective in London can be successfully placed in jobs.

In every country we visited the officials could not stress too strongly the need for an intensive preliminary education. It simplifies and aids the teaching of a vocation. At the Derwin Training Centre in Oswestry,

England, we were told that the lack of education was one of the greatest obstacles. At the Leatherhead Training School in Berkshire we found boys of eighteen being taught the rudiments of mathematics before they could continue their courses in engineering. Belgium, too, had great difficulty with this problem.

The time lost through illness is of primary consideration. In the city of London, the physically handicapped are kept at school two years longer than the normal child on the grounds that the average crippled child loses two years through illness. But the hospital and the school are separate in England. Germany and Czechoslovakia meet the problem by making the hospital and the school part of the same unit. Education and treatment go hand in hand. The pupils are readily interchanged without any interruption of the curriculum. At the Humanitas in Leipzig they are brought from ward to school room by means of the elevators and rolling beds. They sit or lie during school hours on specially constructed desks.

Many physically handicapped people cannot move readily from place to place. London uses buses to take its cripples to and from the twenty-five special schools in operation there. It has one great disadvantage. We calculated that each child loses from one and a half to two years of school life waiting for the bus and in it.

All crippled children are not mental giants. The belief that they are has grown up because a few physically handicapped people have attained outstanding success by overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles.

Vocational training centres have sprung up to absorb the great number of cripples who cannot go into the professions. It has been found that the best working unit does not exceed two hundred trainees. In England, Scotland and Switzerland, these training centres are

operated by voluntary organizations. In Czechoslovakia they are operated by voluntary bodies under the patronage of the provincial governments. In Germany and Belgium they are under state control. Government control seemed to us to take the matter out of the field of charity and free it from sentimentality and pity.

During the instinctive playful stage the consequences of a handicap are not realized. But with the years, there comes a vivid awakening in the minds of those physically handicapped to the difference between themselves and others. Self-consciousness is often the result of too much attention on the street. If there is not someone specially versed in the psychological analysis of the problem to teach the physically handicapped person that the realities of life are often stern, and that affliction is sometimes part of the discipline to it; that a sane and intelligent approach, combined with faith and nerve, will overcome every difficulty, if only the will to win keeps strong; if there is not someone to prove to him that a handicap is often a positive advantage, bringing forth untapped sources of energy and initiative, then there is the danger that the physically handicapped person will be filled with bitter irony and a hatred towards society. This is particularly true of those afflicted in later life. It is these emotions that the specially trained teacher strives to combat.

Before determining the course of training for the physically handicapped person, his functional abilities must be considered. At the Oscar Helene Heim in Berlin, and at the Humanitas in Leipzig, they are ascertained scientifically by means of a series of mechanical tests. But it is not always necessary to go this far. A one-legged boy will not make a good carpenter; a person with only one good arm should not be given a course in tailoring. But at Nowawes, just outside of

Berlin, a one-armed girl can become an efficient initialler by using a special apparatus, invented by the institution, and attached to the sewing machine. At the Oscar Helene Heim we saw a class of twenty-five one-armed people going through a rigorous test in type-writing. The shift key was operated by a mechanical device controlled by the knee. At Leatherhead, a one-armed young man can become an efficient electric welder or a spray-brush painter.

The most successful training centres we visited were those that kept a close watch on the business trends, and taught only marketable trades. Leatherhead had abandoned the teaching of the traditional crafts because mass production and the machine have made hand tailoring, carpentry and shoemaking most unprofitable in England. Instead it teaches electrical and mechanical engineering. Lighter industries have become common in England since the War. Under the new armaments scheme the Leatherhead graduates have no difficulty finding remunerative employment. Commercially, the machine has also replaced hand bookbinding in England. However, it is still taught with great success in Charleroi, Belgium, because there is a current demand in Belgium for men trained in this craft. In Germany, the traditional crafts are taught in conjunction with those trades involving machinery. This is particularly true of the Lutheran Institution at Volmarstein, and the Roman Catholic one at Bigge, both in the industrial section of Western Germany. At the Humanitas a new project is being developed—poultry farming.

At Hohen Lychen, in Germany, there is an institution for accident cripples only, embodying all the better principles of a vocational training centre for the physically handicapped. The accident cripple receives medical care, and is taught a new set of values. The approach

is positive throughout, from the overcoming of sensitiveness to the participation in sport. In the workshop the functional abilities of each person are determined and classified. When necessary a new trade is chosen to meet these functional abilities, always bearing in mind the mentality of the person under consideration. The accident cripple is then circulated back into society.

The most difficult part of the work is the placement of trained physically handicapped people. Beside the obstacles of Union and Workmen's Compensation regulations, there is that greater obstacle, Prejudice, to be overcome. Wherever there is affliction, there is a conflict between the fit and the disabled, because unconsciously the fit cannot tolerate to contemplate what they themselves might someday become. A whole new set of values has to be built up to counteract this shrinkage, this retreat, this embarrassment, this form of fear. The employment agency in London always interviews the employer before placing the physically handicapped person. In Northern Germany the problem has been met, in part, by statute. Every establishment employing more than twenty persons must, by law, have at least one cripple. In Sweden, Government employees, known as Curators, help to place the trained cripple in work; and follow his progress for ten years thereafter.

Once placed, most of these people prove themselves better workers, because of their acquired patience, their perseverance, and their willingness to work. It has been found that they are stayers, not floating from one job to another. With the proper training and the proper outlook, this 85 per cent. need not be a burden to anyone.

But what of the other 15 per cent.? In London, one society acts as a clearing house for the work done by bed-ridden patients. In France and Belgium, there is a pension scheme for the physically handicapped, which

is granted to make up the difference between what is considered an average salary and the amount which he makes. But he must try to earn something. Indolence is frowned upon. There are also protected workshops in England, Germany and Switzerland, where the work is brought to the cripple. Colonies have been established at Oswestry and Papworth, in England, where the afflicted live and work together on a communal basis. At the former, a scheme is under way whereby the colonists would build cottages for those among themselves who wished to marry, on condition that they married someone from the outside.

At Oswestry we met people of all classes of society. At Leysin, Switzerland, we found all nationalities. For affliction is no respecter of persons or class. It knows no boundaries, and needs no passport or visa to move from one country to another. It visits the high and the lowly, the rich and the poor. It comes without warning and leaves many problems in its wake.

If these problems are approached sanely, if the powers that remain are developed to their full extent, then the physically handicapped can find happiness in their own way, and can become mightier than circumstance.

And surely then these precious gifts
Some wholesome friend will find,
Who'll look on me for what I am,
Unpitying—but kind.

Who'll come for me where once I stood
Alone—a thing apart—
Unlock the gates of prejudice,
Give out his hand and heart.

Then on the road that leads us up
To sun-bathed plains above.
He and I together can
Work—in a common love.

